Wong
Cóccolo
Menon

Vol. 1

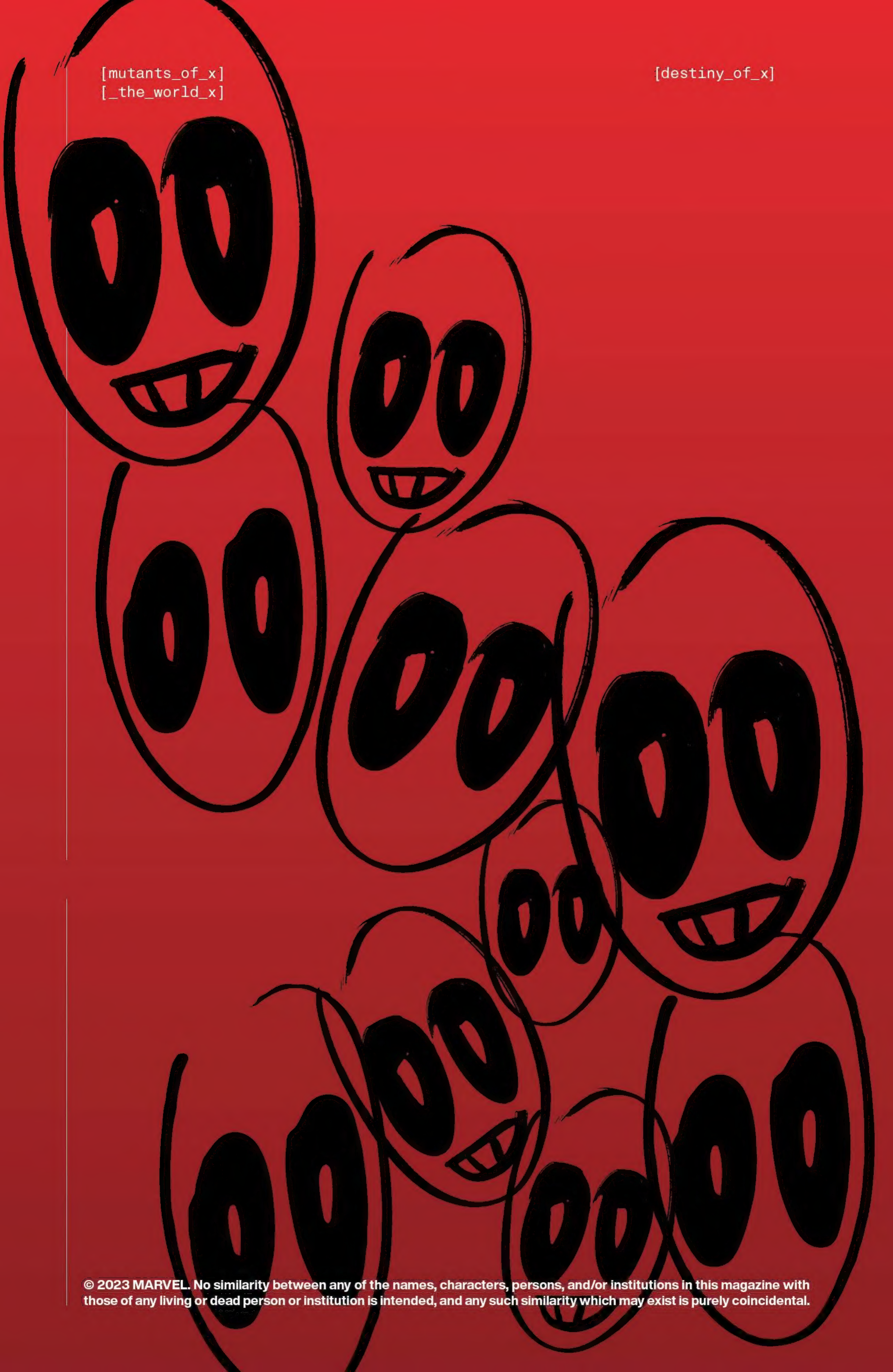
DEADPOOL

Literal enough for you?
MARTÍN CÓCCOLO

MARVEL

[mutants_of_x]
[_the_world_x]

[destiny_of_x]



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Vol. 1

DEADPOOL

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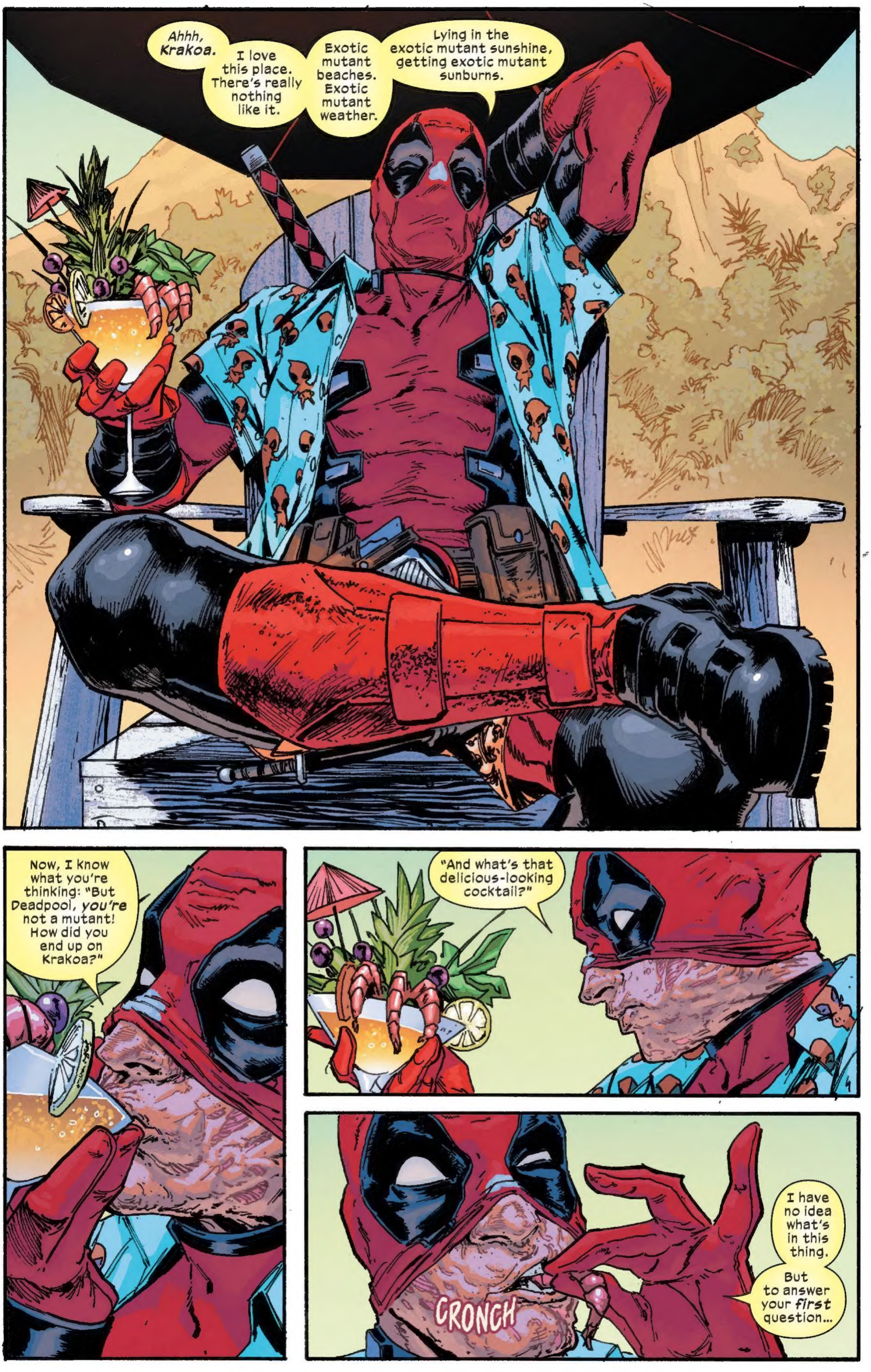
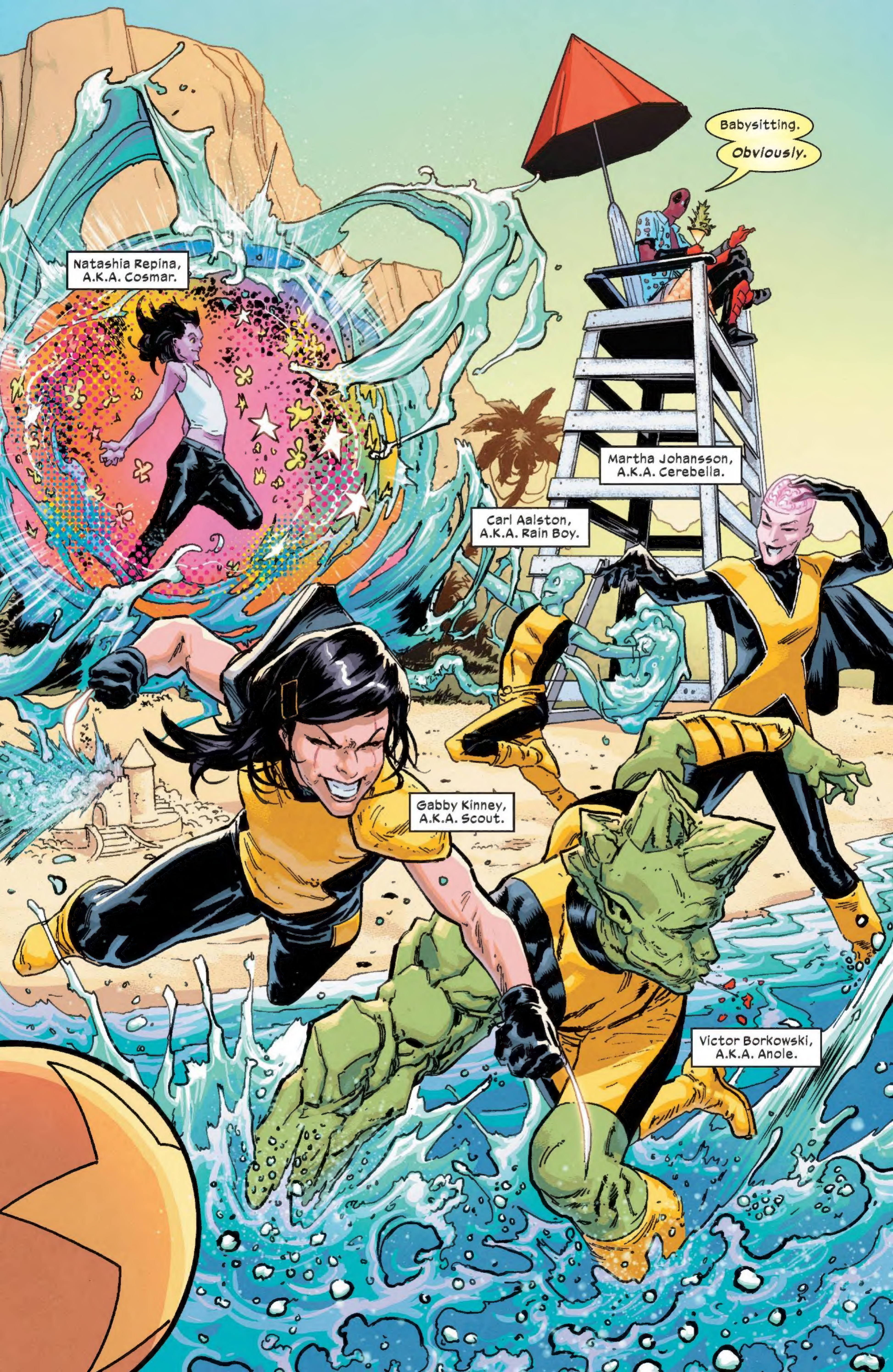
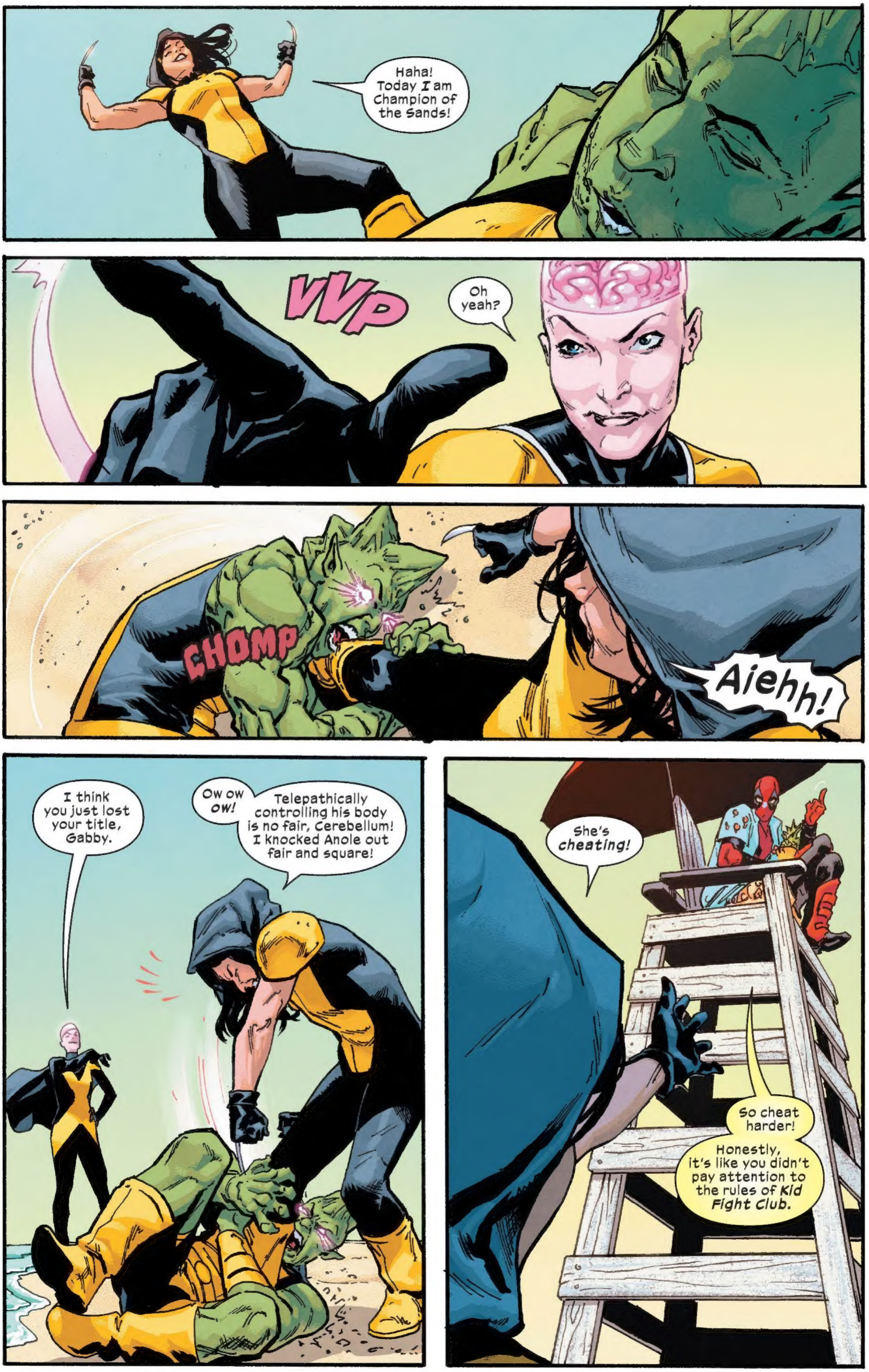
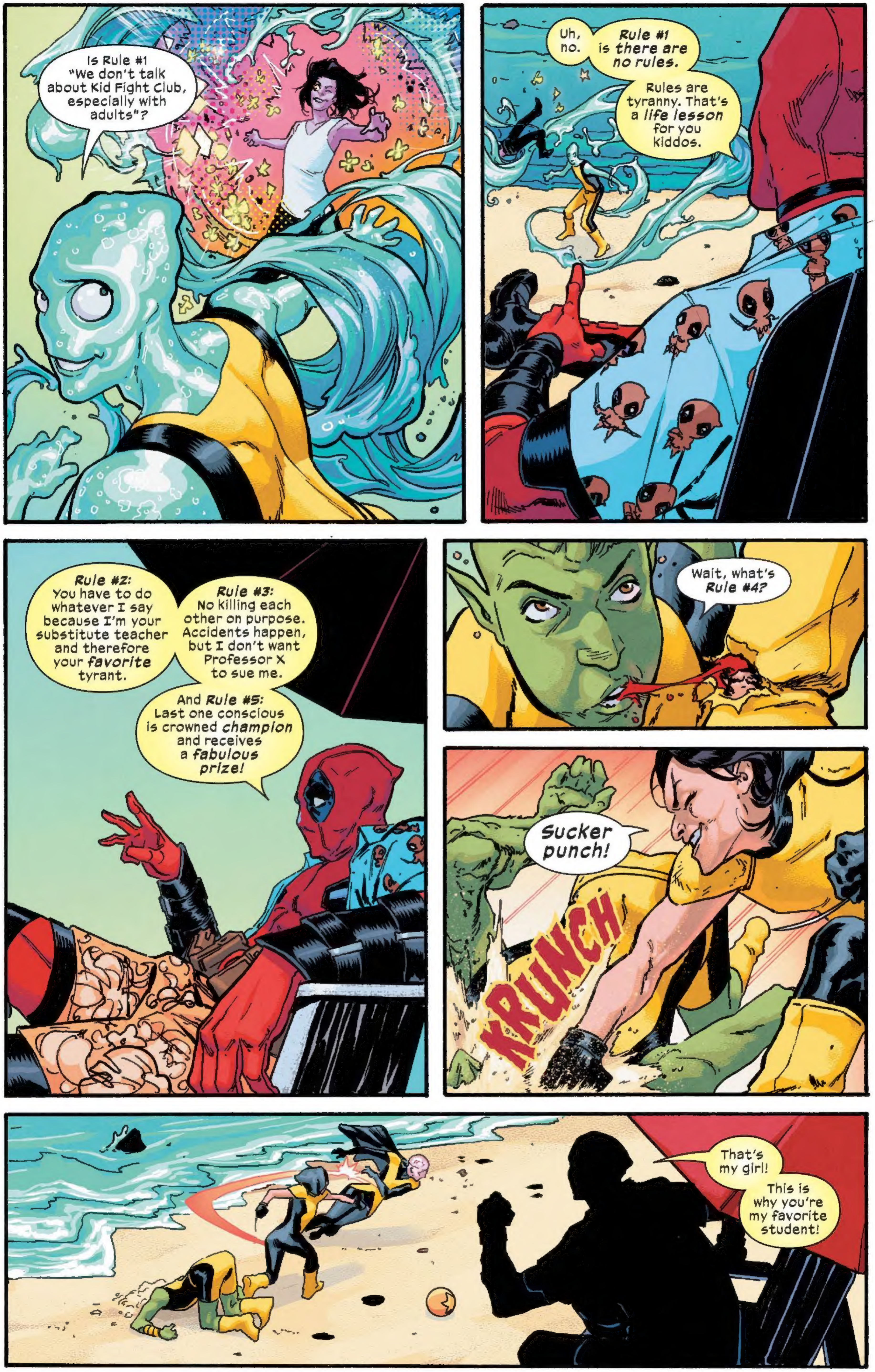
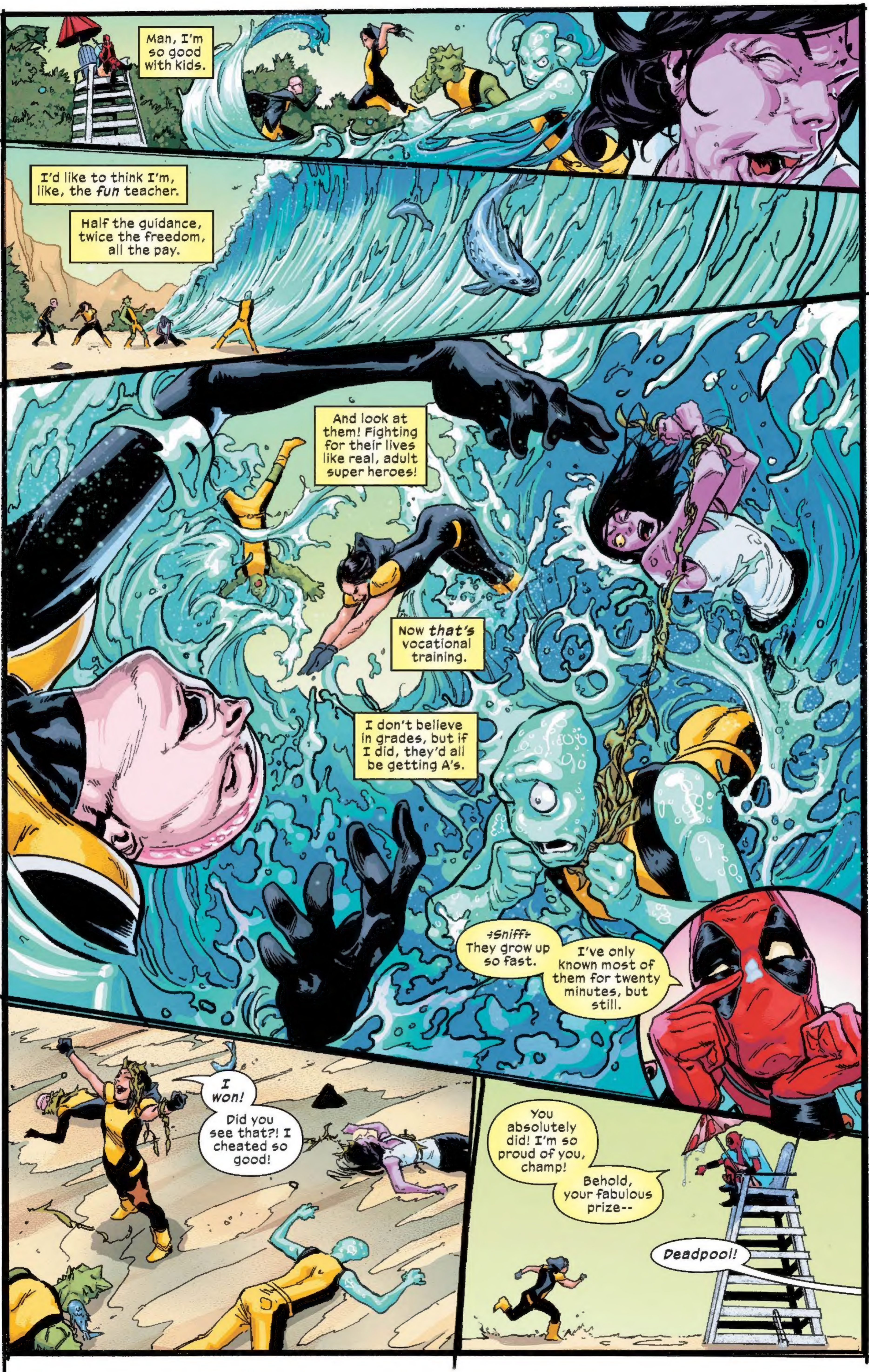
DEADPOOL

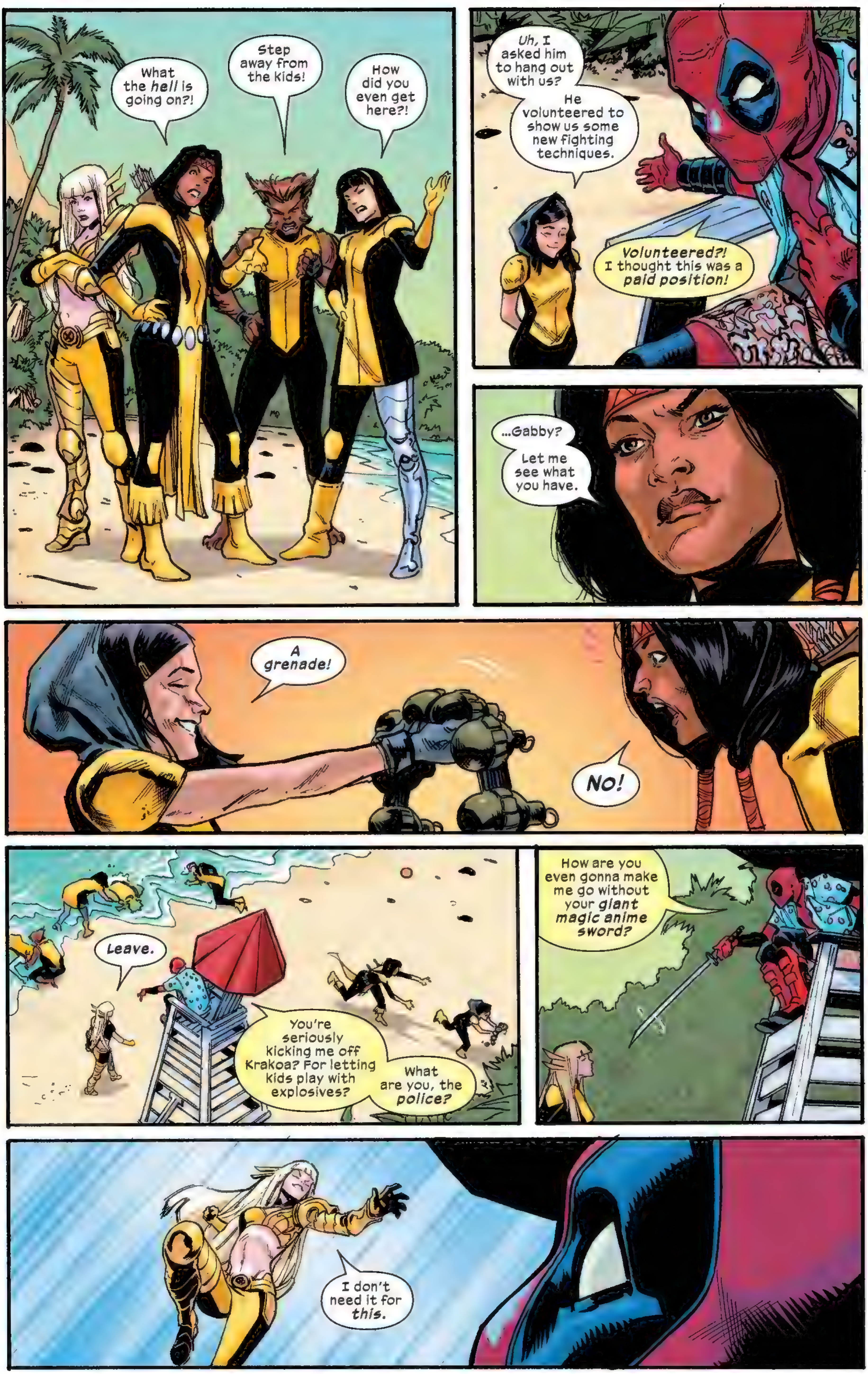

Ahhh, *Krakoa.*
I love this place. There's really nothing like it.
Exotic mutant beaches. Exotic mutant weather.
Lying in the exotic mutant sunshine, getting exotic mutant sunburns.
Now, I know what you're thinking: "But Deadpool, *you're* not a mutant! How did you end up on Krakoa?"
"And what's that delicious-looking cocktail?"
CRONCH
I have no idea what's in this thing.
But to answer your *first* question...

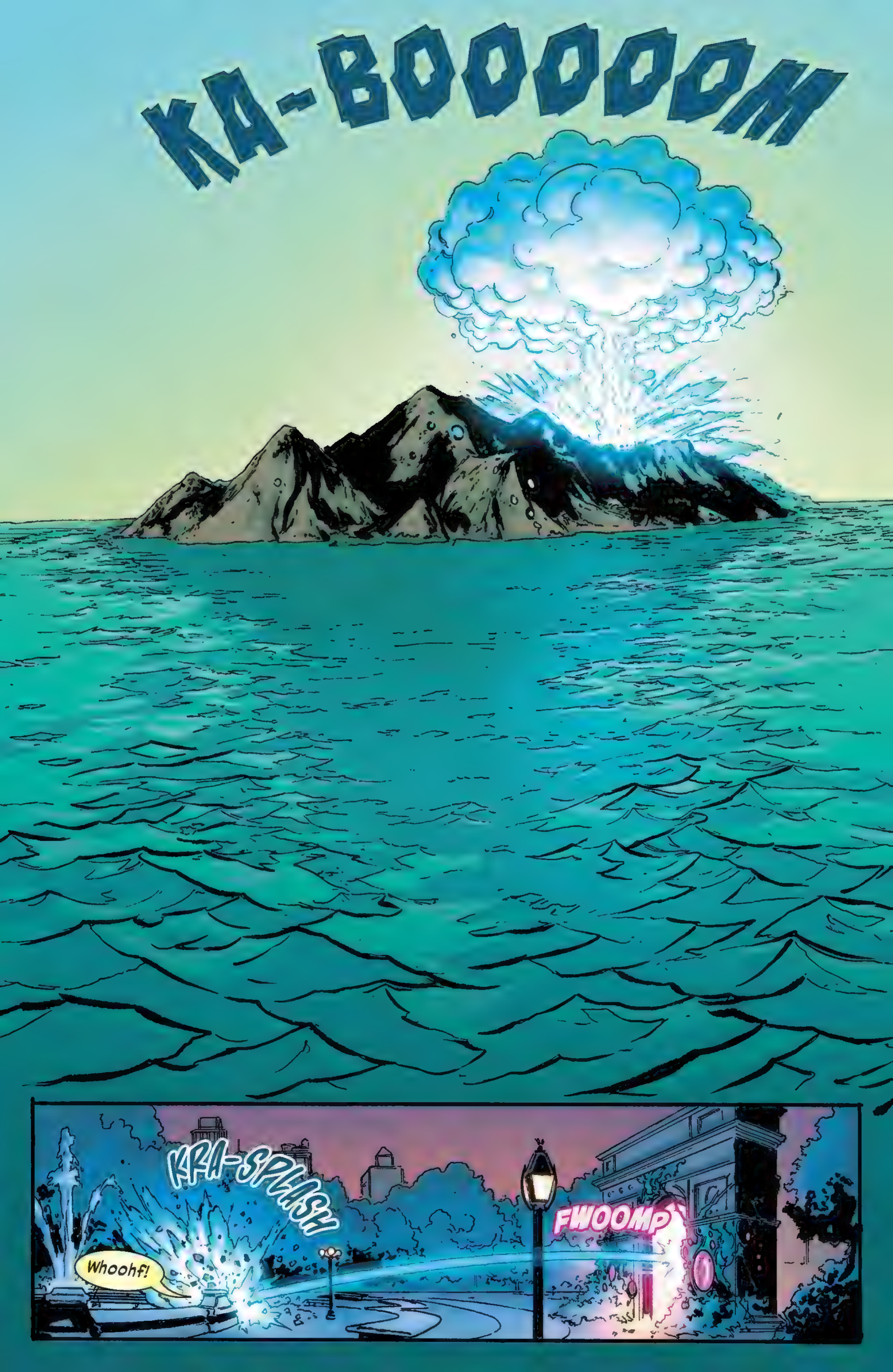

Babysitting.
Obviously.
Natashia Repina, A.K.A. Cosmar.
Martha Johansson, A.K.A. Cerebella.
Carl Aalston, A.K.A. Rain Boy.
Gabby Kinney, A.K.A. Scout.
Victor Borkowski, A.K.A. Anole.

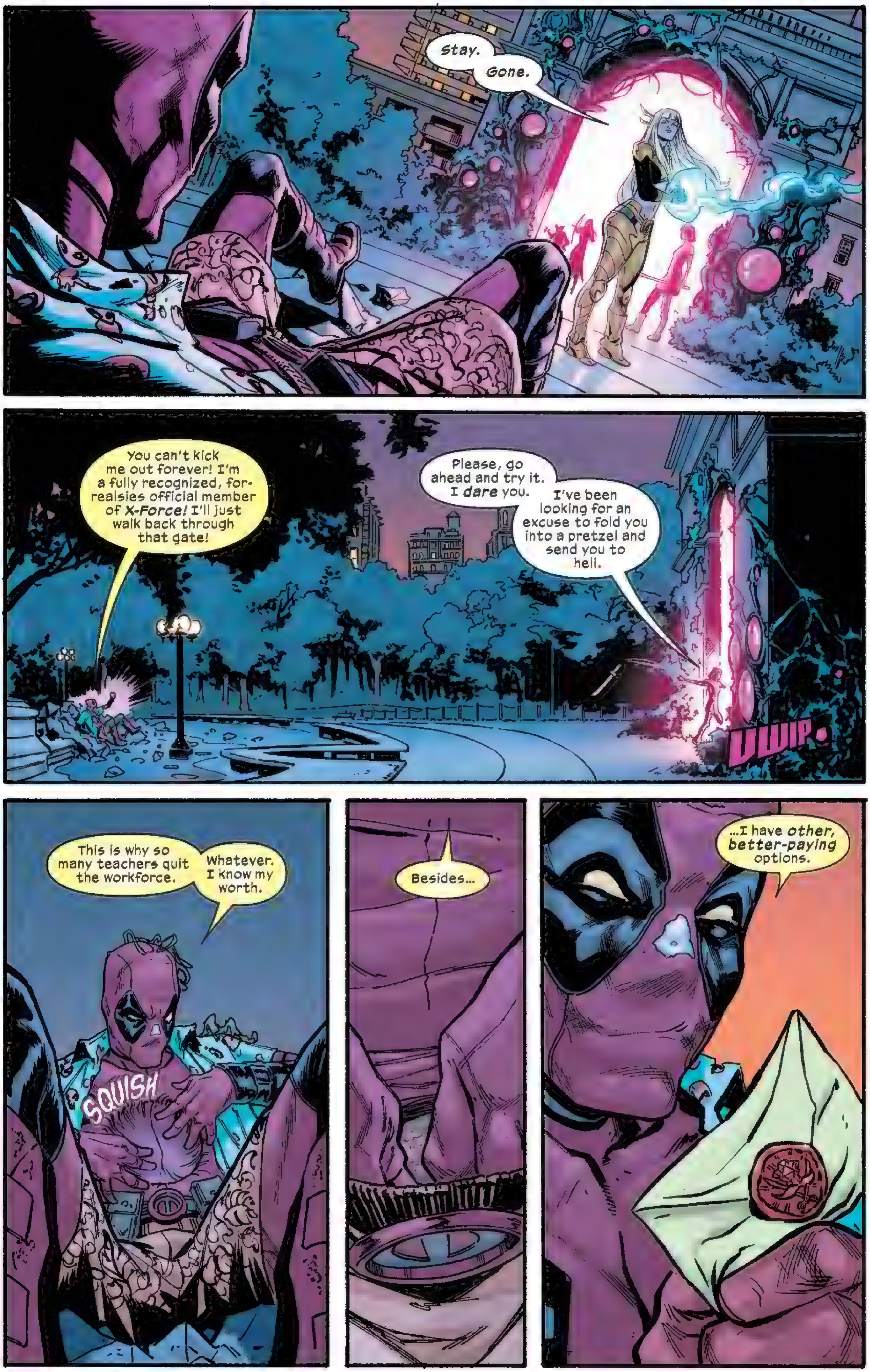

Haha! Today *I* am Champion of the Sands!
VVP
Oh yeah?
CHOMP
Aiehh!
I think you just lost your title, Gabby.
Ow ow *ow!*
Telepathically controlling his body is no fair, Cerebellum! I knocked Anole out fair and square!
She's *cheating!*
So cheat harder!
Honestly, it's like you didn't pay attention to the rules of ***Kid Fight Club.***

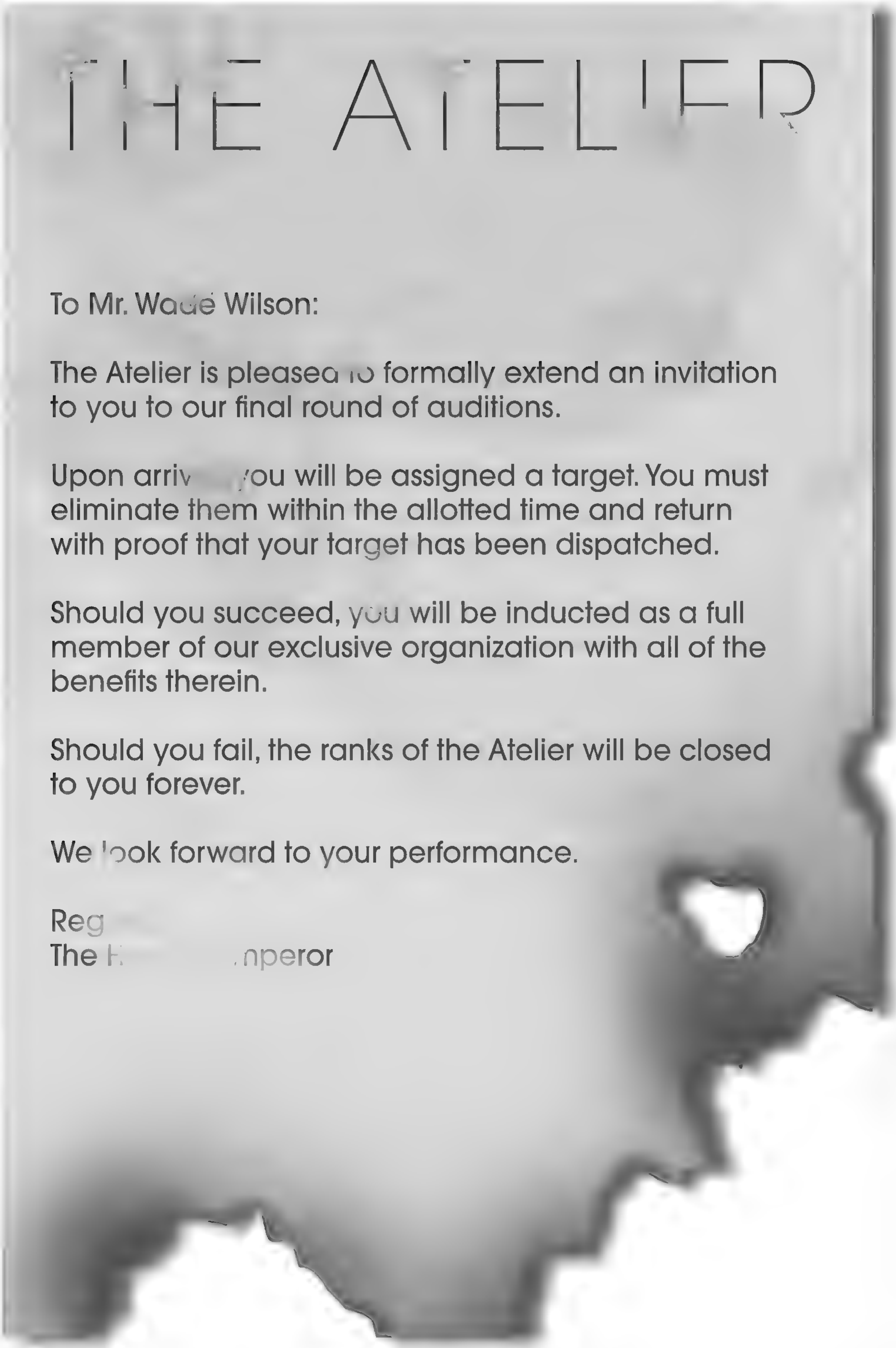

Is Rule #1 "We don't talk about Kid Fight Club, especially with adults"?
Uh, no.
Rule #1 is *there are no rules.*
Rules are tyranny. That's a *life lesson* for you kiddos.
Rule #2: You have to do whatever I say because I'm your substitute teacher and therefore your *favorite* tyrant.
Rule #3: No killing each other on purpose. Accidents happen, but I don't want Professor X to sue me.
And *Rule #5:* Last one conscious is crowned *champion* and receives a *fabulous prize!*
Wait, what's *Rule #4?*
Sucker punch!
KRUNCH
That's my girl!
This is why you're my favorite student!


Man, I'm so good with kids.
I'd like to think I'm, like, the *fun* teacher.
Half the guidance, twice the freedom, all the pay.
And look at them! Fighting for their lives like real, adult super heroes!
Now *that's* vocational training.
I don't believe in grades, but if I did, they'd all be getting A's.
Sniff
They grow up so fast.
I've only known most of them for twenty minutes, but still.
I won!
Did you see that?! I cheated so good!
You absolutely did! I'm so proud of you, champ!
Behold, your fabulous prize--
Deadpool!


What the *hell* is going on?!
Step away from the kids!
How did you even get here?!
Uh, I asked him to hang out with us?
He volunteered to show us some new fighting techniques.
Volunteered?! I thought this was a *paid position!*
...Gabby?
Let me see what you have.
A grenade!
No!
Leave.
You're seriously kicking me off Krakoa? For letting kids play with explosives?
What are you, the *police?*
How are you even gonna make me go without your *giant magic anime sword?*
I don't need it for *this.*


KA-BOOOOOM
KRA-SPLASH
Whoohf!
FWOOMP


Stay.
Gone.
You can't kick me out forever! I'm a fully recognized, for-realsies official member of *X-Force!* I'll just walk back through that gate!
Please, go ahead and try it. I *dare* you.
I've been looking for an excuse to fold you into a pretzel and send you to hell.
VWIP
This is why so many teachers quit the workforce.
Whatever. I know my worth.
SQUISH
Besides...
...I have *other, better-paying* options.



THE ATELIER

To Mr. Wade Wilson:

The Atelier is pleased to formally extend an invitation to you to our final round of auditions.

Upon arrival, you will be assigned a target. You must eliminate them within the allotted time and return with proof that your target has been dispatched.

Should you succeed, you will be inducted as a full member of our exclusive organization with all of the benefits therein.

Should you fail, the ranks of the Atelier will be closed to you forever.

We look forward to your performance.

Reg[illegible]
The H[illegible]mperor

MARTIN COCCOLO

Chapter 01

Meat-Cute

1

DEADPOOL

MEAT CUTE

WAIT--IS THIS IMPLYING THAT THIS ISSUE IS GOING TO BE A ROM-COM OR A SLAUGHTERHOUSE??? SOMEONE GET ME THE WRITER ON THE PHONE!

[DEADPOOL]

[HARROWER]

Chosen to take part in a top-secret government program, Wade Wilson received the ability to heal from any wound.

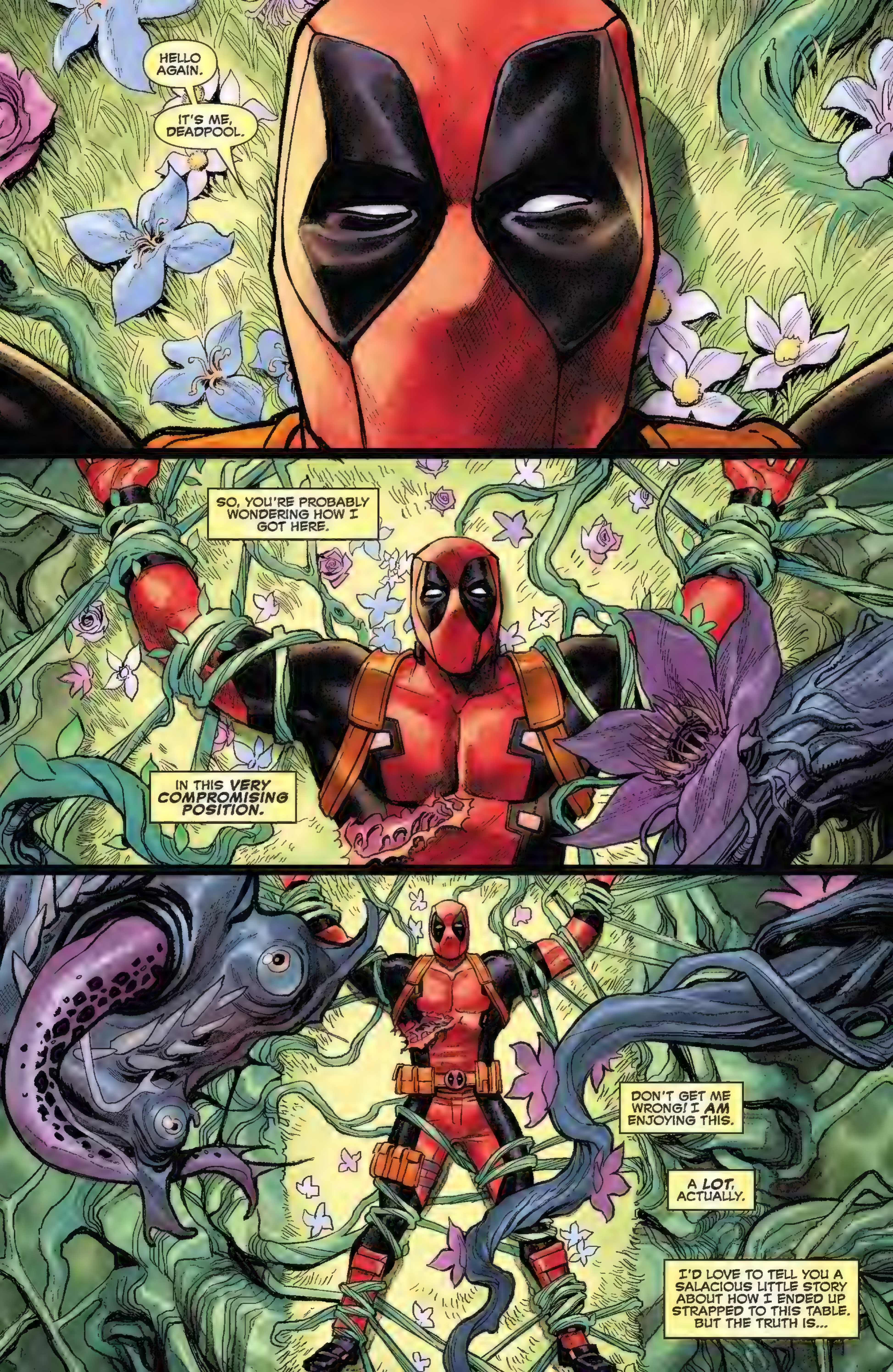
AND TOTALLY DIDN'T COME OUT THE OTHER SIDE MESSED UP IN THE HEAD--NO, SIRREE.

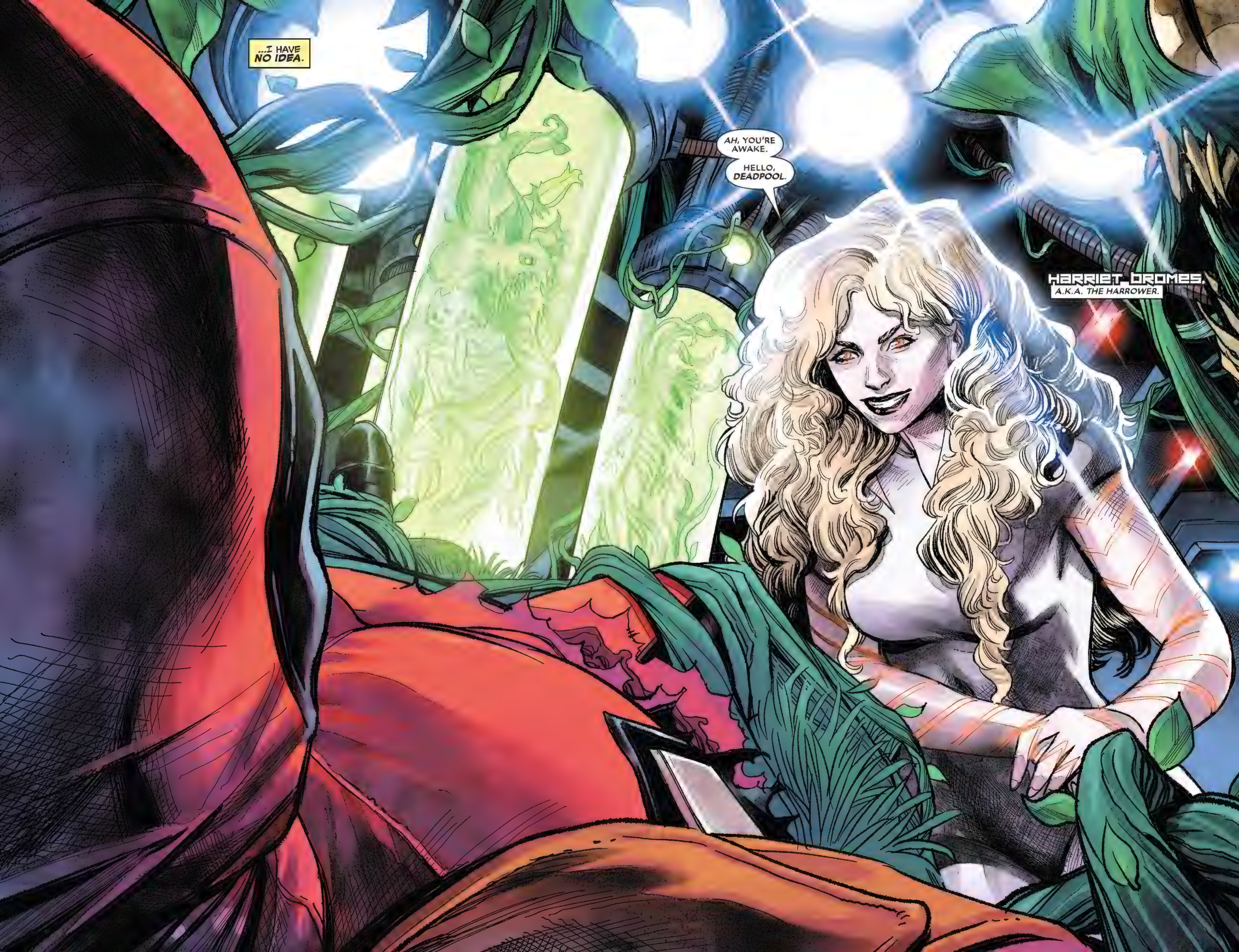
He's been a mercenary, a hero, a King of Monsters, a general nuisance--but now he serves the mutant nation of Krakoa.

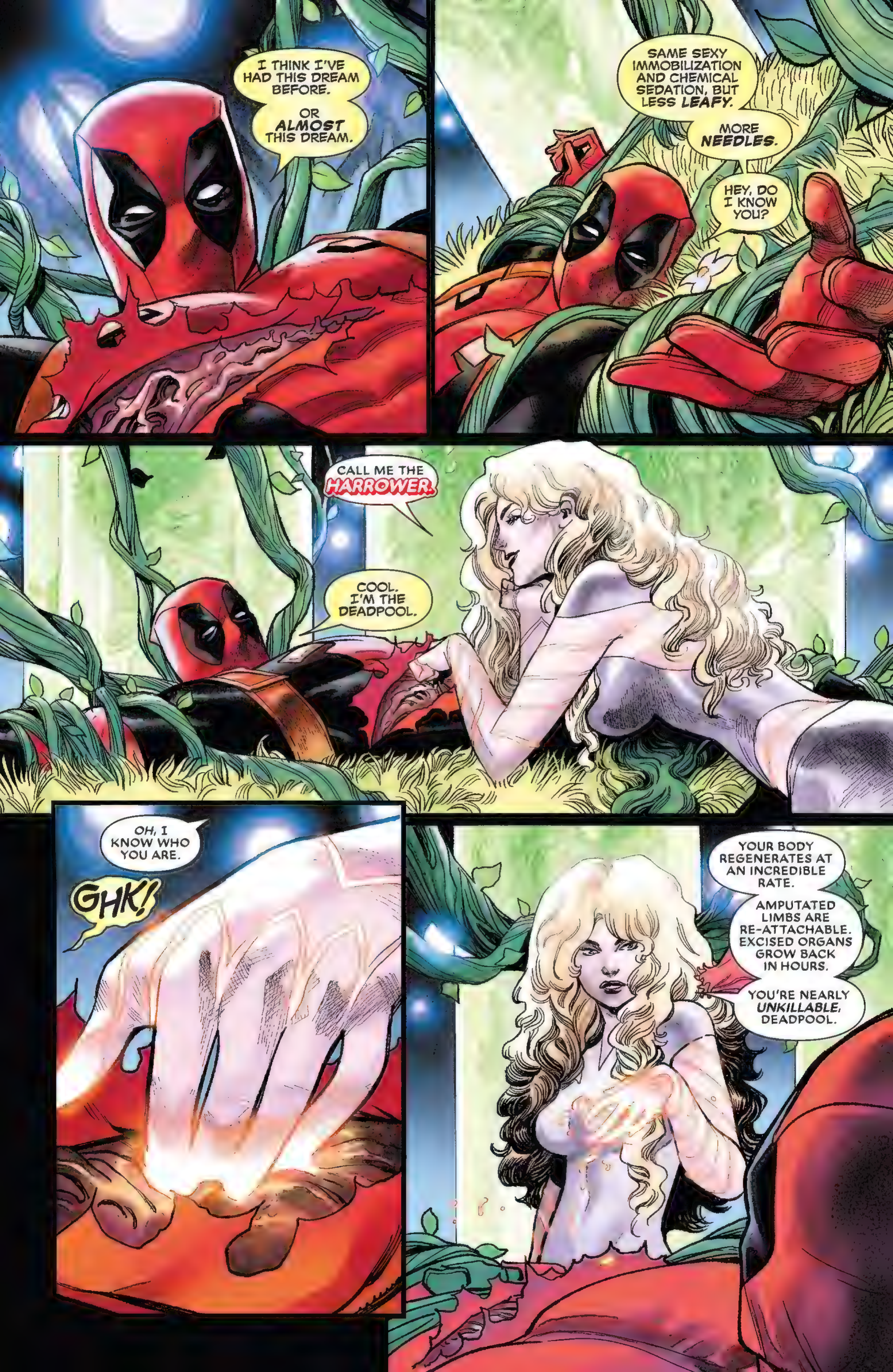
DAMN RIGHT

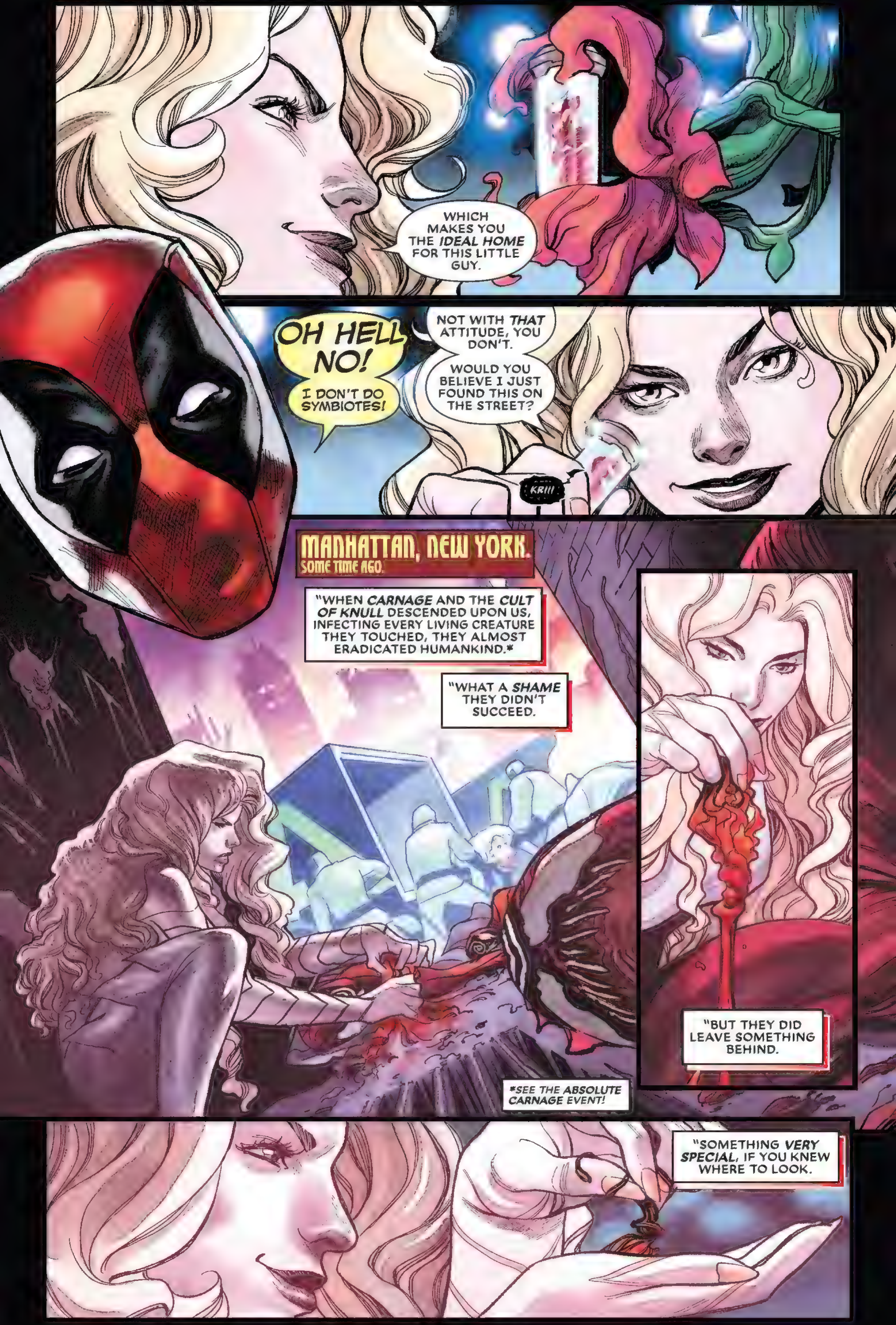
Between his elite black-ops skills and devilish charms (and, less importantly, some empty seats on the roster), it was just the right time for Deadpool to go on an X-Force comeback tour. But when he isn't working for Krakoa's spookshow, he's still the Merc' with the Mouth, the Regeneratin' Degenerate, Deadpool!

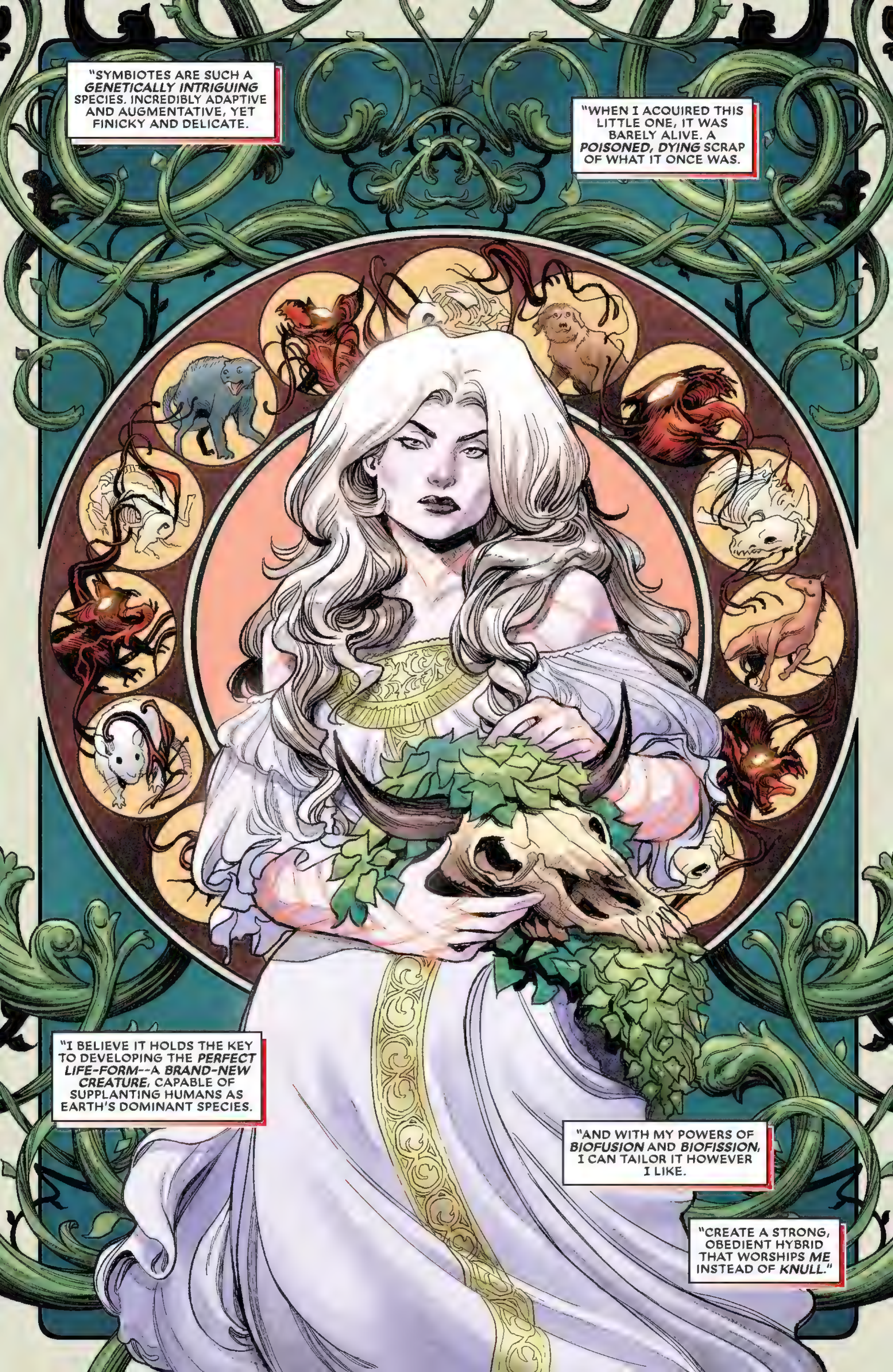
AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

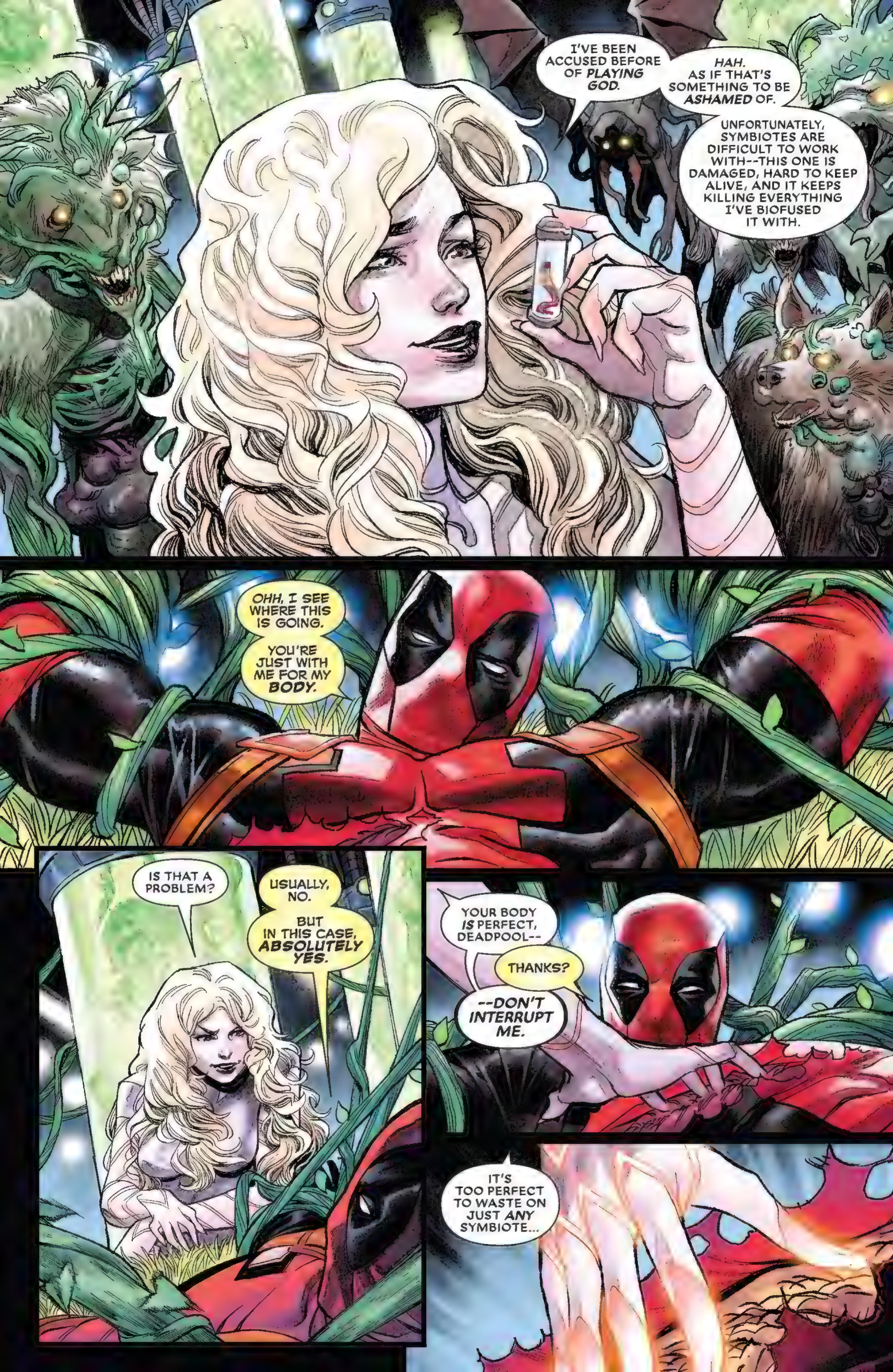

HELLO AGAIN.
IT'S ME, DEADPOOL.
SO, YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING HOW I GOT HERE.
IN THIS **VERY COMPROMISING POSITION.**
DON'T GET ME WRONG! I **AM** ENJOYING THIS.
A ***LOT***, ACTUALLY.
I'D LOVE TO TELL YOU A SALACIOUS LITTLE STORY ABOUT HOW I ENDED UP STRAPPED TO THIS TABLE. BUT THE TRUTH IS...

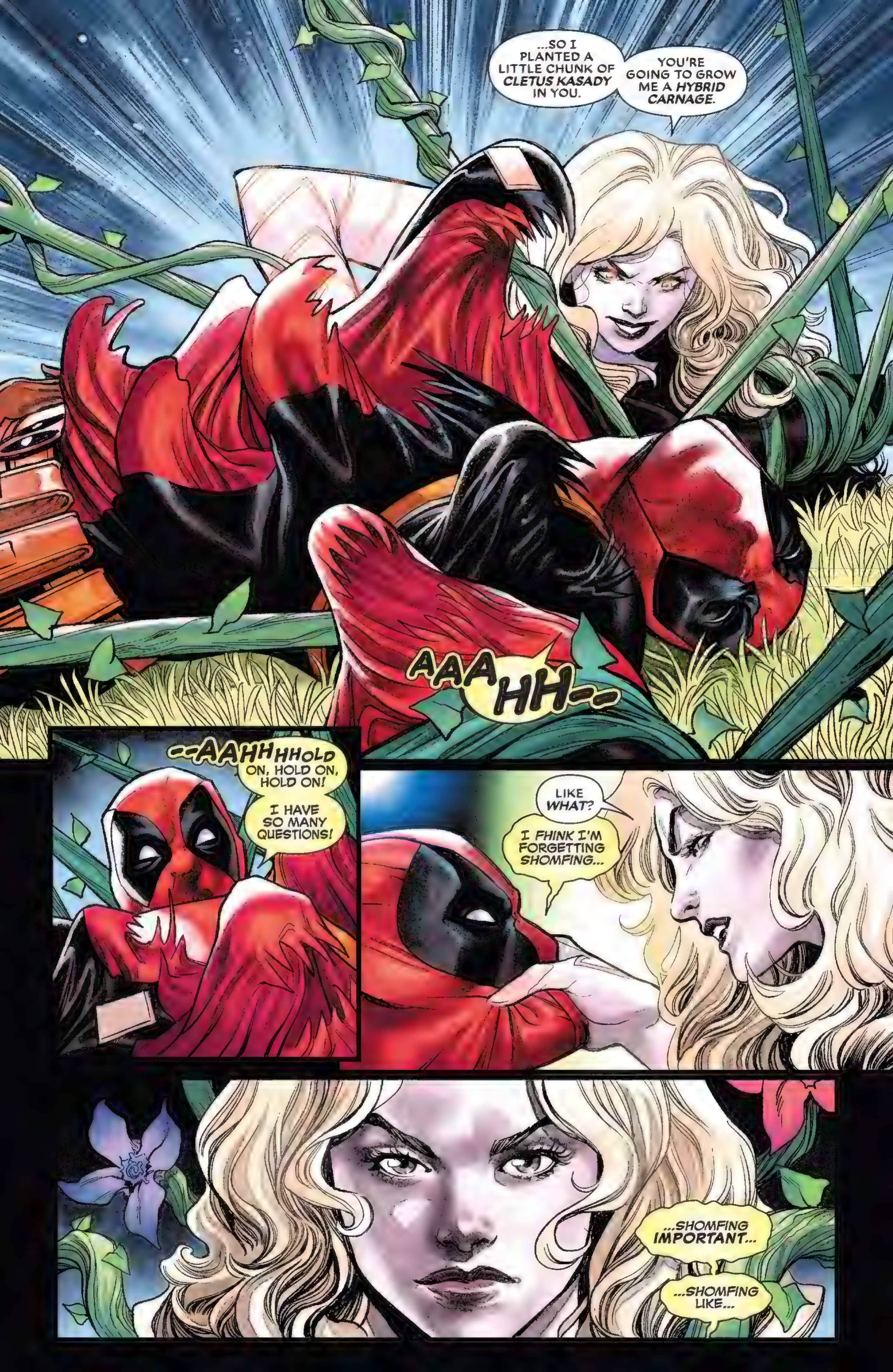

...I HAVE NO IDEA.
AH, YOU'RE AWAKE.
HELLO, DEADPOOL.
HARRIET BROMES.
A.K.A. THE HARROWER.

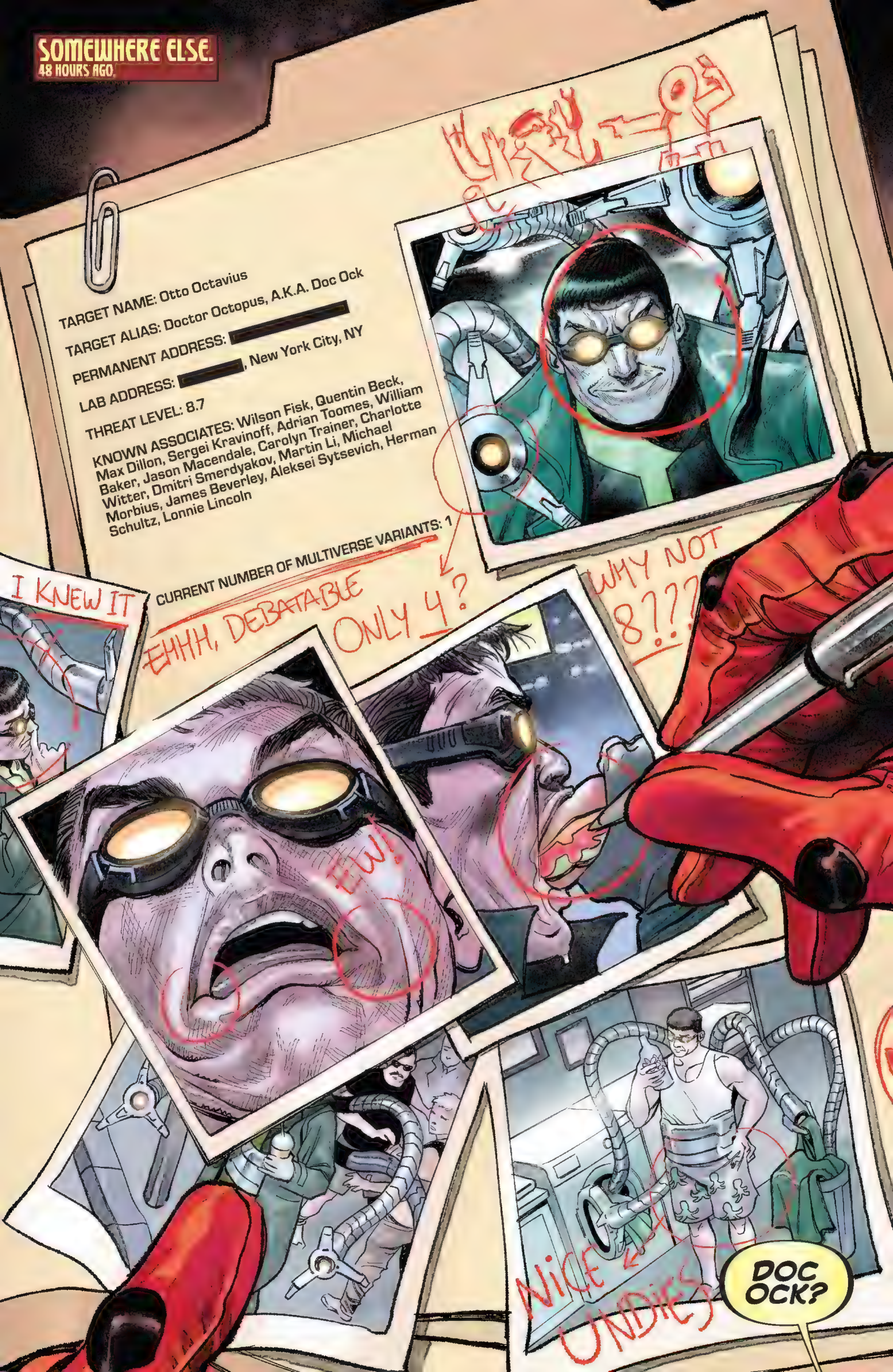

I THINK I'VE HAD THIS DREAM BEFORE.
OR *ALMOST* THIS DREAM.
SAME SEXY IMMOBILIZATION AND CHEMICAL SEDATION, BUT LESS *LEAFY.*
MORE *NEEDLES.*
HEY, DO I KNOW YOU?
CALL ME THE *HARROWER.*
COOL. I'M THE DEADPOOL.
OH, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
GHK!
YOUR BODY REGENERATES AT AN INCREDIBLE RATE.
AMPUTATED LIMBS ARE RE-ATTACHABLE. EXCISED ORGANS GROW BACK IN HOURS.
YOU'RE NEARLY *UNKILLABLE,* DEADPOOL.

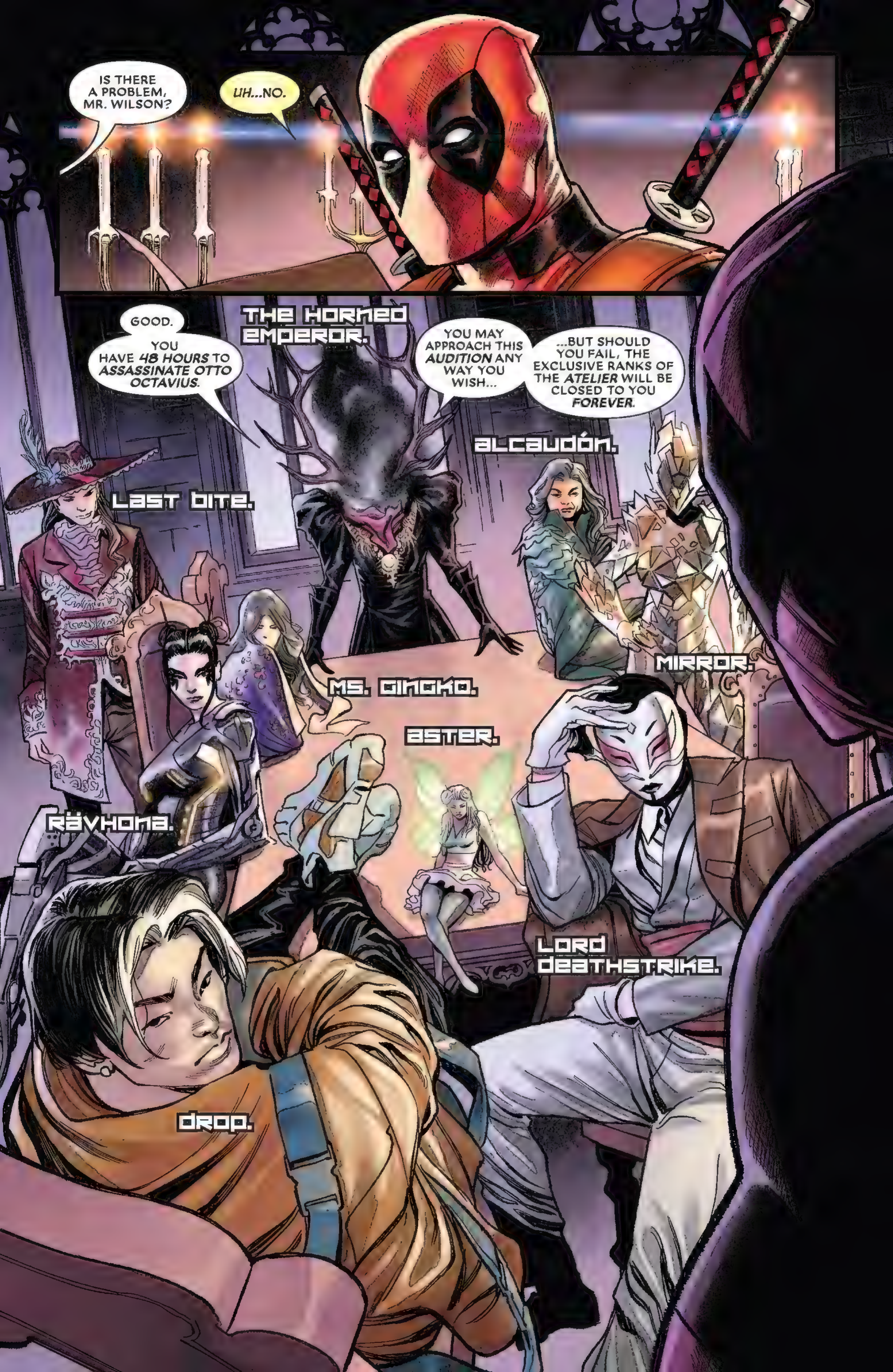

WHICH MAKES YOU THE *IDEAL HOME* FOR THIS LITTLE GUY.
OH HELL NO!
I DON'T DO SYMBIOTES!
NOT WITH *THAT* ATTITUDE, YOU DON'T.
WOULD YOU BELIEVE I JUST FOUND THIS ON THE STREET?
KRIII
MANHATTAN, NEW YORK.
SOME TIME AGO.
"WHEN *CARNAGE* AND THE *CULT OF KNULL* DESCENDED UPON US, INFECTING EVERY LIVING CREATURE THEY TOUCHED, THEY ALMOST ERADICATED HUMANKIND.*
"WHAT A *SHAME* THEY DIDN'T SUCCEED.
"BUT THEY DID LEAVE SOMETHING BEHIND.
**SEE THE ABSOLUTE CARNAGE EVENT!*
"SOMETHING *VERY SPECIAL*, IF YOU KNEW WHERE TO LOOK.

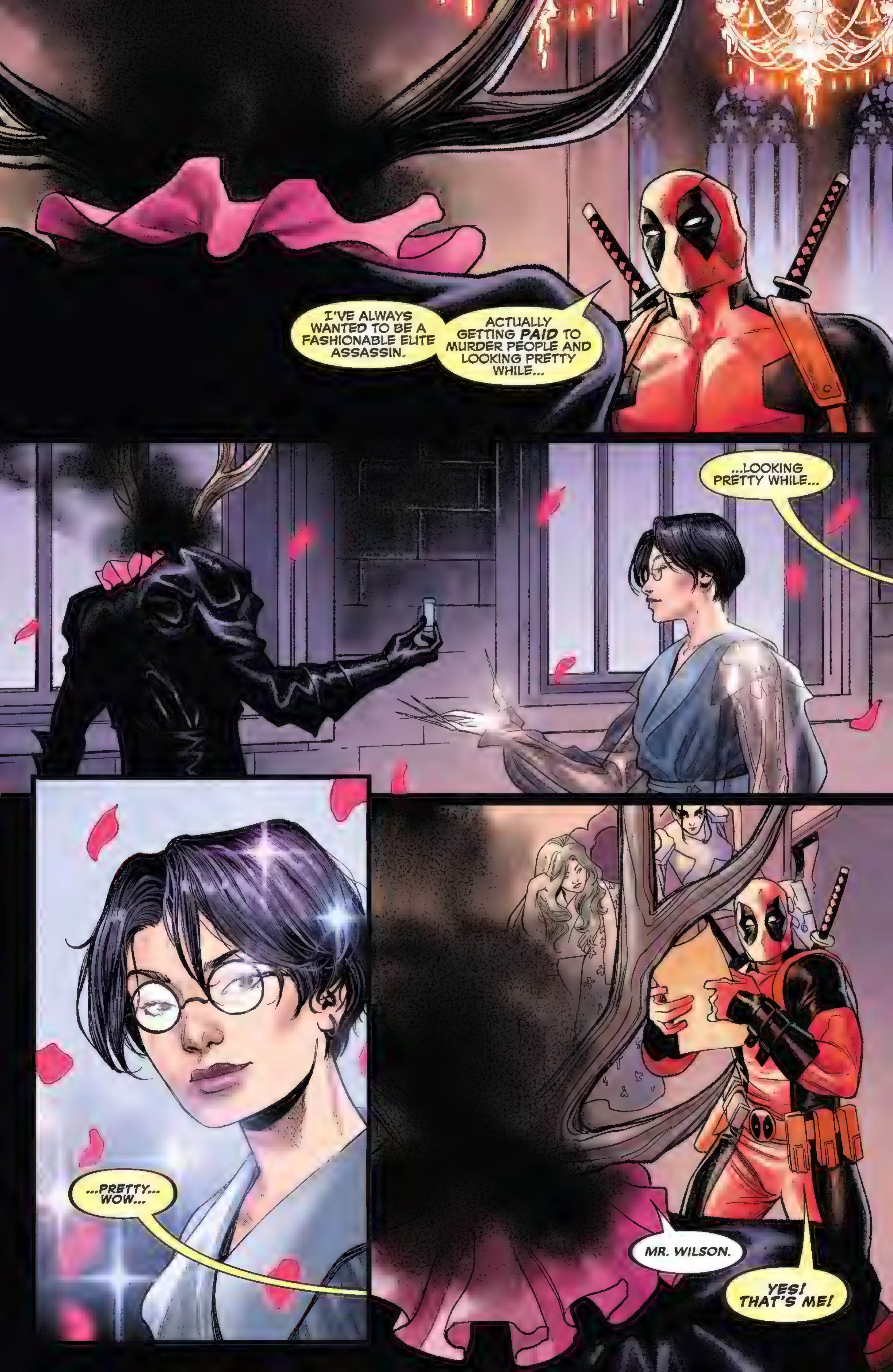

"SYMBIOTES ARE SUCH A *GENETICALLY INTRIGUING* SPECIES. INCREDIBLY ADAPTIVE AND AUGMENTATIVE, YET FINICKY AND DELICATE.
"WHEN I ACQUIRED THIS LITTLE ONE, IT WAS BARELY ALIVE. A *POISONED, DYING* SCRAP OF WHAT IT ONCE WAS.
"I BELIEVE IT HOLDS THE KEY TO DEVELOPING THE *PERFECT LIFE-FORM*--A *BRAND-NEW CREATURE*, CAPABLE OF SUPPLANTING HUMANS AS EARTH'S DOMINANT SPECIES.
"AND WITH MY POWERS OF *BIOFUSION* AND *BIOFISSION*, I CAN TAILOR IT HOWEVER I LIKE.
"CREATE A STRONG, OBEDIENT HYBRID THAT WORSHIPS *ME* INSTEAD OF *KNULL*."

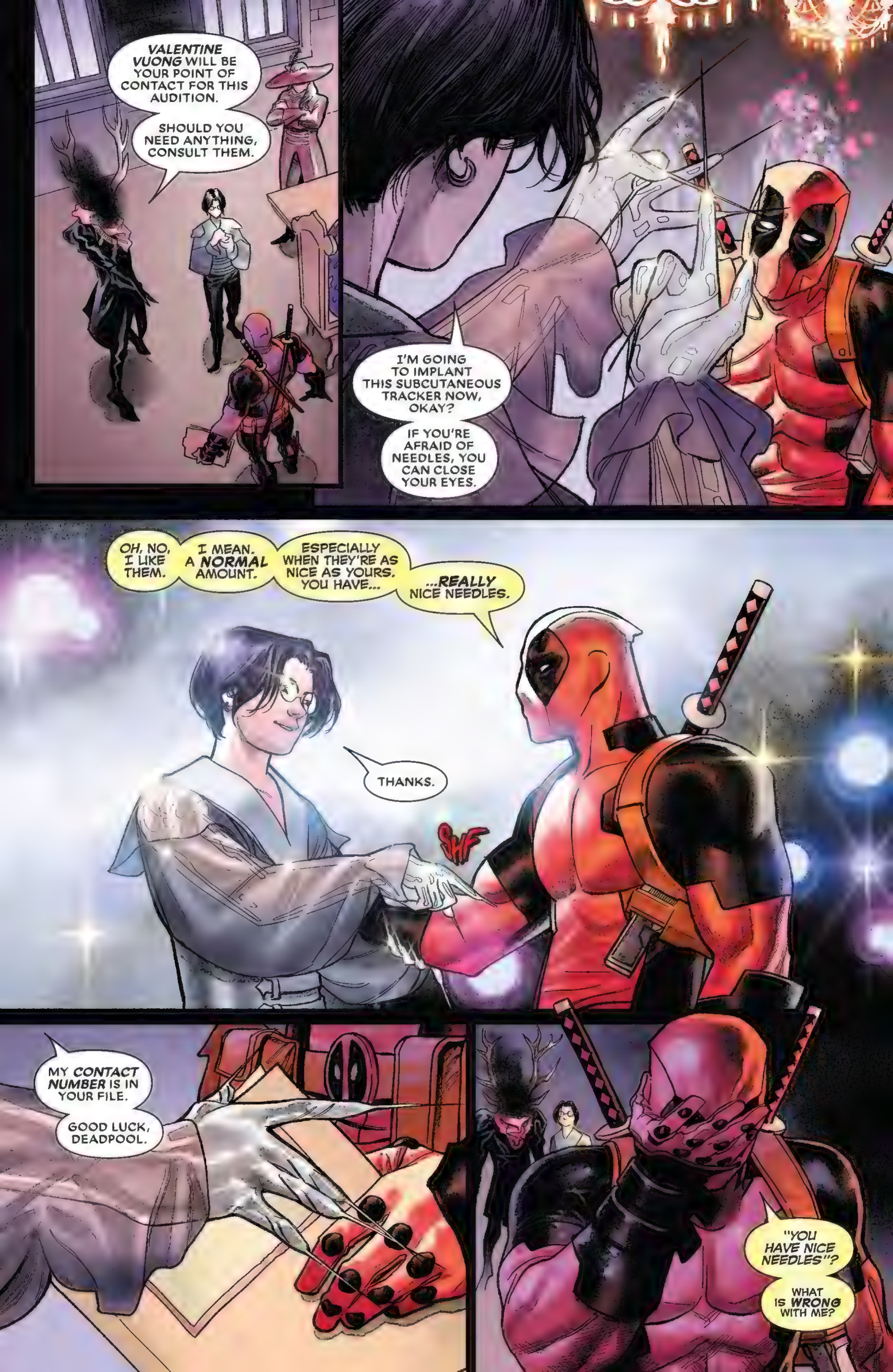

I'VE BEEN ACCUSED BEFORE OF *PLAYING GOD.*
HAH. AS IF THAT'S SOMETHING TO BE *ASHAMED* OF.
UNFORTUNATELY, SYMBIOTES ARE DIFFICULT TO WORK WITH--THIS ONE IS DAMAGED, HARD TO KEEP ALIVE, AND IT KEEPS KILLING EVERYTHING I'VE BIOFUSED IT WITH.
OHH, I SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING.
YOU'RE JUST WITH ME FOR MY *BODY.*
IS THAT A PROBLEM?
USUALLY, NO.
BUT IN THIS CASE, ***ABSOLUTELY YES.***
YOUR BODY *IS* PERFECT, DEADPOOL--
THANKS?
--DON'T INTERRUPT ME.
IT'S TOO PERFECT TO WASTE ON JUST *ANY* SYMBIOTE...


...SO I PLANTED A LITTLE CHUNK OF *CLETUS KASADY* IN YOU.
YOU'RE GOING TO GROW ME A *HYBRID CARNAGE*.
AAAHH--
--AAHHHHOLD ON, HOLD ON, HOLD ON!
I HAVE SO MANY QUESTIONS!
LIKE *WHAT?*
I FHINK I'M FORGETTING SHOMFING...
...SHOMFING **IMPORTANT**...
...SHOMFING LIKE...


SOMEWHERE ELSE. 48 HOURS AGO.
TARGET NAME: Otto Octavius
TARGET ALIAS: Doctor Octopus, A.K.A. Doc Ock [redacted]
PERMANENT ADDRESS: [redacted]
LAB ADDRESS: [redacted], New York City, NY
THREAT LEVEL: 8.7
KNOWN ASSOCIATES: Wilson Fisk, Quentin Beck, Max Dillon, Sergei Kravinoff, Adrian Toomes, William Baker, Jason Macendale, Carolyn Trainer, Charlotte Witter, Dmitri Smerdyakov, Martin Li, Michael Morbius, James Beverley, Aleksei Sytsevich, Herman Schultz, Lonnie Lincoln
CURRENT NUMBER OF MULTIVERSE VARIANTS: 1
EHHH, DEBATABLE
ONLY 4?
WHY NOT 8???
I KNEW IT
EW!
NICE UNDIES
DOC OCK?


IS THERE A PROBLEM, MR. WILSON?
UH...NO.
GOOD.
YOU HAVE 48 HOURS TO ASSASSINATE OTTO OCTAVIUS.
THE HORNED EMPEROR.
YOU MAY APPROACH THIS AUDITION ANY WAY YOU WISH...
...BUT SHOULD YOU FAIL, THE EXCLUSIVE RANKS OF THE ATELIER WILL BE CLOSED TO YOU FOREVER.
ALCAUDÓN.
LAST BITE.
MIRROR.
MS. GINGKO.
ASTER.
RÄVHONA.
LORD DEATHSTRIKE.
DROP.


I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A FASHIONABLE ELITE ASSASSIN.
ACTUALLY GETTING *PAID* TO MURDER PEOPLE AND LOOKING PRETTY WHILE...
...LOOKING PRETTY WHILE...
...PRETTY... WOW...
MR. WILSON.
YES! THAT'S ME!


VALENTINE VUONG WILL BE YOUR POINT OF CONTACT FOR THIS AUDITION.
SHOULD YOU NEED ANYTHING, CONSULT THEM.
I'M GOING TO IMPLANT THIS SUBCUTANEOUS TRACKER NOW, OKAY?
IF YOU'RE AFRAID OF NEEDLES, YOU CAN CLOSE YOUR EYES.
OH, NO, I LIKE THEM.
I MEAN. A NORMAL AMOUNT.
ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE AS NICE AS YOURS. YOU HAVE...
...REALLY NICE NEEDLES.
THANKS.
SHF
MY CONTACT NUMBER IS IN YOUR FILE.
GOOD LUCK, DEADPOOL.
"YOU HAVE NICE NEEDLES"?
WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?

THE ATELIER

A secret society of elite assassins and mercenaries. Exclusive and glamorous. Invite only.

Their ranks are small and select. Every few years, the organization hosts a series of grueling auditions for potential members, after which successful candidates are voted in. An invitation to the auditions is a highly sought-after prize.

Though the Atelier is notoriously tight-lipped about their association, there are a few known members: their leader, the Horned Emperor, who speaks with a chorus of voices; Aster, exiled Fae; Last Bite, ageless and cruel; Alcaudón, the Impaler. The rest are known only by rumor and reputation. A creature built of light and mirrors. A former model turned killer. A man in a red-lipped mask. A woman with a ginkgo leaf tattoo on her hand.

The one truly verifiable piece of information is that the Atelier pays handsomely and has an excellent benefits package.

BETTER PICKUP LINES THAN "NICE NEEDLES":

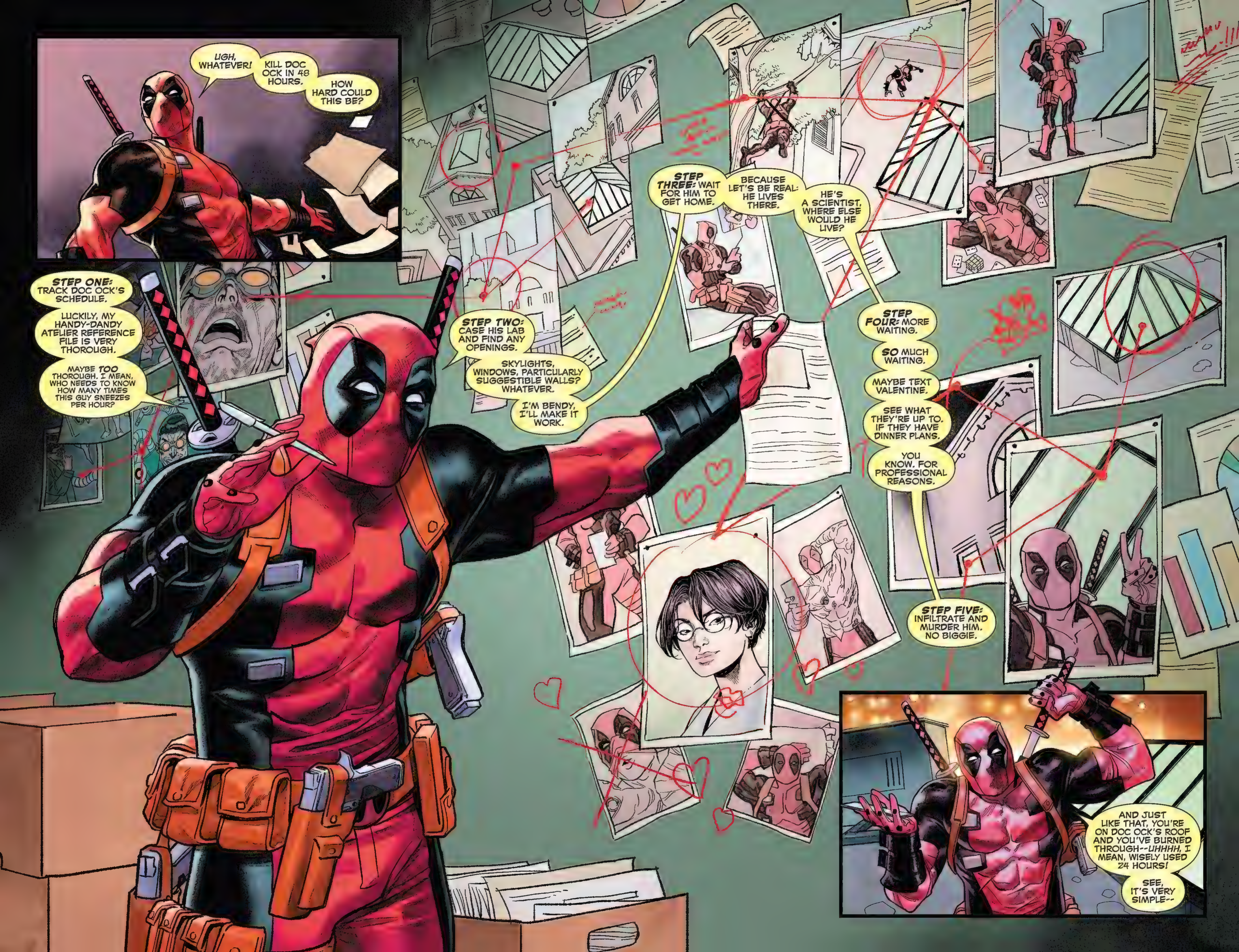
- ~~HEY, BABY. LOOKING SHARP!~~
- ~~IS THAT A SYRINGE IN YOUR POCKET OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?~~
- ~~YOU CAN GIVE ME AN EMERGENCY INJECTION ANY DAY ;)~~
- ~~IT MUST BE FEBRUARY 14TH, BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO BE MINE, VALENTINE~~
- ~~ARE YOU AN IMPACTED WISDOM TOOTH? BECAUSE I WANNA TAKE YOU OUT~~

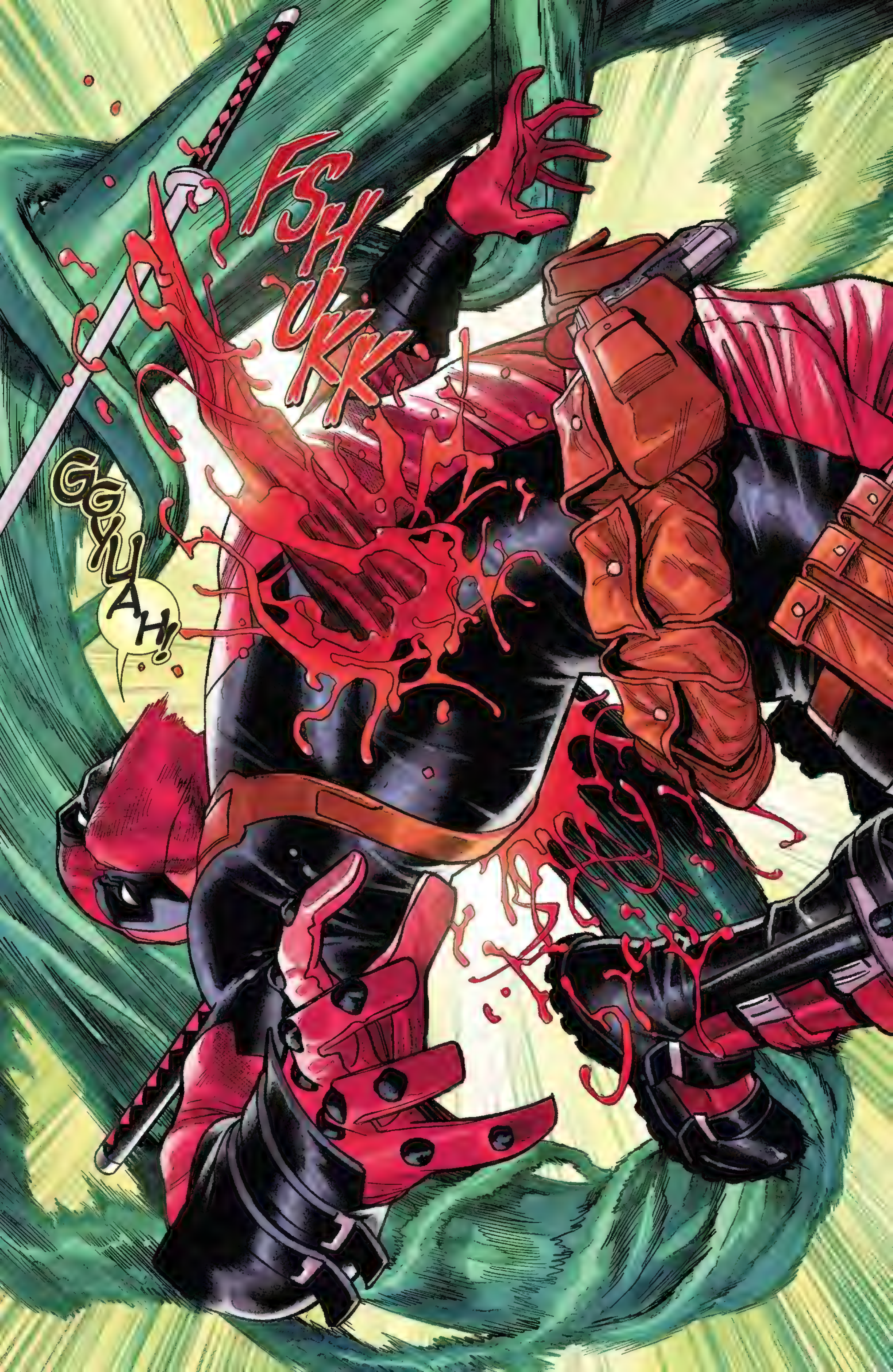
NO, THAT'S TOO THREATENING. WHY IS THAT SO THREATENING???

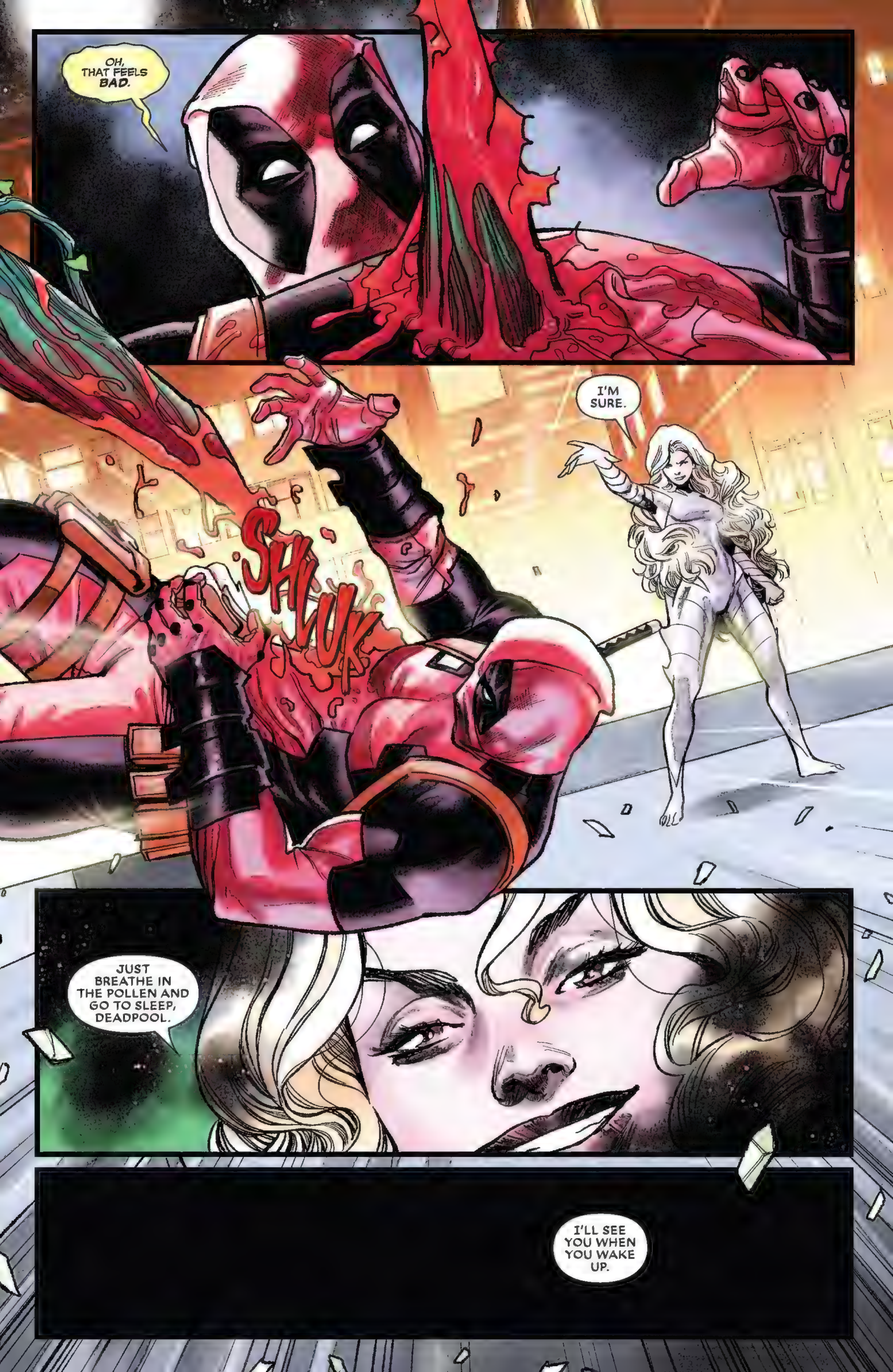
- ~~I'M GETTING PALPITATIONS JUST LOOKING AT YOU~~

WHAT?

- ~~WANNA BE MY ENBAE?~~
- ~~BABY, ARE YOU DORA THE EXPLORER? BECAUSE I'LL NEVER STOP SWIPING RIGHT.~~
- [redacted]
- THIS SHOULD NOT BE THIS HARD
- BUT I AM
- WAIT
- NO
- [redacted]


UGH, WHATEVER!
KILL DOC OCK IN 48 HOURS.
HOW HARD COULD THIS BE?
STEP ONE: TRACK DOC OCK'S SCHEDULE.
LUCKILY, MY HANDY-DANDY ATELIER REFERENCE FILE IS VERY THOROUGH.
MAYBE ***TOO*** THOROUGH. I MEAN, WHO NEEDS TO KNOW HOW MANY TIMES THIS GUY SNEEZES PER HOUR?
STEP TWO: CASE HIS LAB AND FIND ANY OPENINGS.
SKYLIGHTS, WINDOWS, PARTICULARLY SUGGESTIBLE WALLS? WHATEVER.
I'M BENDY, I'LL MAKE IT WORK.
STEP THREE: WAIT FOR HIM TO GET HOME.
BECAUSE LET'S BE REAL: HE LIVES THERE.
HE'S A SCIENTIST. WHERE ELSE WOULD HE LIVE?
STEP FOUR: MORE WAITING.
SO MUCH WAITING.
MAYBE TEXT VALENTINE.
SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO. IF THEY HAVE DINNER PLANS.
YOU KNOW. FOR PROFESSIONAL REASONS.
STEP FIVE: INFILTRATE AND MURDER HIM. NO BIGGIE.
AND JUST LIKE THAT, YOU'RE ON DOC OCK'S ROOF AND YOU'VE BURNED THROUGH--*UHHHH*, I MEAN, WISELY USED 24 HOURS!
SEE, IT'S VERY SIMPLE--


FSHUKK
GGYUAH!


OH, THAT FEELS *BAD.*
SHLUK
I'M SURE.
JUST BREATHE IN THE POLLEN AND GO TO SLEEP, DEADPOOL.
I'LL SEE YOU WHEN YOU WAKE UP.

EXCERPT FROM NOTES RECOVERED FROM THE LAB OF HARRIET BROMES, A.K.A. THE HARROWER:

DATE: [redacted]

Another failure.

My great-aunt Augusta says that there is no such thing as failure as far as scientific experimentation goes. Any data is useful data. Discovering that something is unviable is just as much of a success as establishing what is viable.

Great-aunt Augusta is, as usual, wrong. Every host entity in my trials has died upon being spliced with a symbiote offshoot. So far, liver grafts have been the most successful, with hosts surviving up to two hours longer than non-liver-grafted biofusion experiments. But dead is dead, and dead is unacceptable.

I've barely been able to keep the symbiote specimen alive as is. This experiment tests the limits of my spellification every day.

I think I've been approaching this incorrectly. I've been using *Dermatobia hominis*, the human botfly, as the inspiration for my methodology. Botfly infestations, across species, are minimally invasive and barely harm the host. But this Carnage symbiote wants to consume. It wants to inflict damage.

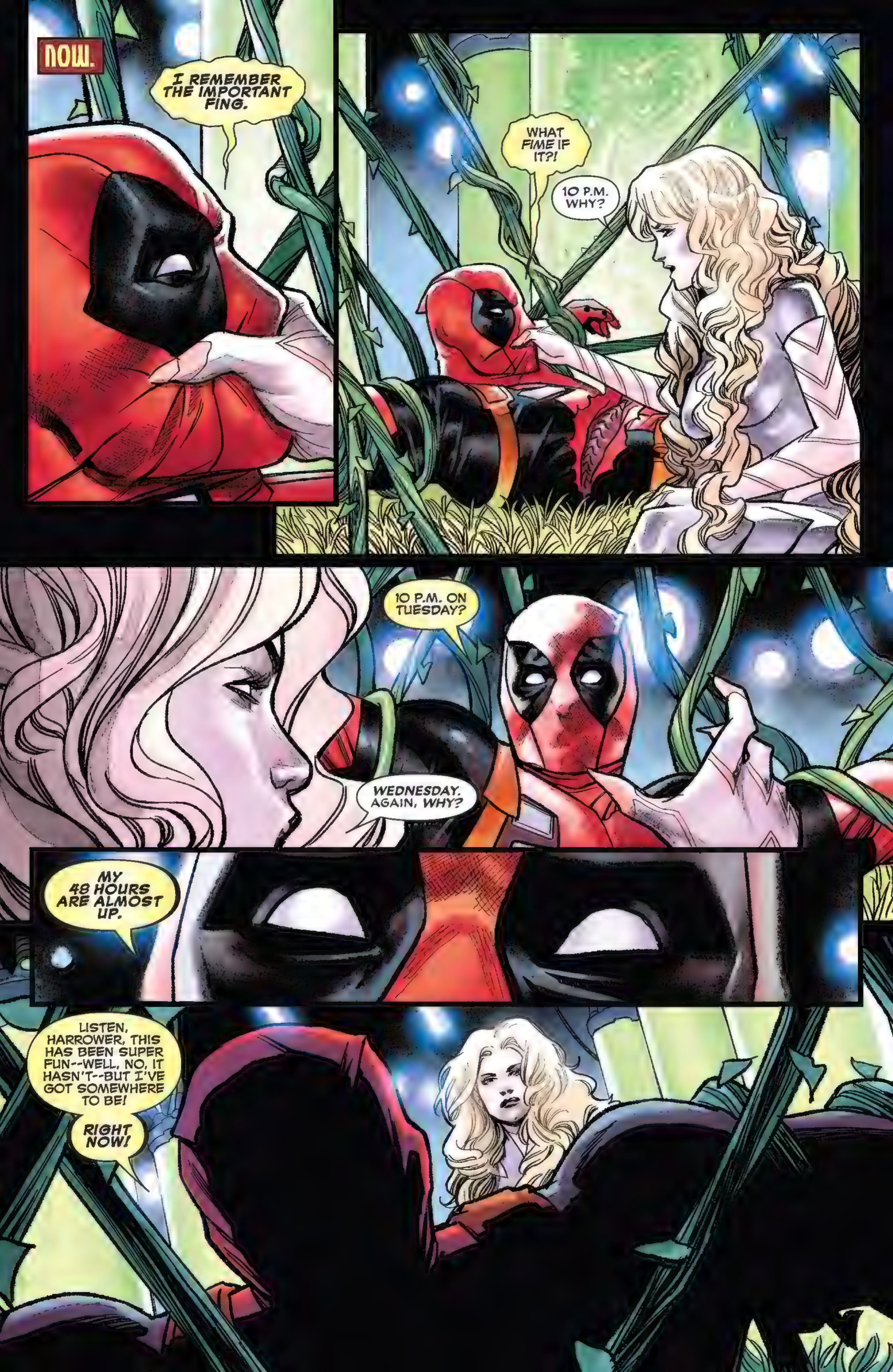
So. A different methodology, a different model. *Pepsis grossa* is a much more aggressive parasitic species. The tarantula hawk wasp lays its eggs on tarantulas after injecting them with a paralytic venom. Upon hatching, the larva uses the spider as sustenance, feeding on it until it reaches maturity.

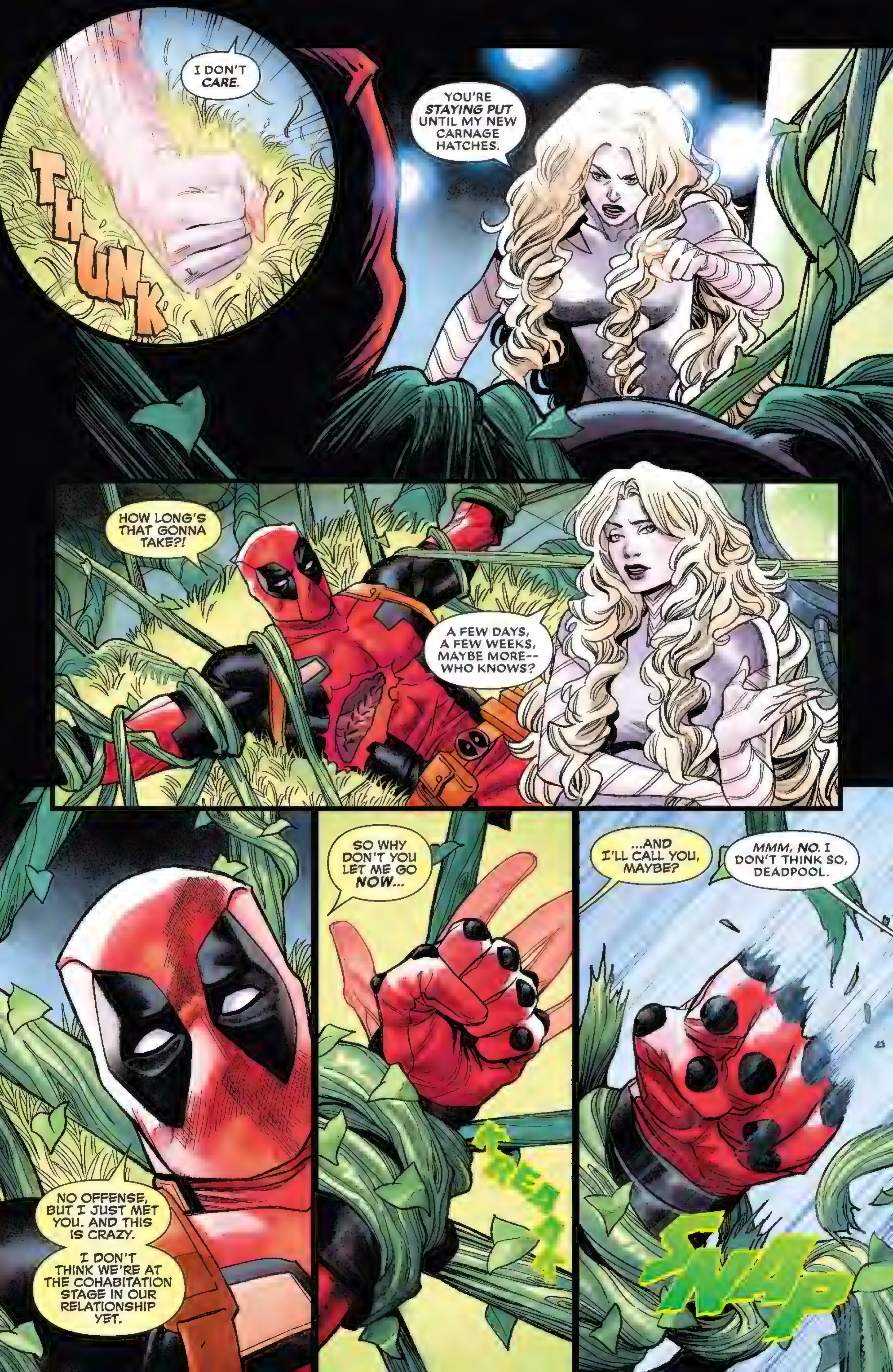
PEPSIS GROSSA REPRODUCTIVE CYCLE:

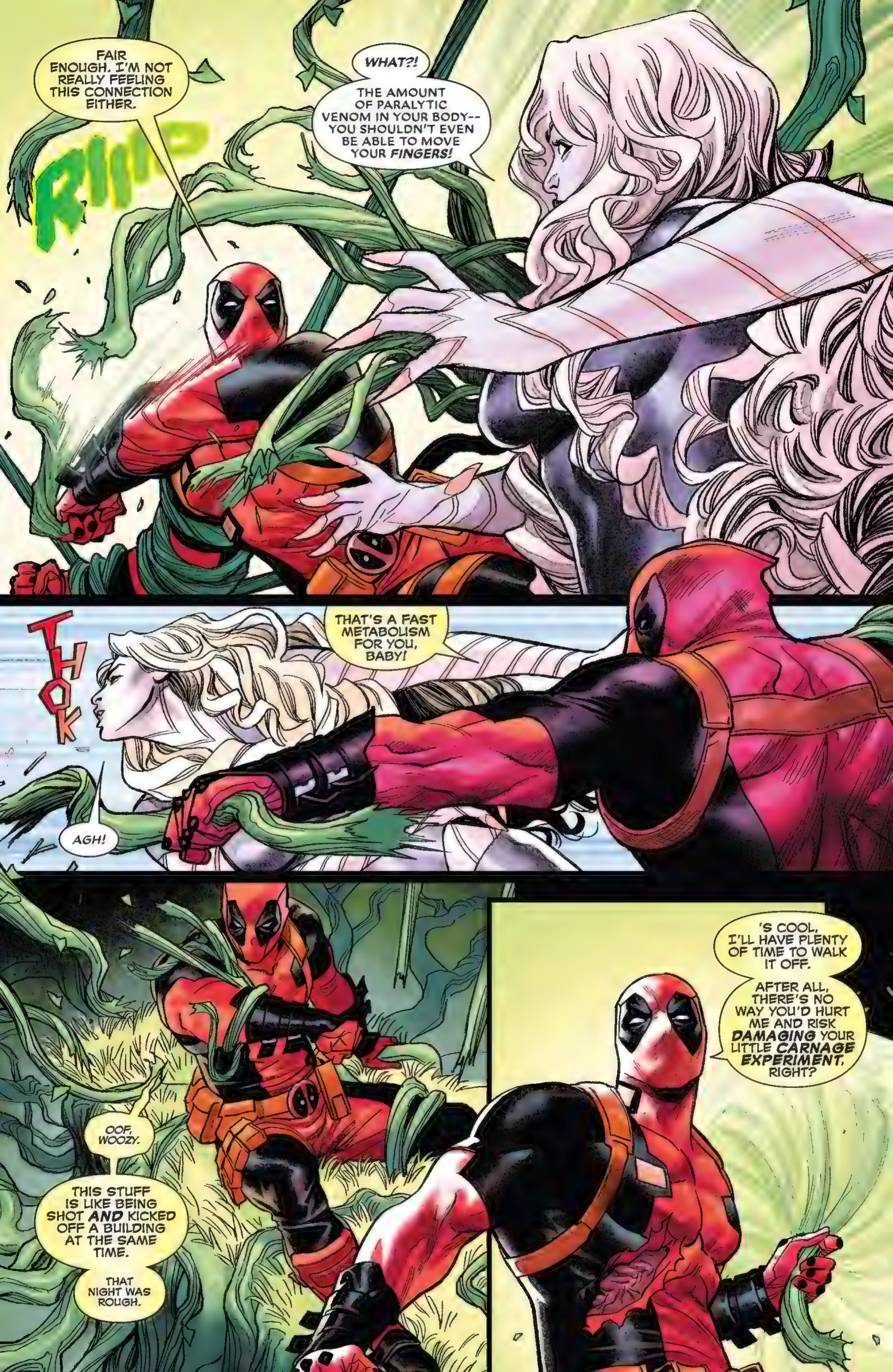
1. Adult female *Pepsis grossa* engages *Aphonopelma hentzi*, provoking it into raising its front legs in a threat display. *P. grossa* then stings the underside of *A. hentzi*, injecting paralytic venom.
2. *P. grossa* digs a burrow, drags its prey inside and lays a single egg on the now-paralyzed *A. hentzi*.
3. *P. grossa* larva hatches and eats the paralyzed *A. hentzi* within the safety of the burrow.
4. Upon reaching maturity, *P. grossa* exits the burrow to start the cycle anew.

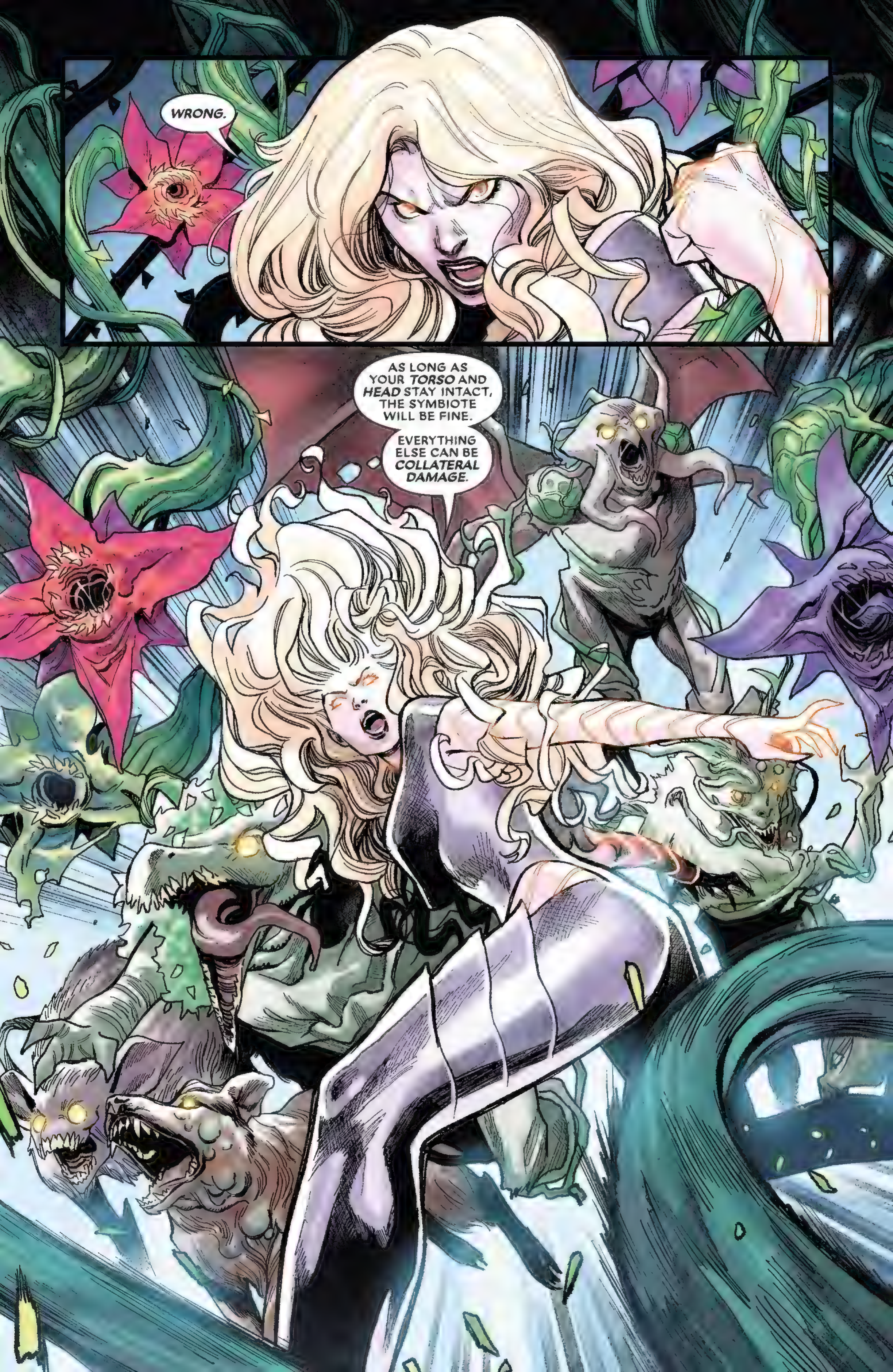
This life cycle seems much more promising. Now I just need a host that can survive this process long enough for the new Carnage to hatch. Perhaps synthesized *Pepsis grossa* venom can be used to keep the host incapacitated as well. Lots to consider.

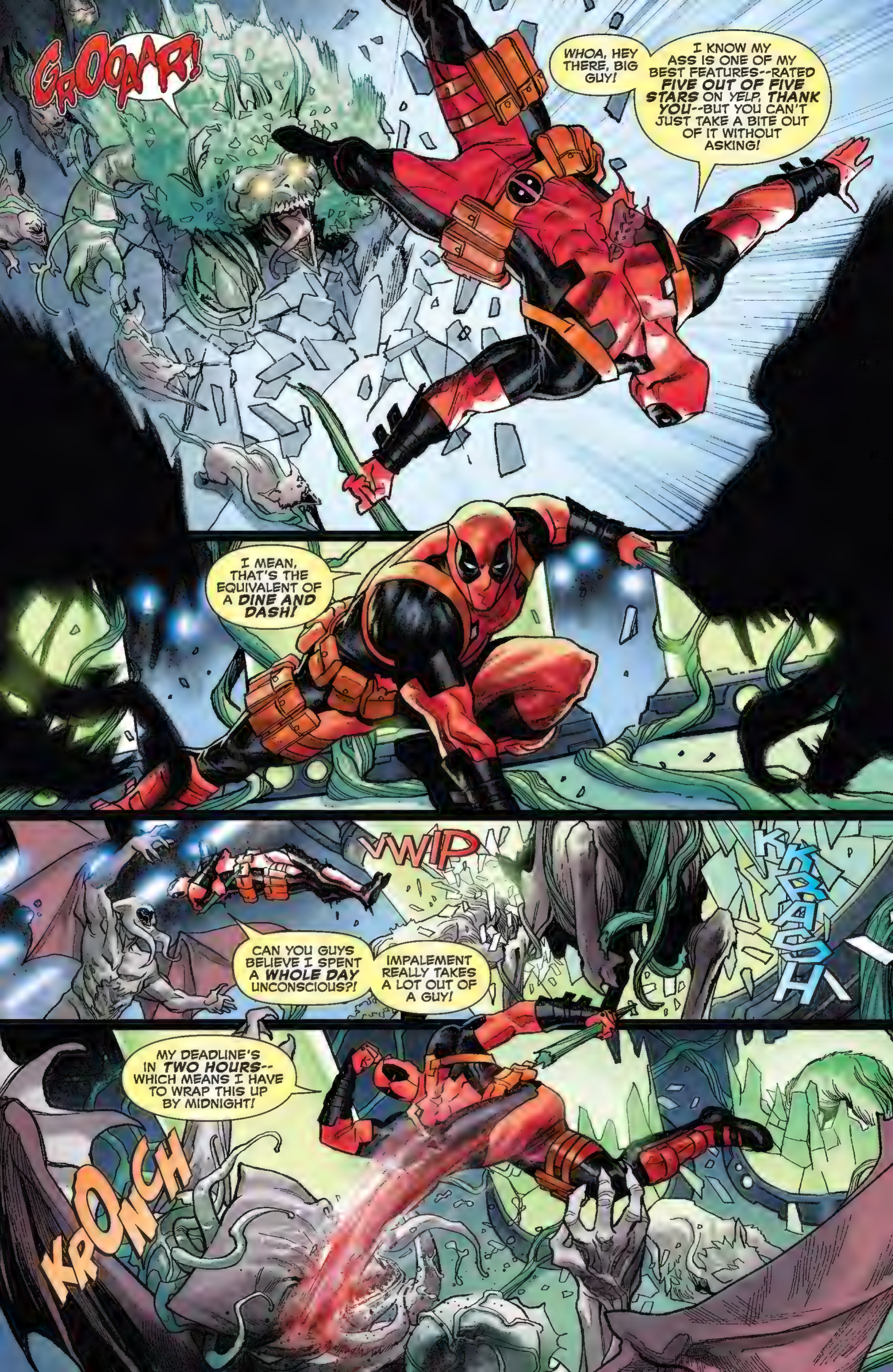
And I know where I want to start.

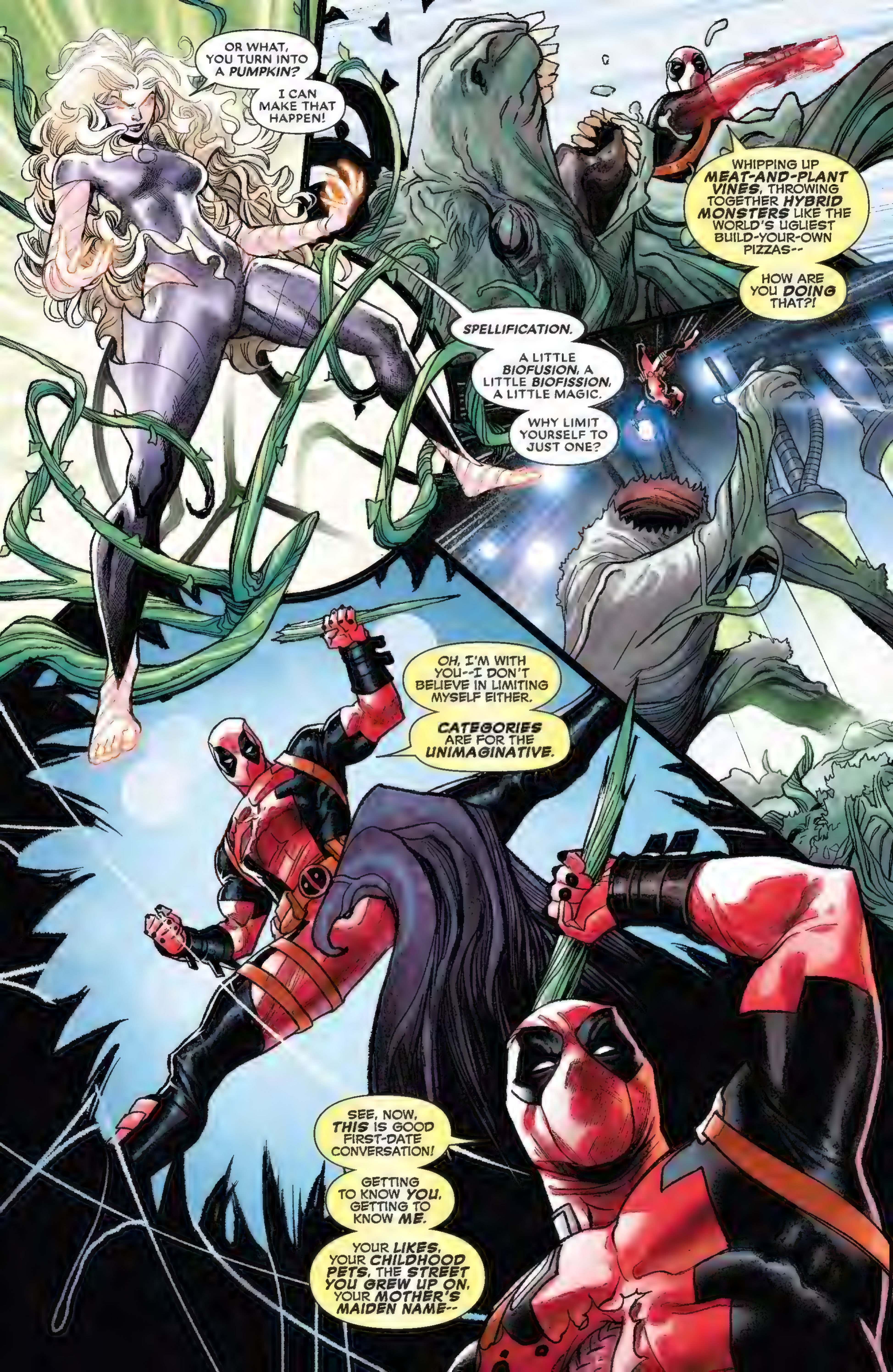

NOW.
I REMEMBER THE IMPORTANT FING.
WHAT FIME IF IT?!
10 P.M. WHY?
10 P.M. ON TUESDAY?
WEDNESDAY. AGAIN, WHY?
MY 48 HOURS ARE ALMOST UP.
LISTEN, HARROWER, THIS HAS BEEN SUPER FUN--WELL, NO, IT HASN'T--BUT I'VE GOT SOMEWHERE TO BE!
RIGHT NOW!

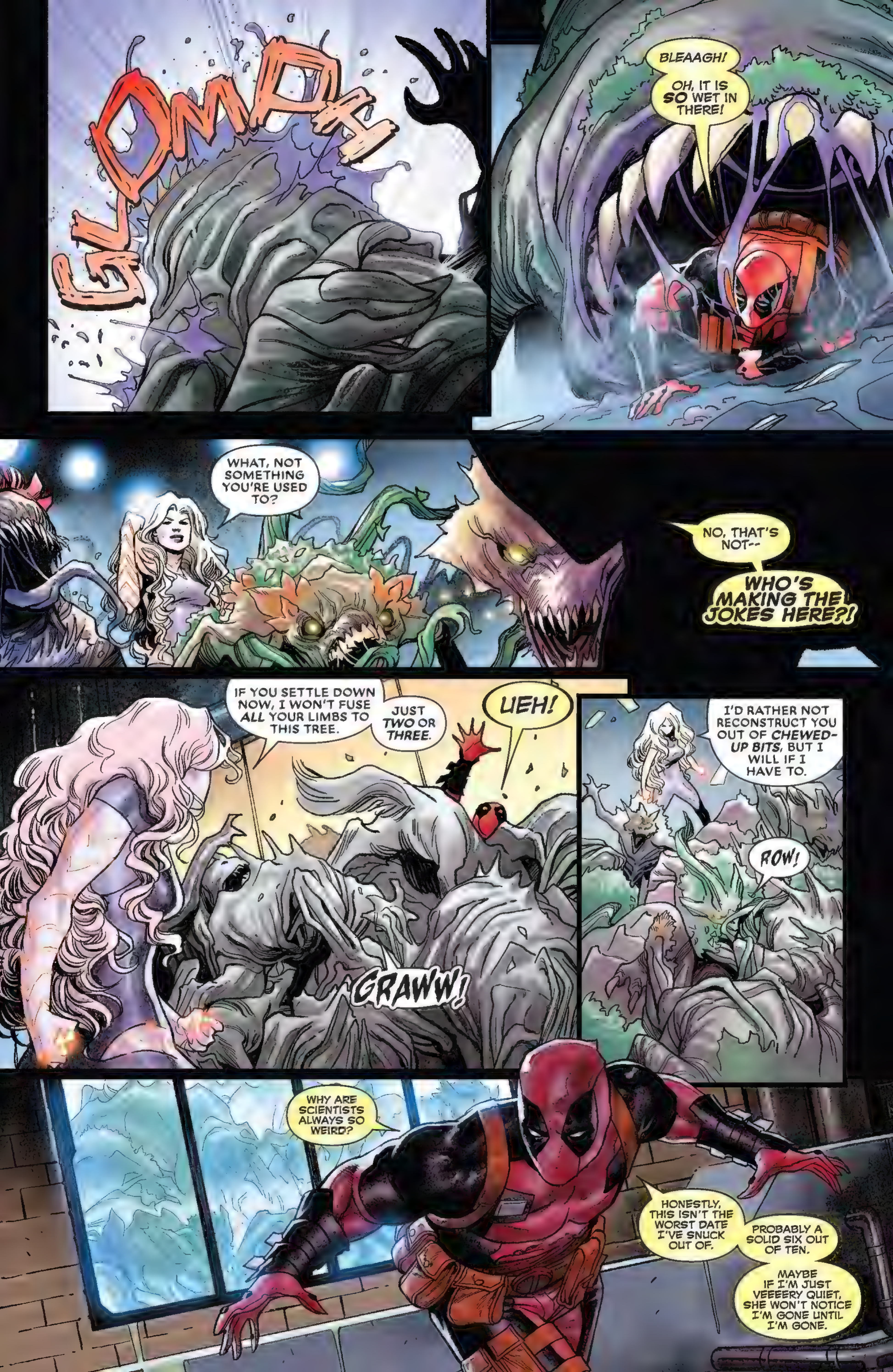

I DON'T *CARE*.
THUNK
YOU'RE *STAYING PUT* UNTIL MY NEW CARNAGE HATCHES.
HOW LONG'S THAT GONNA TAKE?!
A FEW DAYS, A FEW WEEKS, MAYBE MORE-- WHO KNOWS?
NO OFFENSE, BUT I JUST MET YOU. AND THIS IS CRAZY.
I DON'T THINK WE'RE AT THE COHABITATION STAGE IN OUR RELATIONSHIP YET.
SO WHY DON'T YOU LET ME GO *NOW*...
KREAK
...AND I'LL CALL YOU, MAYBE?
MMM, *NO*. I DON'T THINK SO, DEADPOOL.
SNAP

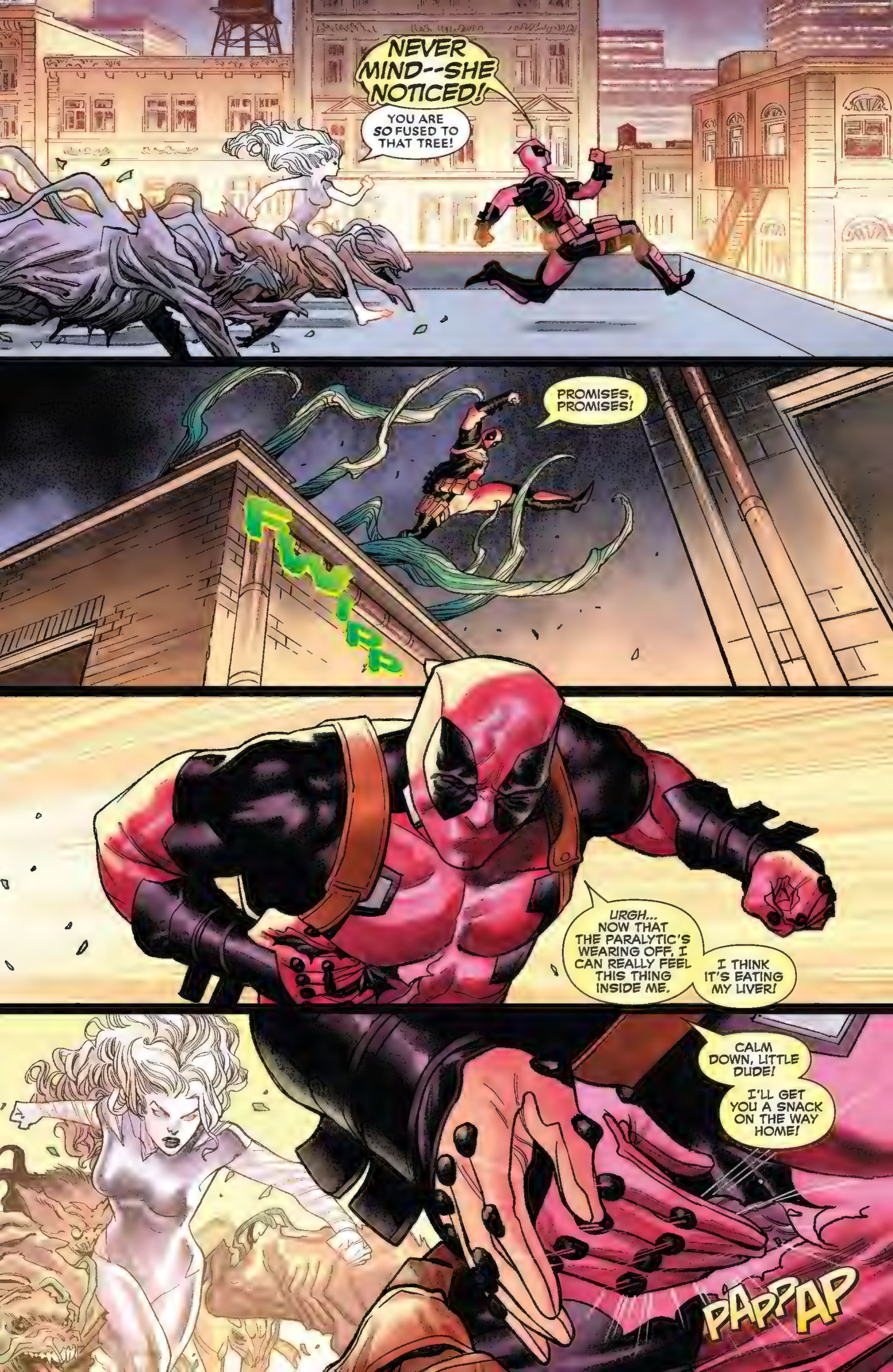

FAIR ENOUGH. I'M NOT REALLY FEELING THIS CONNECTION EITHER.
RIIIP
WHAT?!
THE AMOUNT OF PARALYTIC VENOM IN YOUR BODY-- YOU SHOULDN'T EVEN BE ABLE TO MOVE YOUR *FINGERS!*
THOK
THAT'S A FAST METABOLISM FOR YOU, BABY!
AGH!
OOF, WOOZY.
THIS STUFF IS LIKE BEING SHOT **AND** KICKED OFF A BUILDING AT THE SAME TIME.
THAT NIGHT WAS ROUGH.
'S COOL, I'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO WALK IT OFF.
AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO WAY YOU'D HURT ME AND RISK **DAMAGING** YOUR LITTLE ***CARNAGE EXPERIMENT***, RIGHT?

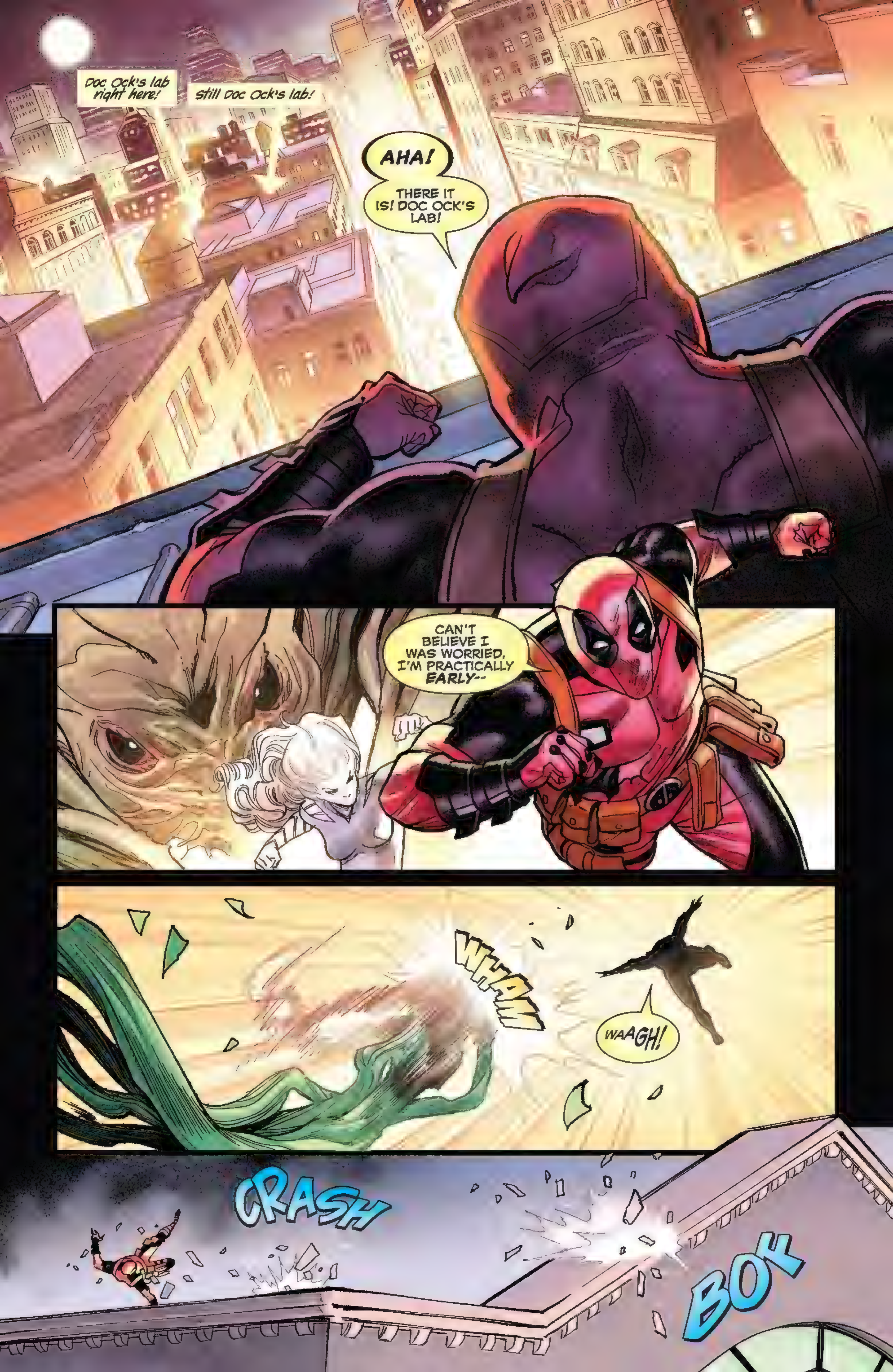

WRONG.
AS LONG AS YOUR TORSO AND HEAD STAY INTACT, THE SYMBIOTE WILL BE FINE.
EVERYTHING ELSE CAN BE COLLATERAL DAMAGE.

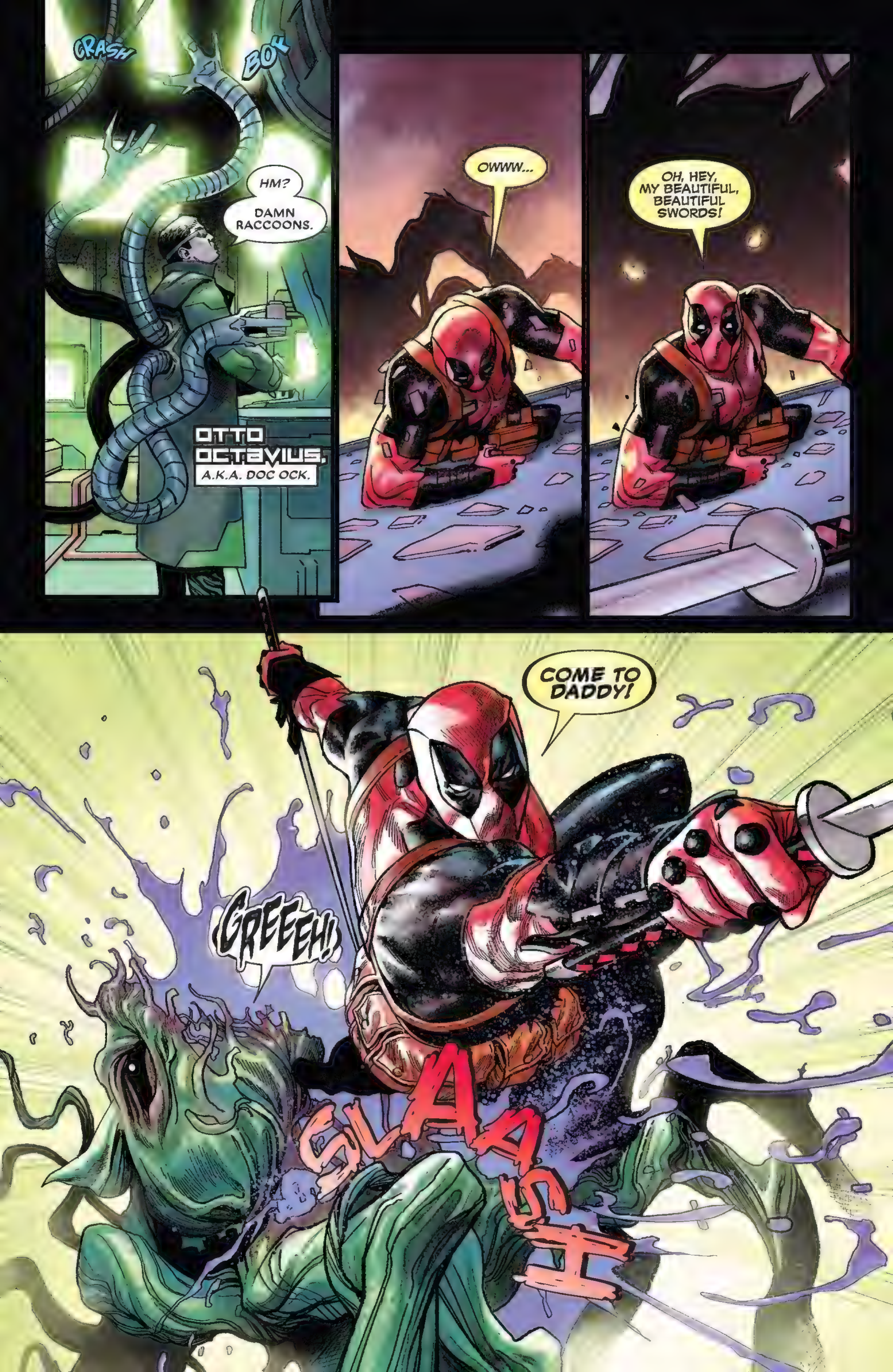

GROOAAR!
WHOA, HEY THERE, BIG GUY!
I KNOW MY ASS IS ONE OF MY BEST FEATURES--RATED ***FIVE OUT OF FIVE STARS*** ON *YELP*, ***THANK YOU***--BUT YOU CAN'T JUST TAKE A BITE OUT OF IT WITHOUT ASKING!
I MEAN, THAT'S THE EQUIVALENT OF A ***DINE AND DASH!***
VWIP
KKRAASH
CAN YOU GUYS BELIEVE I SPENT A ***WHOLE DAY*** UNCONSCIOUS?!
IMPALEMENT REALLY TAKES A LOT OUT OF A GUY!
MY DEADLINE'S IN ***TWO HOURS***-- WHICH MEANS I HAVE TO WRAP THIS UP BY MIDNIGHT!
KRONCH

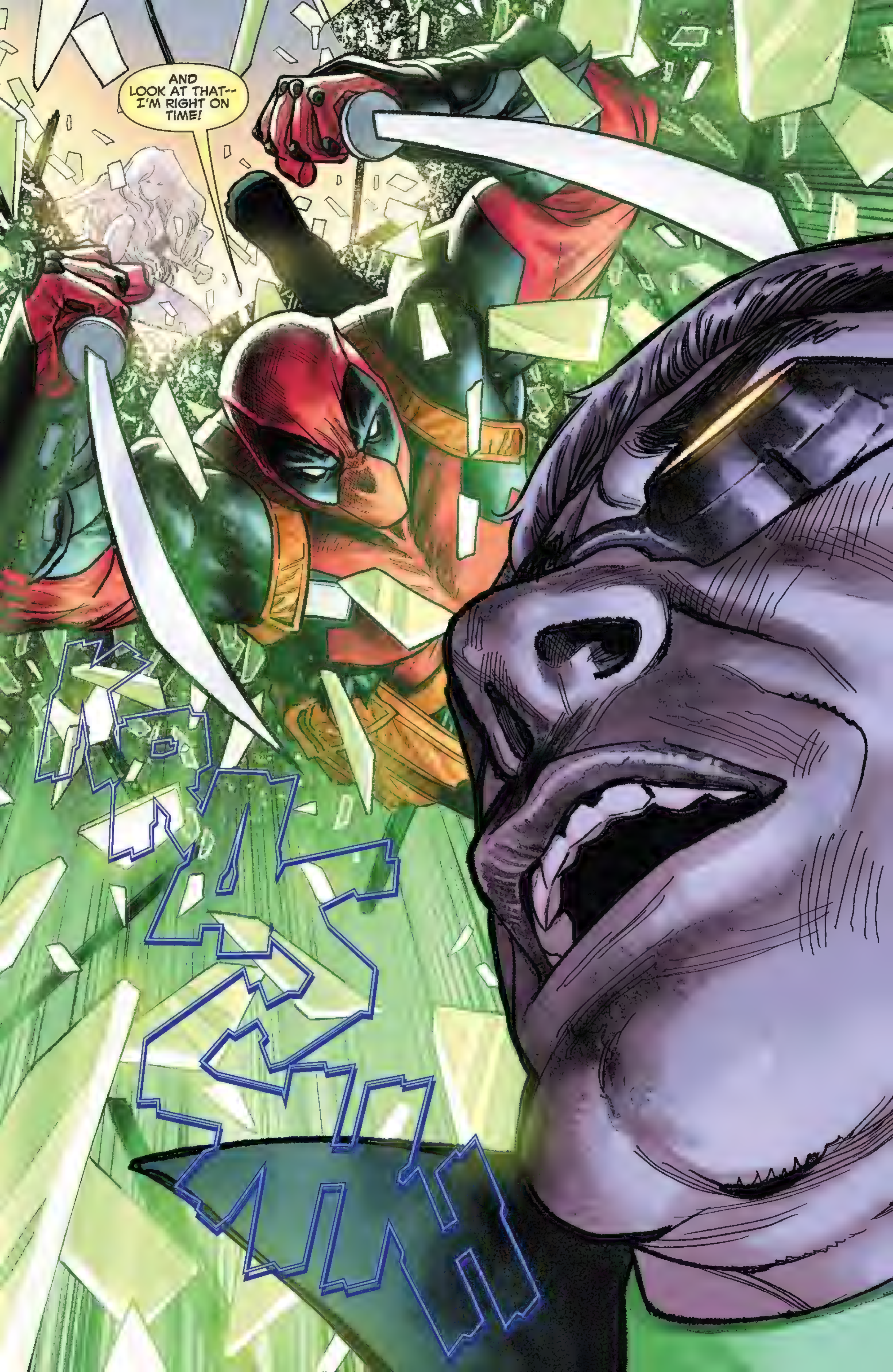

OR WHAT, YOU TURN INTO A *PUMPKIN?*
I CAN MAKE THAT HAPPEN!
WHIPPING UP ***MEAT-AND-PLANT VINES,*** THROWING TOGETHER ***HYBRID MONSTERS*** LIKE THE WORLD'S UGLIEST BUILD-YOUR-OWN PIZZAS--
HOW ARE YOU ***DOING*** THAT?!
SPELLIFICATION.
A LITTLE *BIOFUSION,* A LITTLE *BIOFISSION,* A LITTLE MAGIC.
WHY LIMIT YOURSELF TO JUST ONE?
OH, I'M WITH YOU--I DON'T BELIEVE IN LIMITING MYSELF EITHER.
CATEGORIES ARE FOR THE ***UNIMAGINATIVE.***
SEE, NOW, ***THIS*** IS GOOD FIRST-DATE CONVERSATION!
GETTING TO KNOW ***YOU,*** GETTING TO KNOW ***ME.***
YOUR ***LIKES,*** YOUR ***CHILDHOOD PETS,*** THE ***STREET YOU GREW UP ON,*** YOUR ***MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME--***

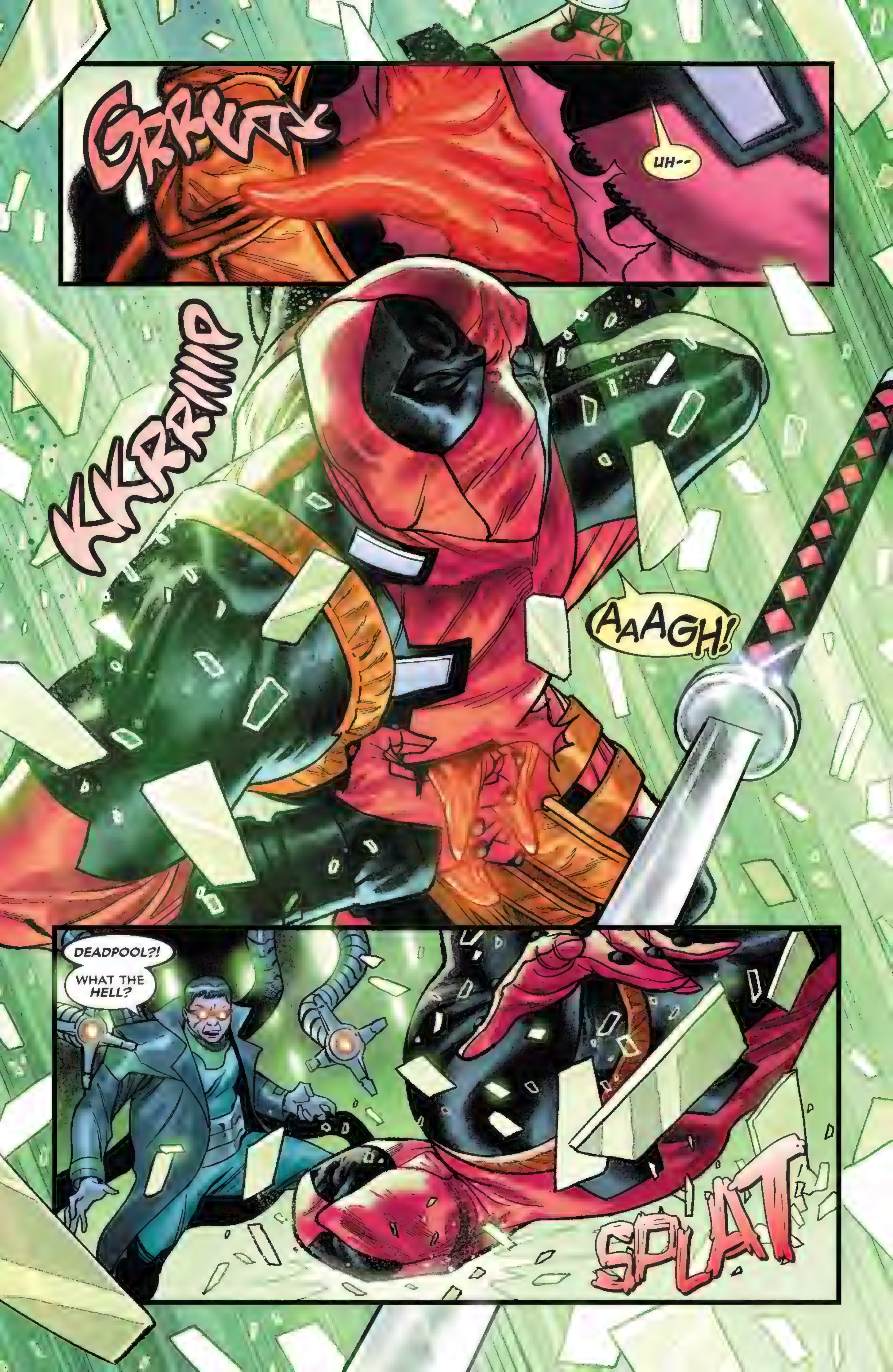

GLOMPH
BLEAAGH!
OH, IT IS SO WET IN THERE!
WHAT, NOT SOMETHING YOU'RE USED TO?
NO, THAT'S NOT--
WHO'S MAKING THE JOKES HERE?!
IF YOU SETTLE DOWN NOW, I WON'T FUSE ALL YOUR LIMBS TO THIS TREE.
JUST TWO OR THREE.
UEH!
GRAWW!
I'D RATHER NOT RECONSTRUCT YOU OUT OF CHEWED-UP BITS, BUT I WILL IF I HAVE TO.
ROW!
WHY ARE SCIENTISTS ALWAYS SO WEIRD?
HONESTLY, THIS ISN'T THE WORST DATE I'VE SNUCK OUT OF.
PROBABLY A SOLID SIX OUT OF TEN.
MAYBE IF I'M JUST VEEEERY QUIET, SHE WON'T NOTICE I'M GONE UNTIL I'M GONE.

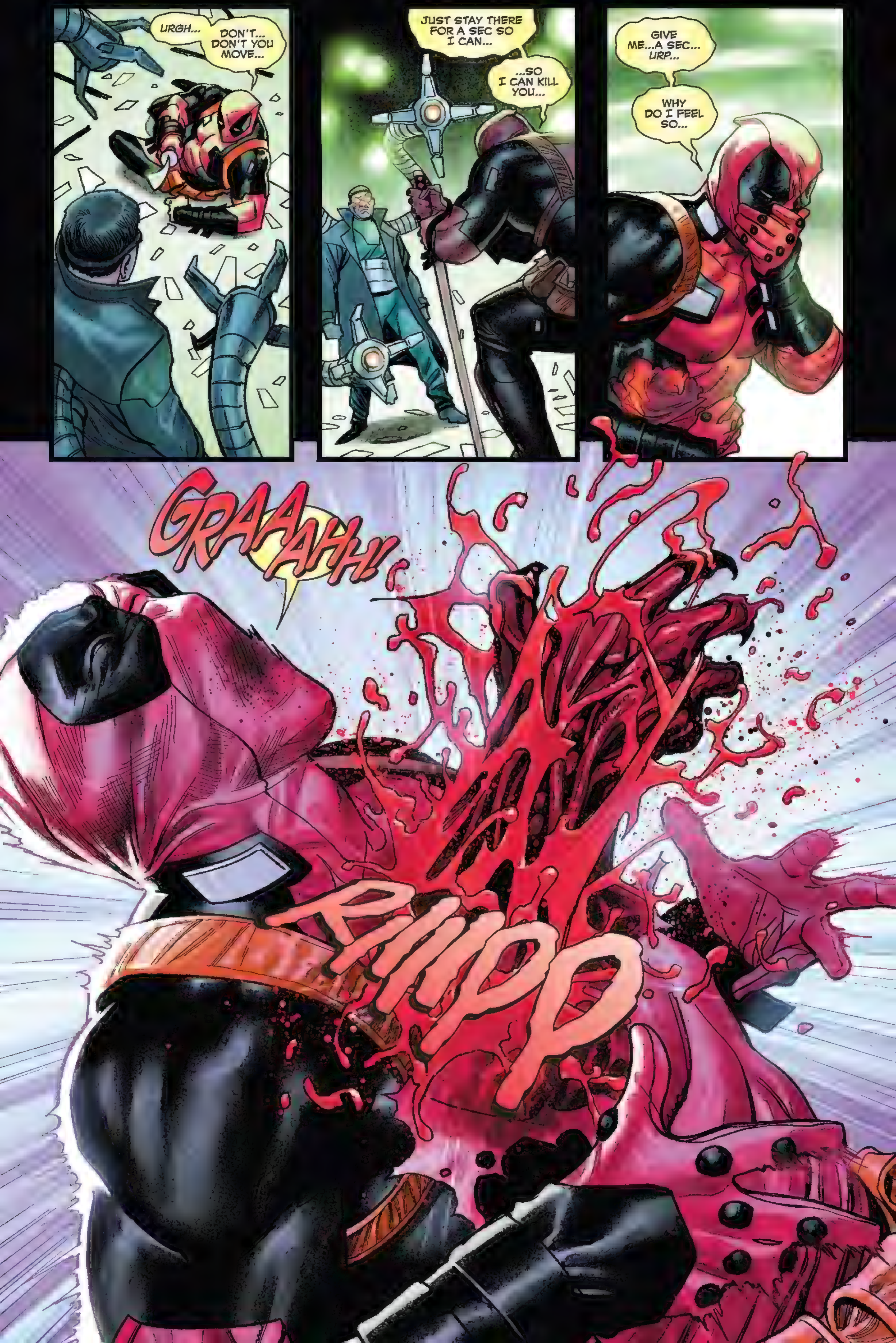

NEVER MIND--SHE NOTICED!
YOU ARE *SO* FUSED TO THAT TREE!
PROMISES, PROMISES!
FWIPP
URGH... NOW THAT THE PARALYTIC'S WEARING OFF, I CAN REALLY FEEL THIS THING INSIDE ME.
I THINK IT'S EATING MY LIVER!
CALM DOWN, LITTLE DUDE!
I'LL GET YOU A SNACK ON THE WAY HOME!
PAPPAP

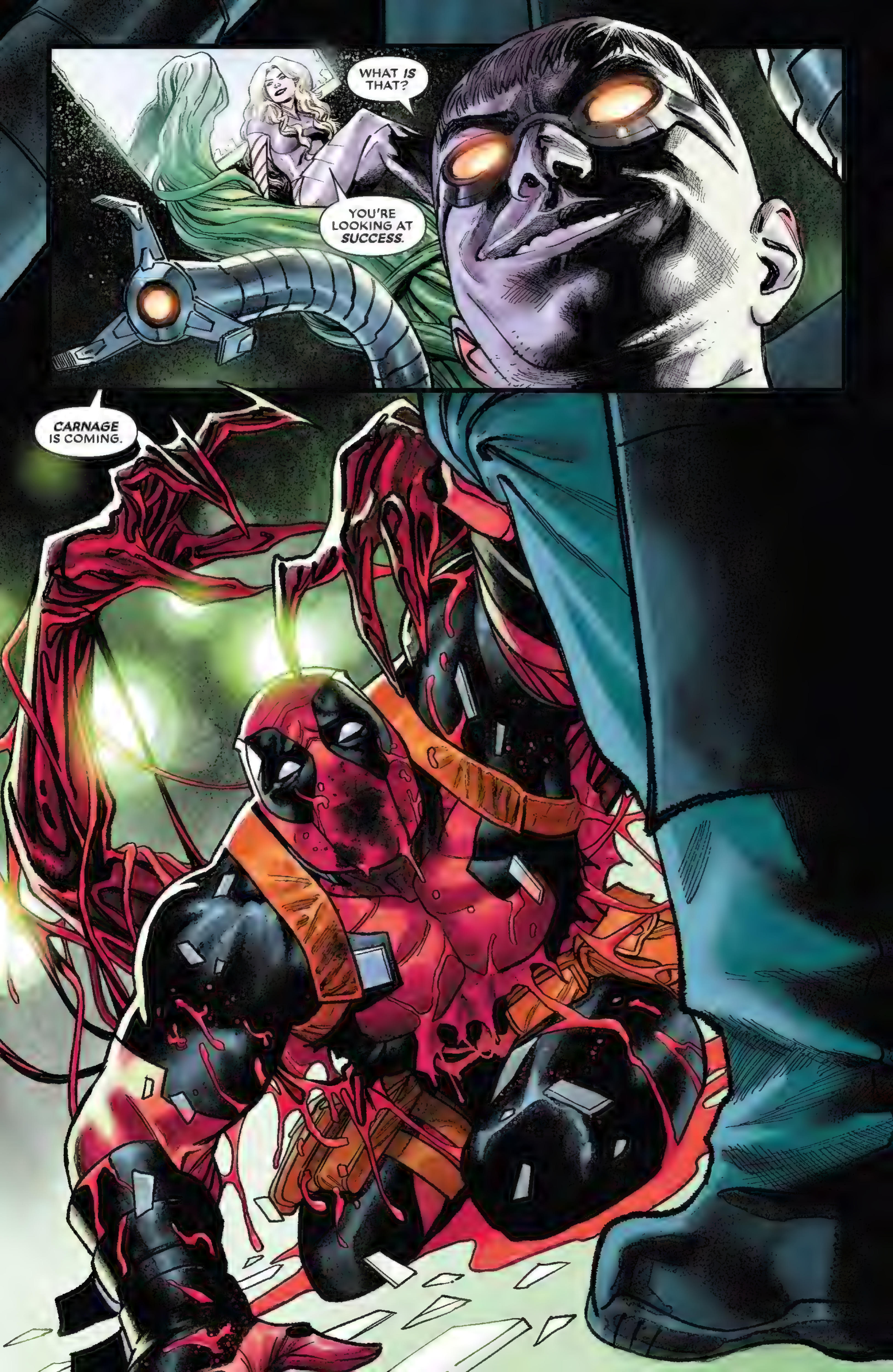

Doc Ock's lab right here!
Still Doc Ock's lab!
AHA!
THERE IT IS! DOC OCK'S LAB!
CAN'T BELIEVE I WAS WORRIED, I'M PRACTICALLY *EARLY*--
WHAM
WAAGH!
CRASH
BOK


CRASH
BOK
HM?
DAMN RACCOONS.
OTTO OCTAVIUS,
A.K.A. DOC OCK.
OWWW...
OH, HEY, MY BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL SWORDS!
COME TO DADDY!
GREEEH!
SLAASH


AND LOOK AT THAT-- I'M RIGHT ON TIME!
KRASH


GRRUTK
UH--
KKRRMP
AAAGH!
DEADPOOL?!
WHAT THE HELL?
SPLAT


URGH...
DON'T... DON'T YOU MOVE...
JUST STAY THERE FOR A SEC SO I CAN...
...SO I CAN KILL YOU...
GIVE ME...A SEC... URP...
WHY DO I FEEL SO...
GRAAAHH!
RHIPP

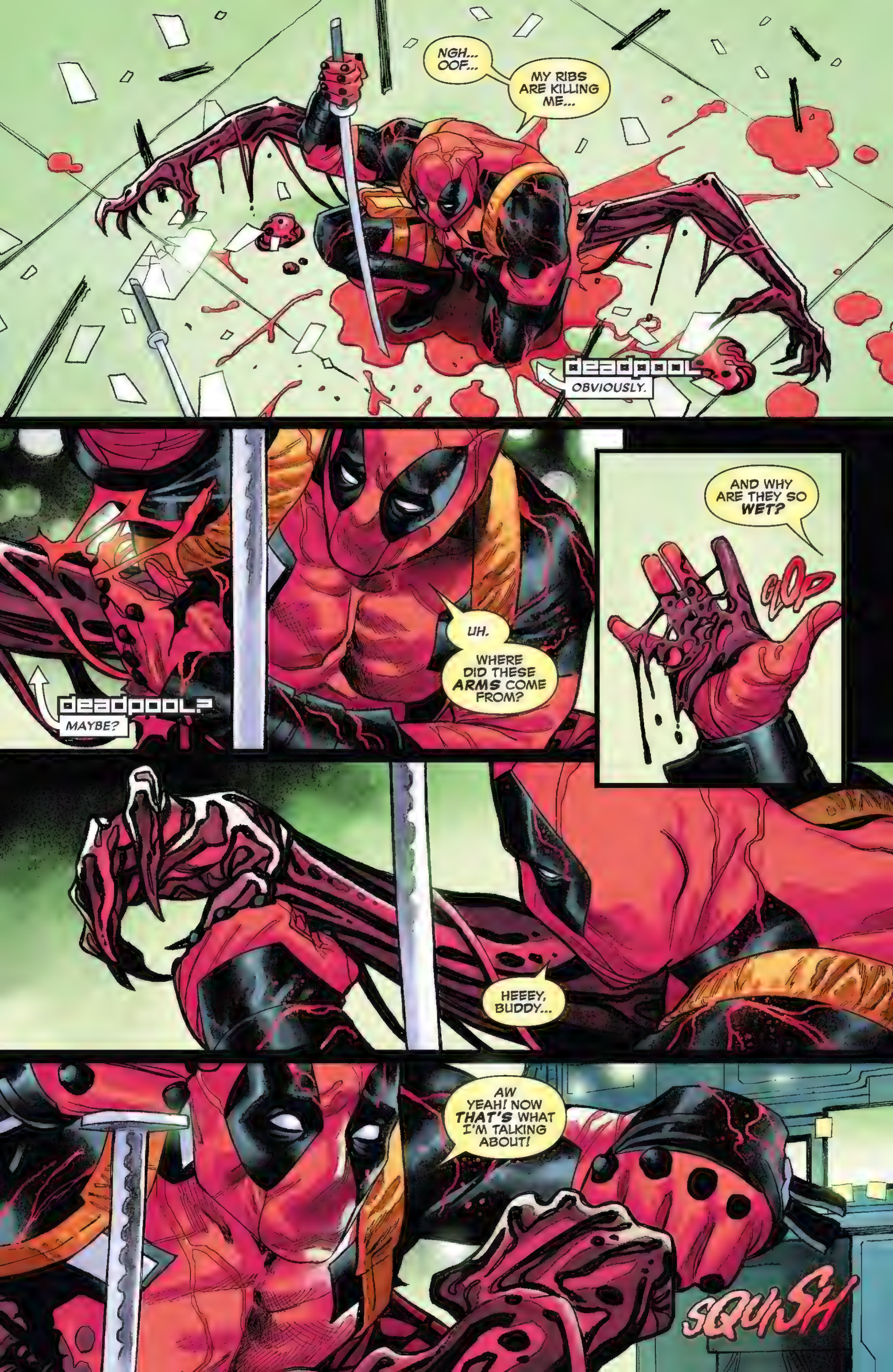

WHAT *IS* THAT?
YOU'RE LOOKING AT *SUCCESS*.
CARNAGE IS COMING.

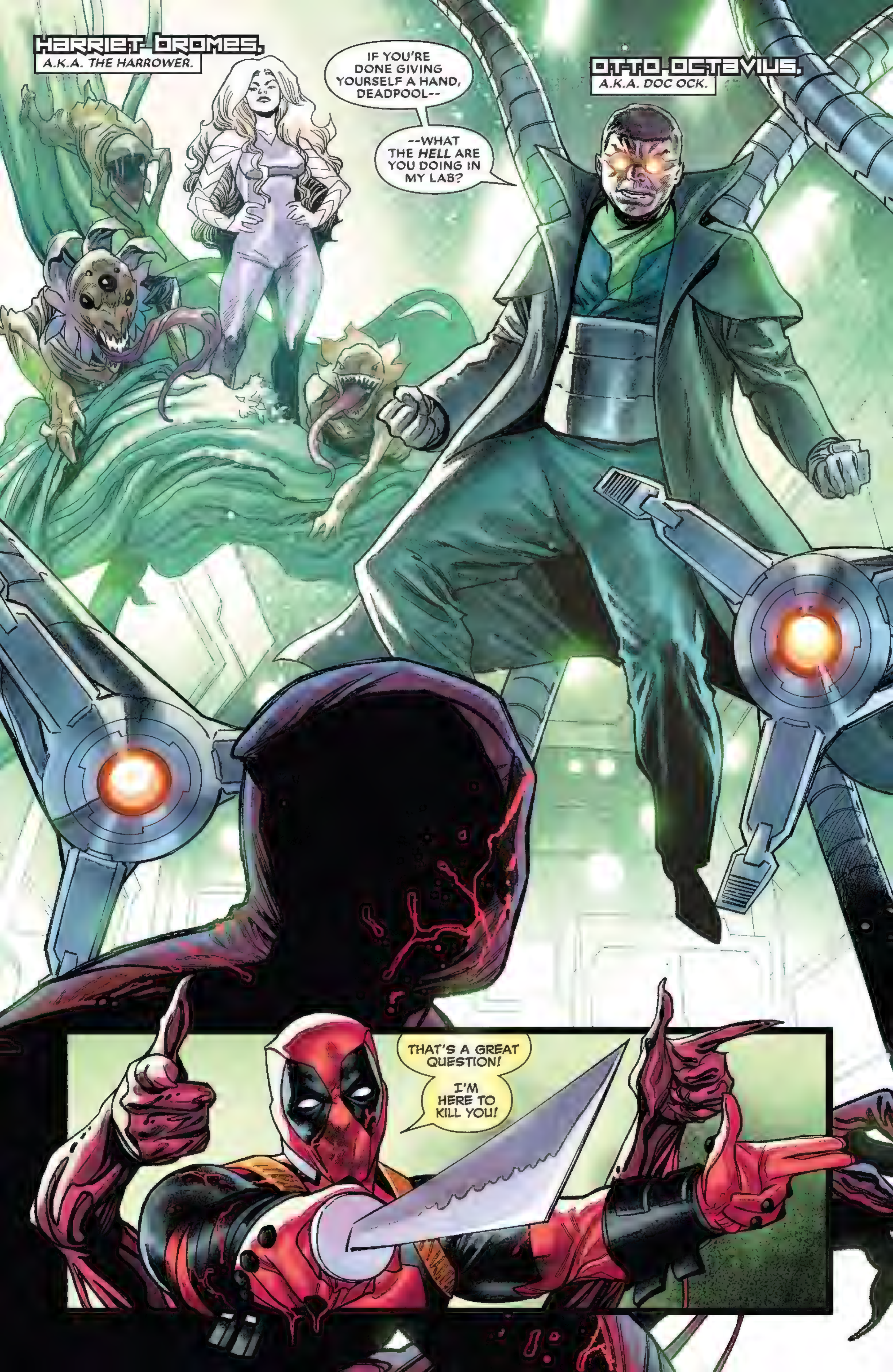
MARTÍN CÓCCOLO

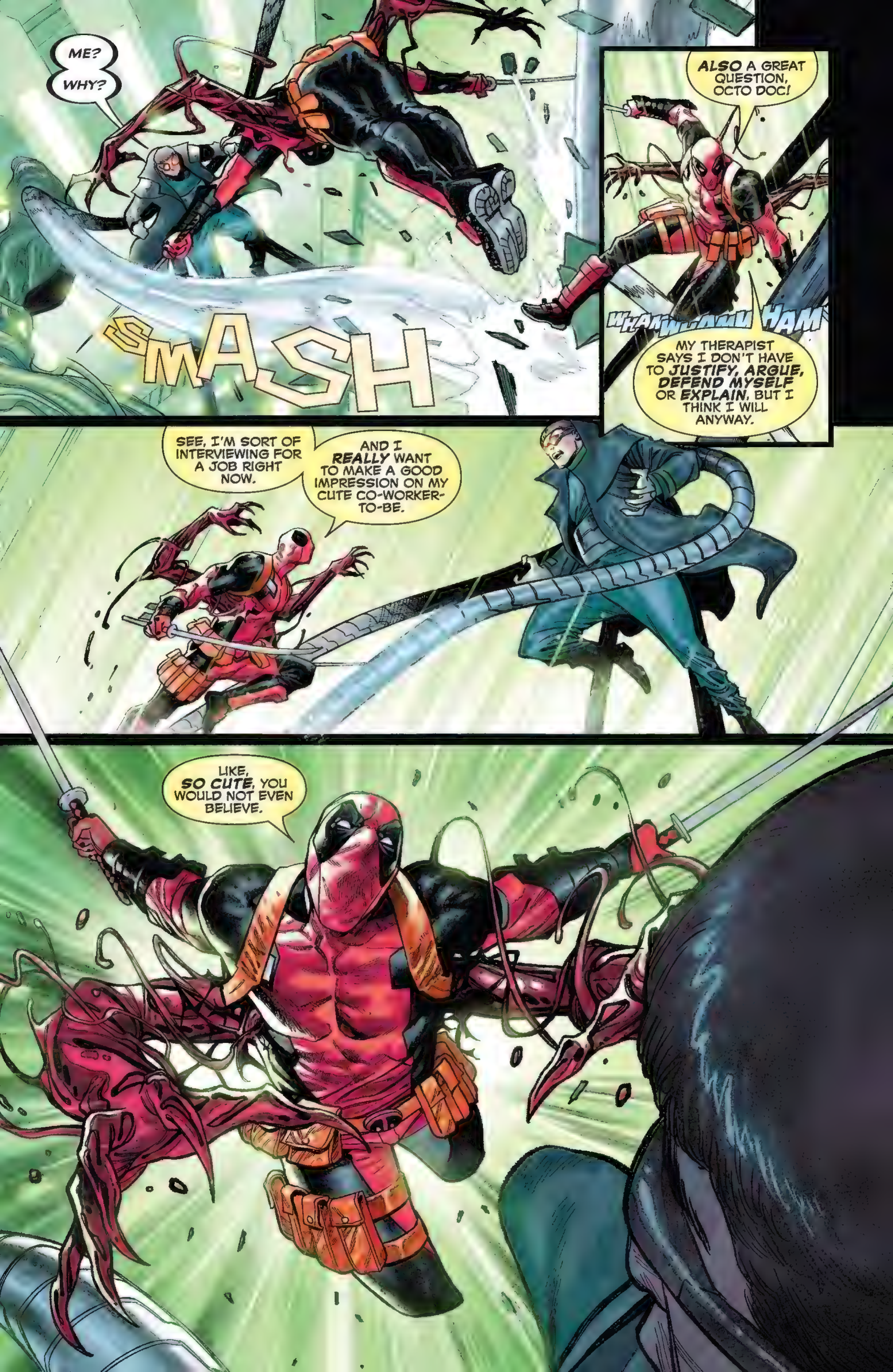
Chapter 02

Comrades At Arms (And Arms And Arms)

2


NGH... OOF...
MY RIBS ARE KILLING ME...
deadpool
OBVIOUSLY.
deadpool?
MAYBE?
UH.
WHERE DID THESE ARMS COME FROM?
AND WHY ARE THEY SO WET?
GLOP
HEEEY, BUDDY...
AW YEAH! NOW THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
SQUISH


HARRIET BROMES,
A.K.A. THE HARROWER.
IF YOU'RE DONE GIVING YOURSELF A HAND, DEADPOOL--
--WHAT THE *HELL* ARE YOU DOING IN MY LAB?
OTTO OCTAVIUS,
A.K.A. DOC OCK.
THAT'S A GREAT QUESTION!
I'M HERE TO KILL YOU!


ME?
WHY?
SMASH
ALSO A GREAT QUESTION, OCTO DOC!
WHAMWHAMWHAM
MY THERAPIST SAYS I DON'T HAVE TO **JUSTIFY, ARGUE, DEFEND MYSELF** OR **EXPLAIN**, BUT I THINK I WILL ANYWAY.
SEE, I'M SORT OF INTERVIEWING FOR A JOB RIGHT NOW.
AND I **REALLY** WANT TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION ON MY CUTE CO-WORKER-TO-BE.
LIKE, **SO CUTE**, YOU WOULD NOT EVEN BELIEVE.

DEADPOOL

I'D HAND YOU MY HEART, BUT THERE'S CURRENTLY A SYMBIOTE BURSTING OUT OF IT

Chosen to take part in a top-secret government program, Wade Wilson received the ability to heal from any wound. He's been a mercenary, a hero, a King of Monsters, a general nuisance -- but now he serves the mutant nation of Krakoa as Deadpool.

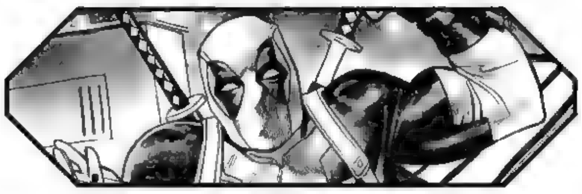
As part of his audition to join the Atelier, a secret society of elite assassins, Wade has been tasked with killing Otto Octavius, A.K.A. Doc Ock. But on his way to murder Doc Ock, he was captured by the Harrower, who infected him with a symbiote as part of her twisted experiments to destroy human life...and now a new Carnage is hatching out of Wade's body!

SOME OF WHOM HAPPEN TO BE UBER-CUTE!

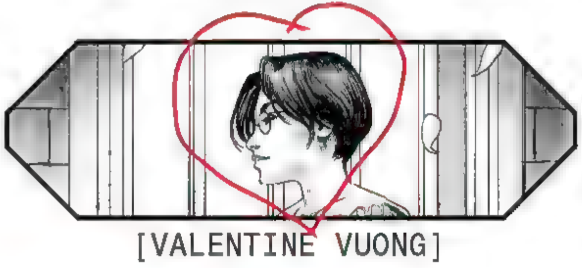
THIS GUY REALLY LUCKED OUT IN THE NAMING DEPARTMENT, HUH.

SHE MAY WANT ME FOR MY BODY IN, LIKE, MORE OF AN ALIEN-INCUBATOR WAY, BUT I'LL TAKE WHATEVER EGO BOOST I CAN GET!

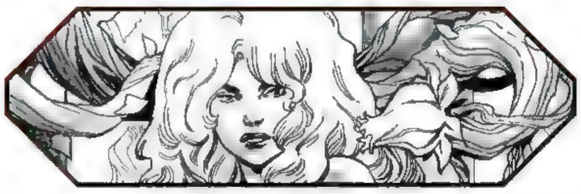
SOOO NOT COOL, BRO! AND AFTER I OFFERED IT A SNACK ☹



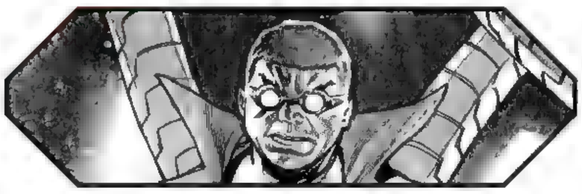
[DEADPOOL]



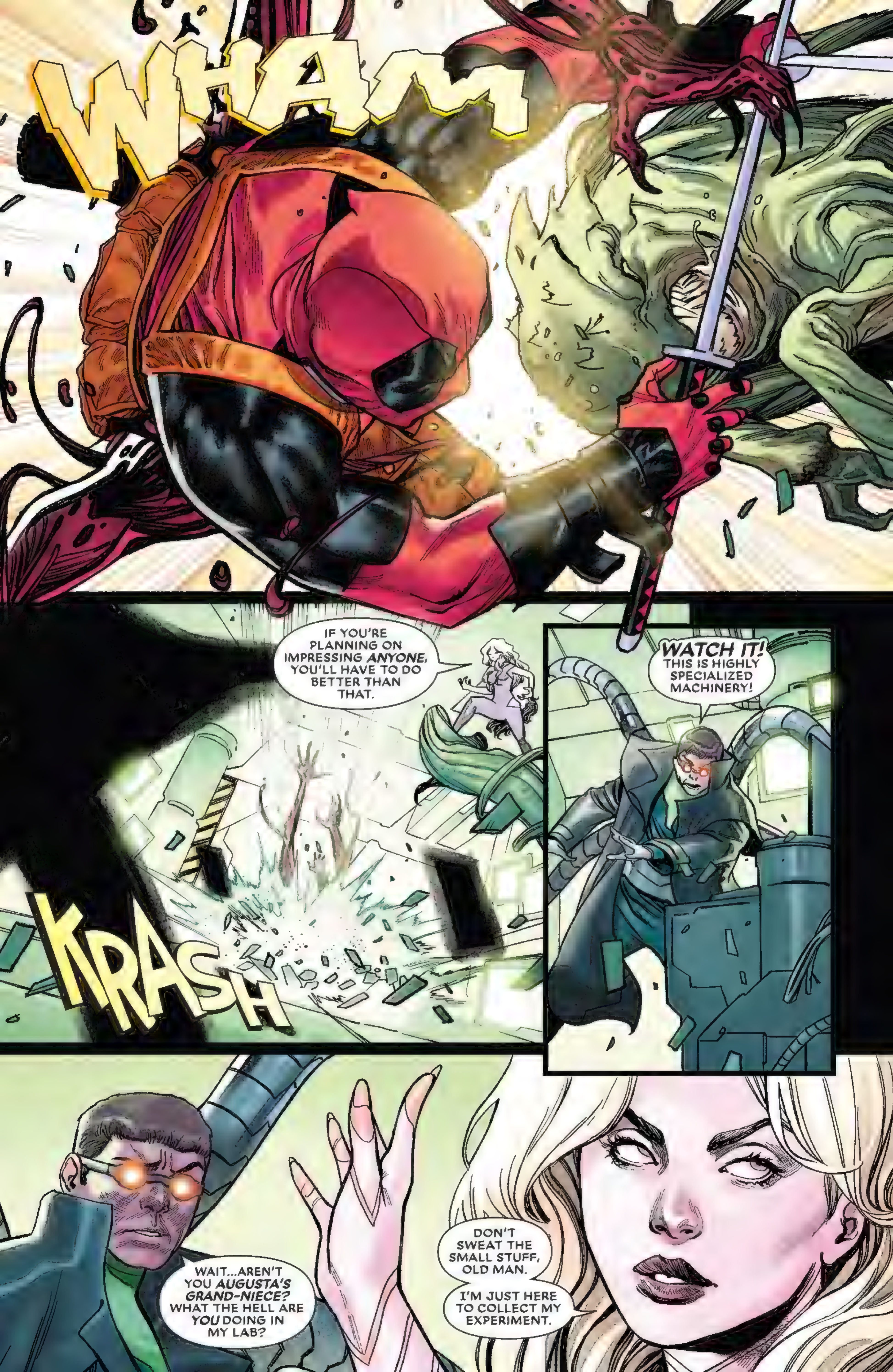
[VALENTINE VUONG]

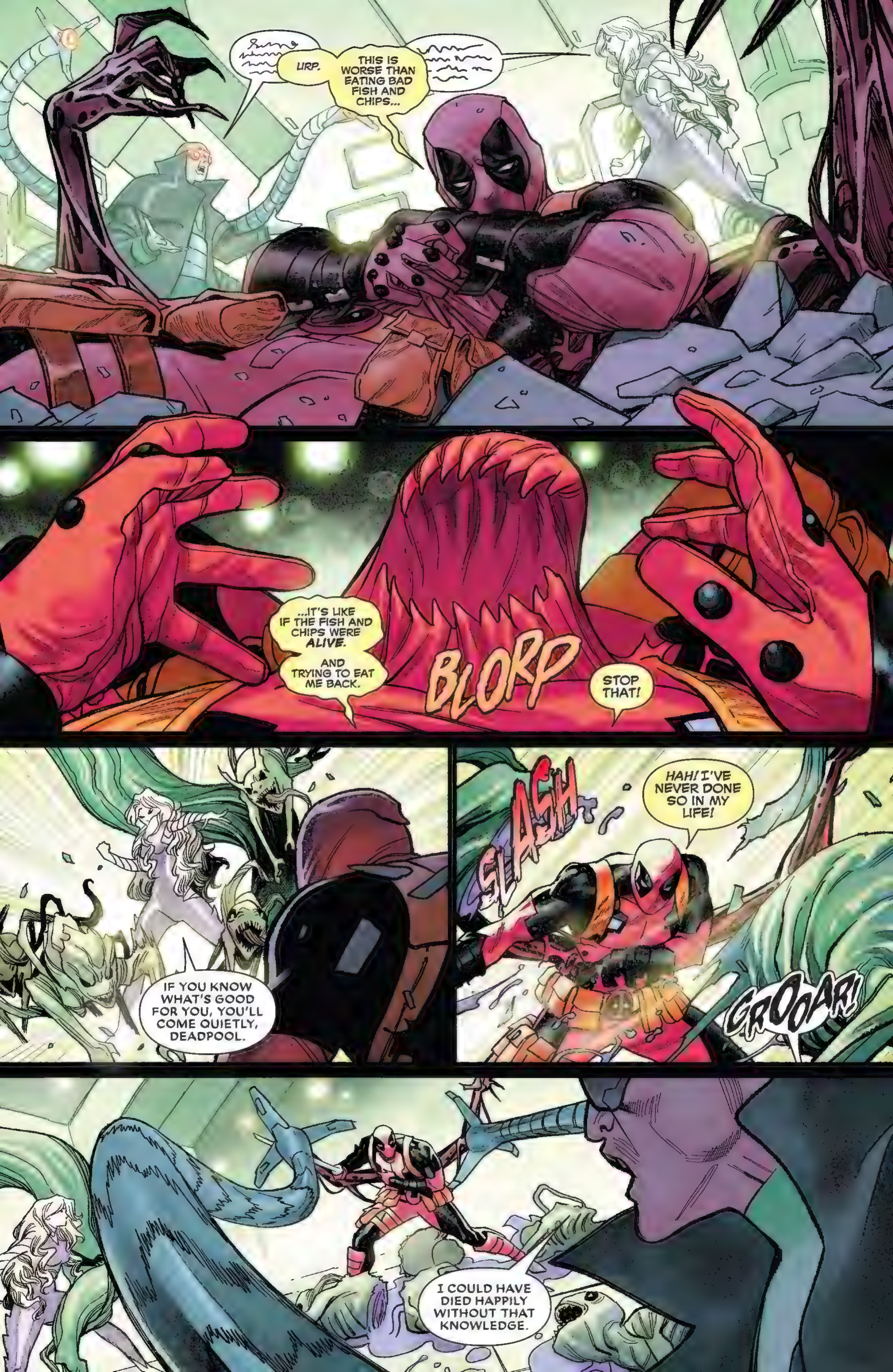


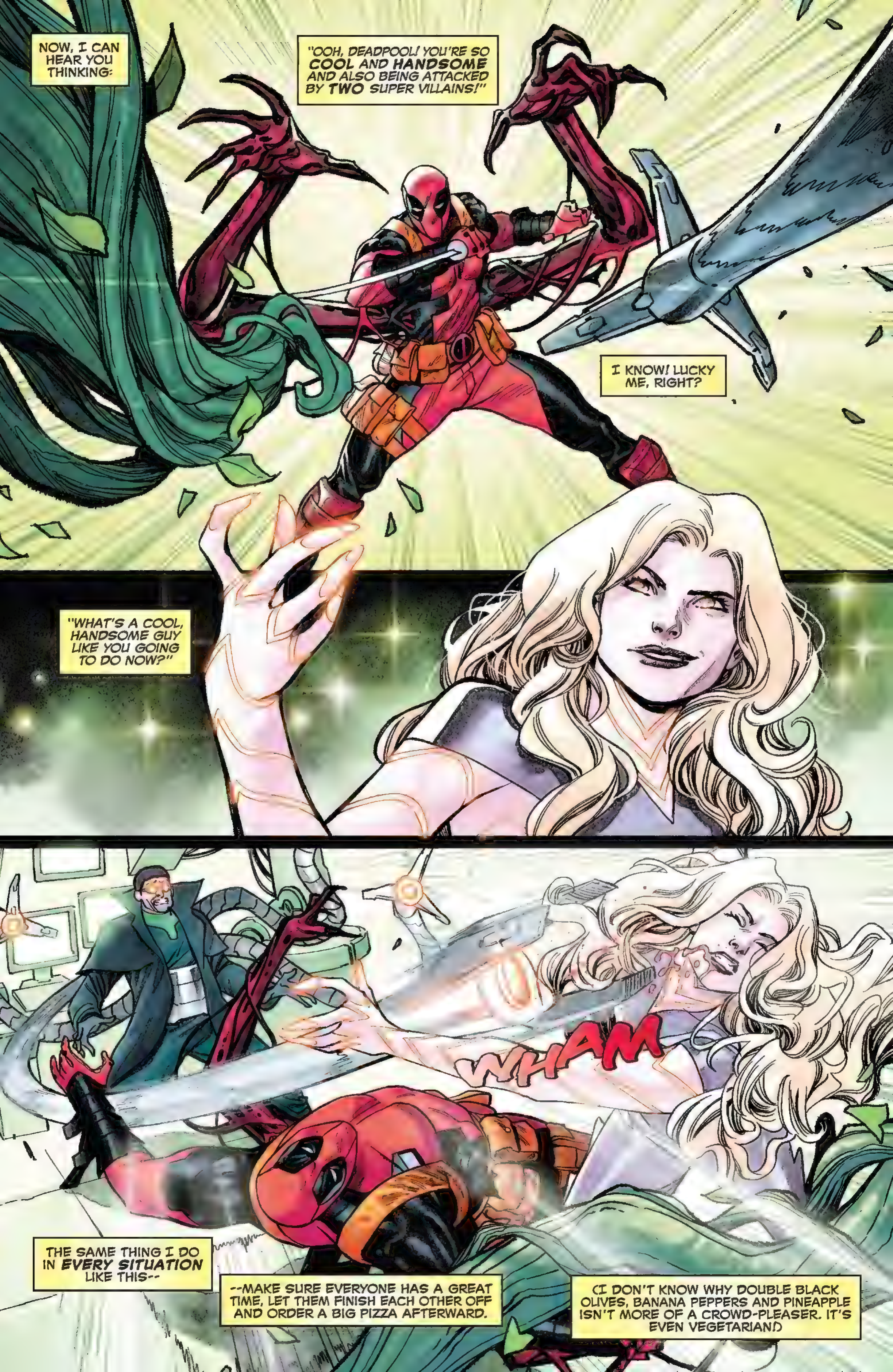
[HARROWER]

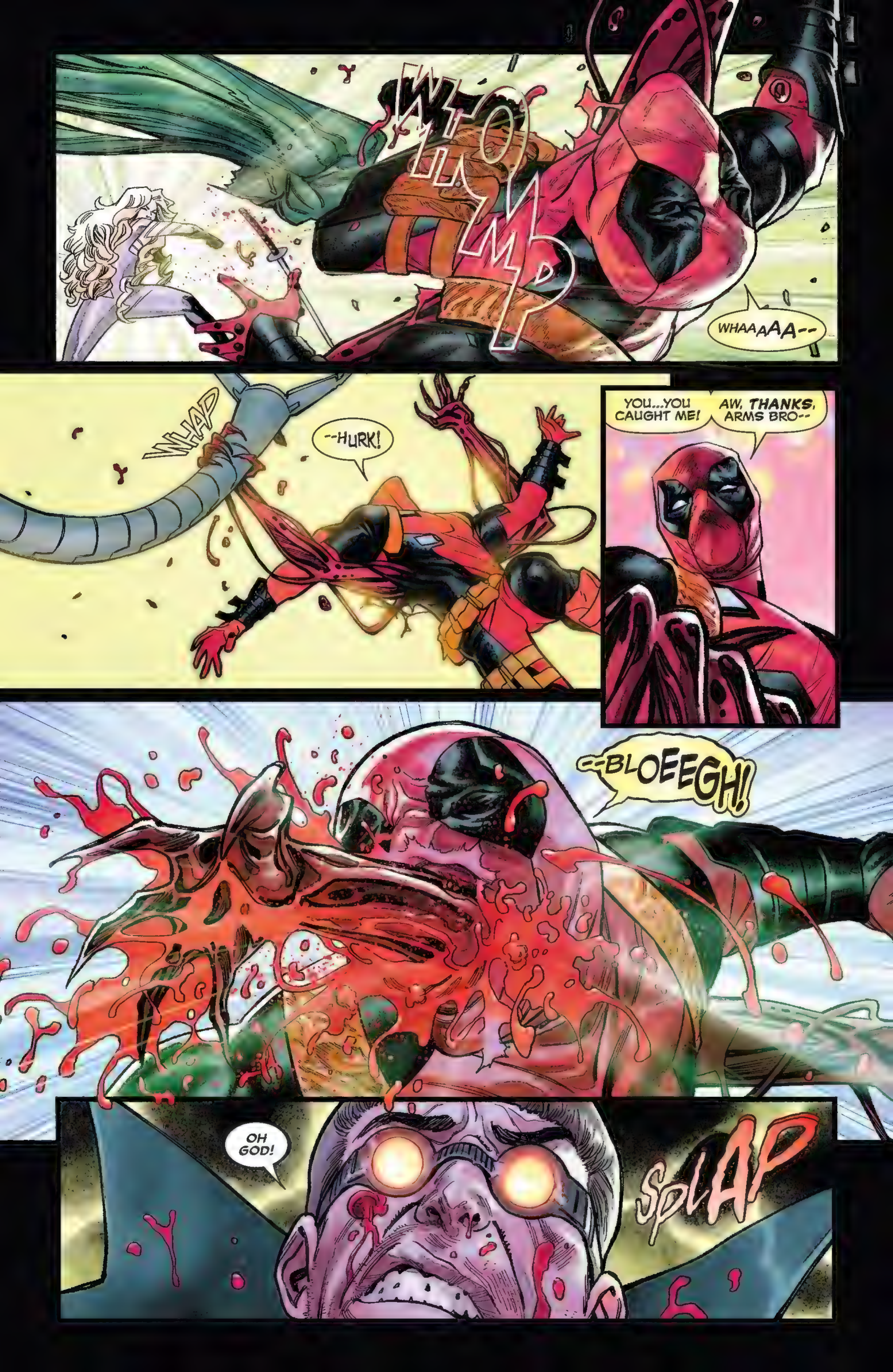


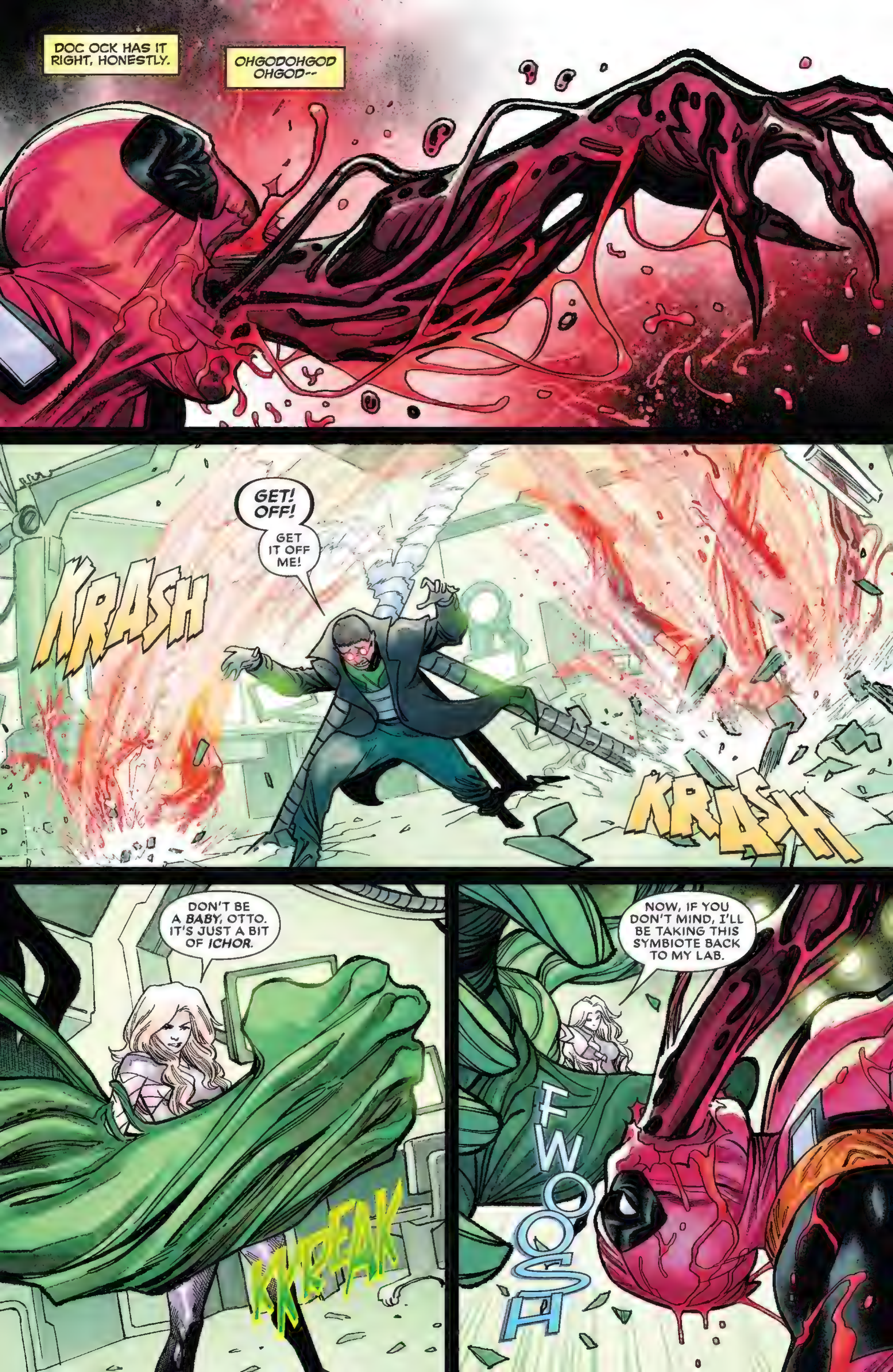
[DOCTOR OCTOPUS]

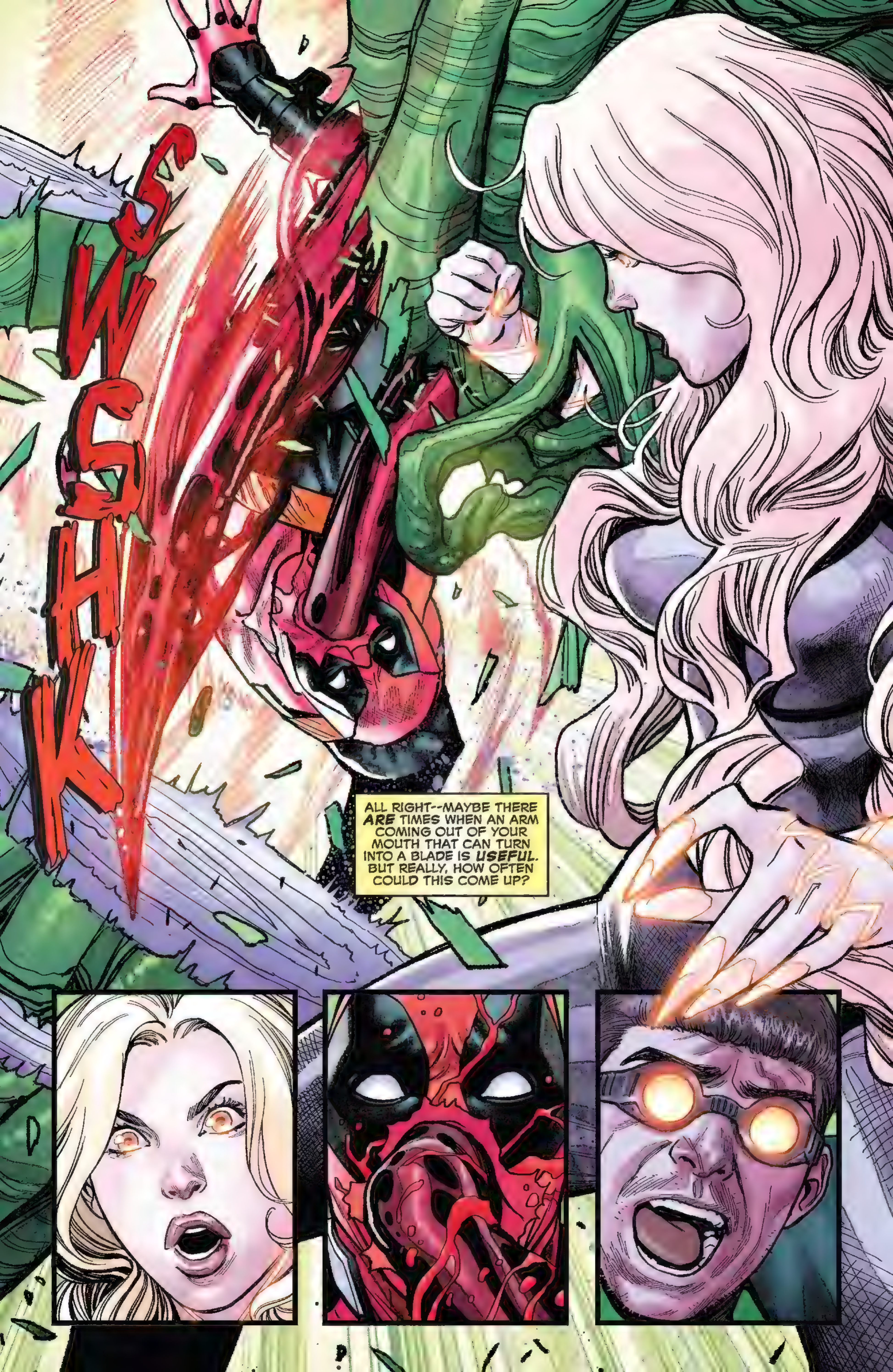

WHAM
KRASH
IF YOU'RE PLANNING ON IMPRESSING *ANYONE*, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT.
WATCH IT! THIS IS HIGHLY SPECIALIZED MACHINERY!
WAIT...AREN'T YOU *AUGUSTA'S GRAND-NIECE?* WHAT THE HELL ARE *YOU* DOING IN MY LAB?
DON'T SWEAT THE SMALL STUFF, OLD MAN.
I'M JUST HERE TO COLLECT MY EXPERIMENT.

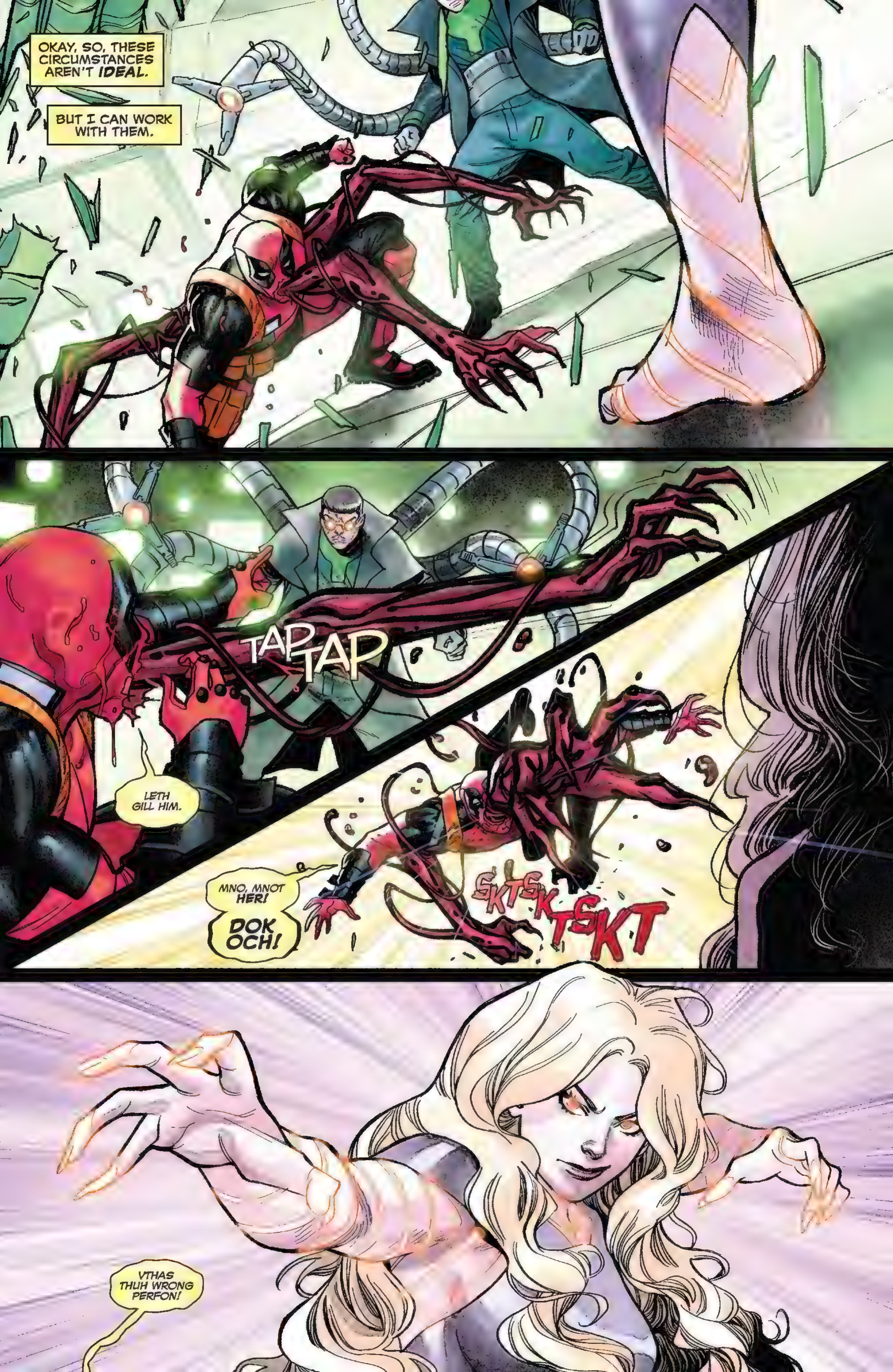

URP.
THIS IS WORSE THAN EATING BAD FISH AND CHIPS...
...IT'S LIKE IF THE FISH AND CHIPS WERE *ALIVE.*
AND TRYING TO EAT ME BACK.
BLORP
STOP THAT!
IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL COME QUIETLY, DEADPOOL.
SLASH
HAH! I'VE *NEVER* DONE SO IN MY LIFE!
GROOAR!
I COULD HAVE DIED HAPPILY WITHOUT THAT KNOWLEDGE.

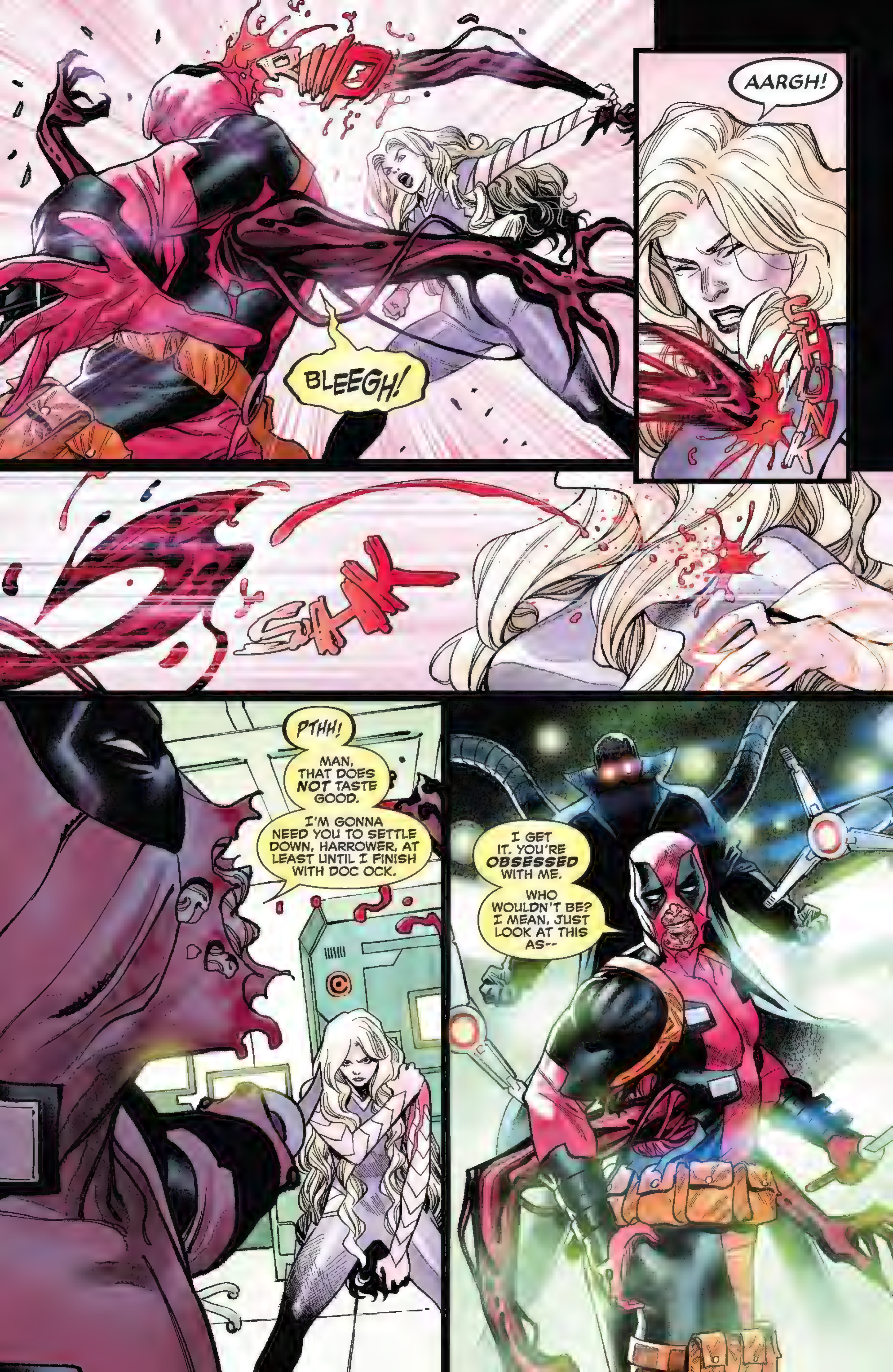

NOW, I CAN HEAR YOU THINKING:
"OOH, DEADPOOL! YOU'RE SO **COOL** AND **HANDSOME** AND ALSO BEING ATTACKED BY **TWO** SUPER VILLAINS!"
I KNOW! LUCKY ME, RIGHT?
"WHAT'S A COOL, HANDSOME GUY LIKE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?"
WHAM
THE SAME THING I DO IN ***EVERY SITUATION*** LIKE THIS--
--MAKE SURE EVERYONE HAS A GREAT TIME, LET THEM FINISH EACH OTHER OFF AND ORDER A BIG PIZZA AFTERWARD.
(I DON'T KNOW WHY DOUBLE BLACK OLIVES, BANANA PEPPERS AND PINEAPPLE ISN'T MORE OF A CROWD-PLEASER. IT'S EVEN VEGETARIAN)

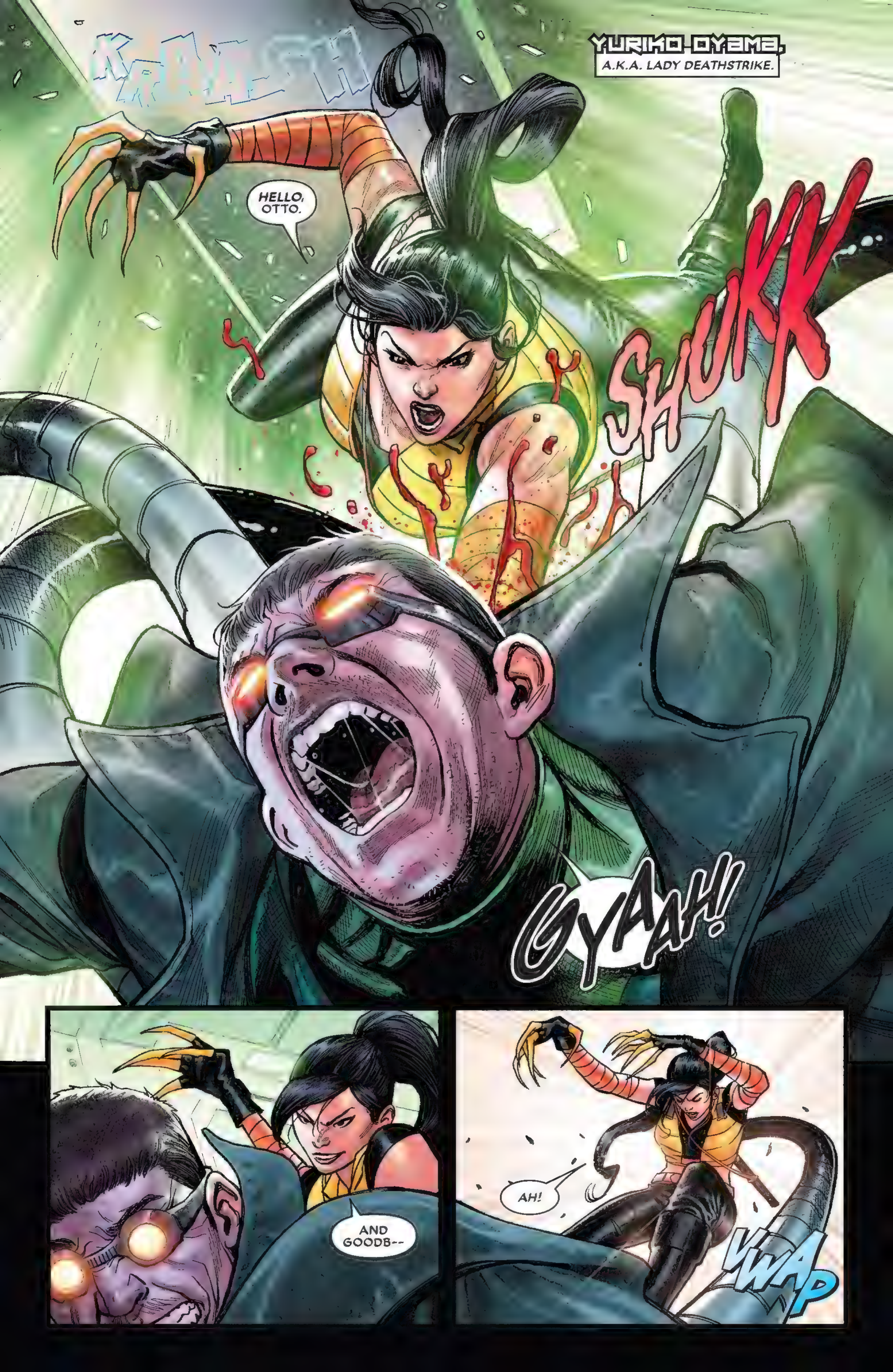

WHOMP
WHAAAAA--
WHAP
--HURK!
YOU...YOU CAUGHT ME!
AW, THANKS, ARMS BRO--
--BLOEEGH!
OH GOD!
SPLAP

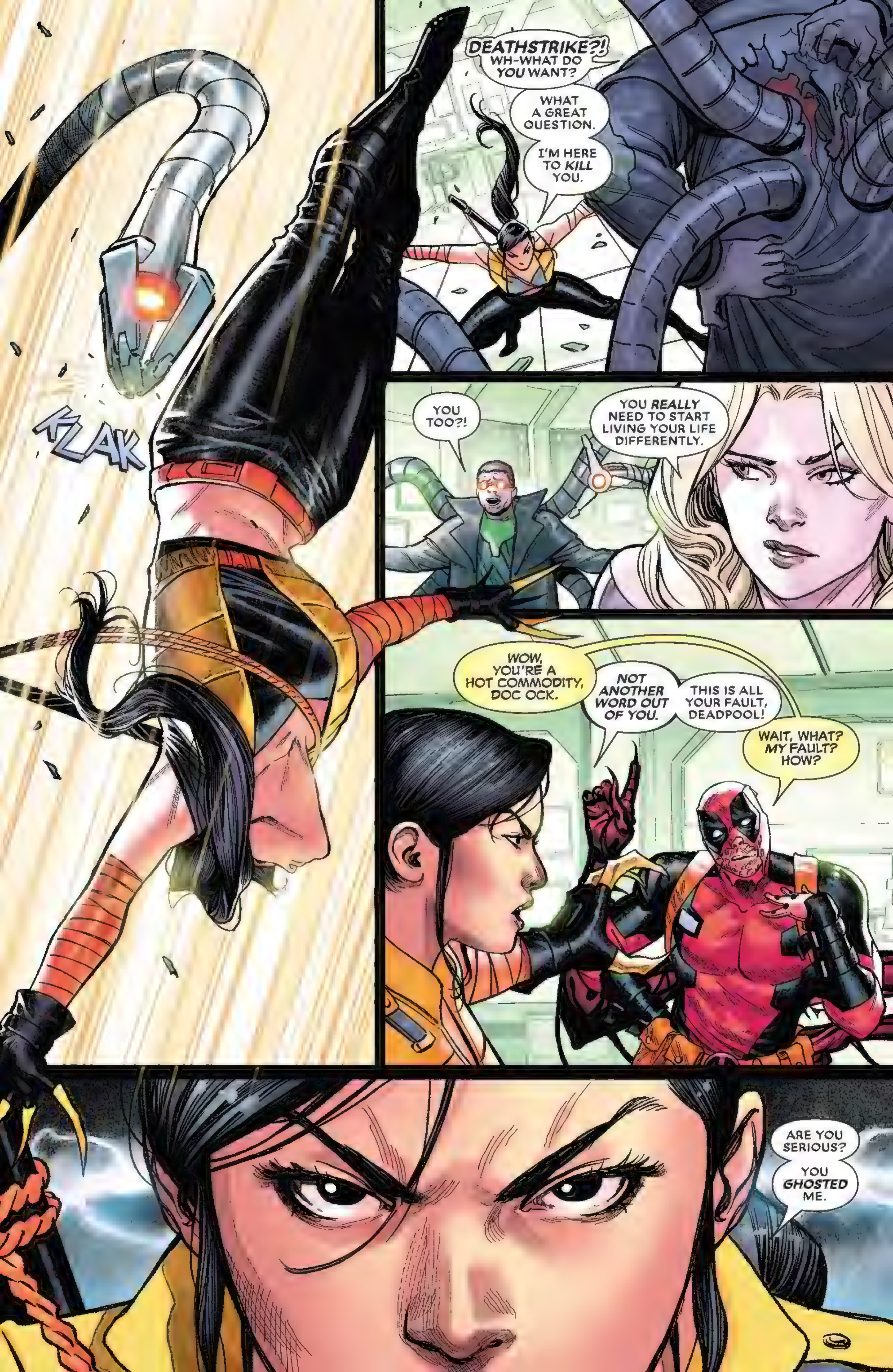

DOC OCK HAS IT RIGHT, HONESTLY.
OHGODOHGOD OHGOD--
GET! OFF!
GET IT OFF ME!
KRASH
KRASH
DON'T BE A *BABY,* OTTO. IT'S JUST A BIT OF *ICHOR.*
KREAK
NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL BE TAKING THIS SYMBIOTE BACK TO MY LAB.
FWOOSH

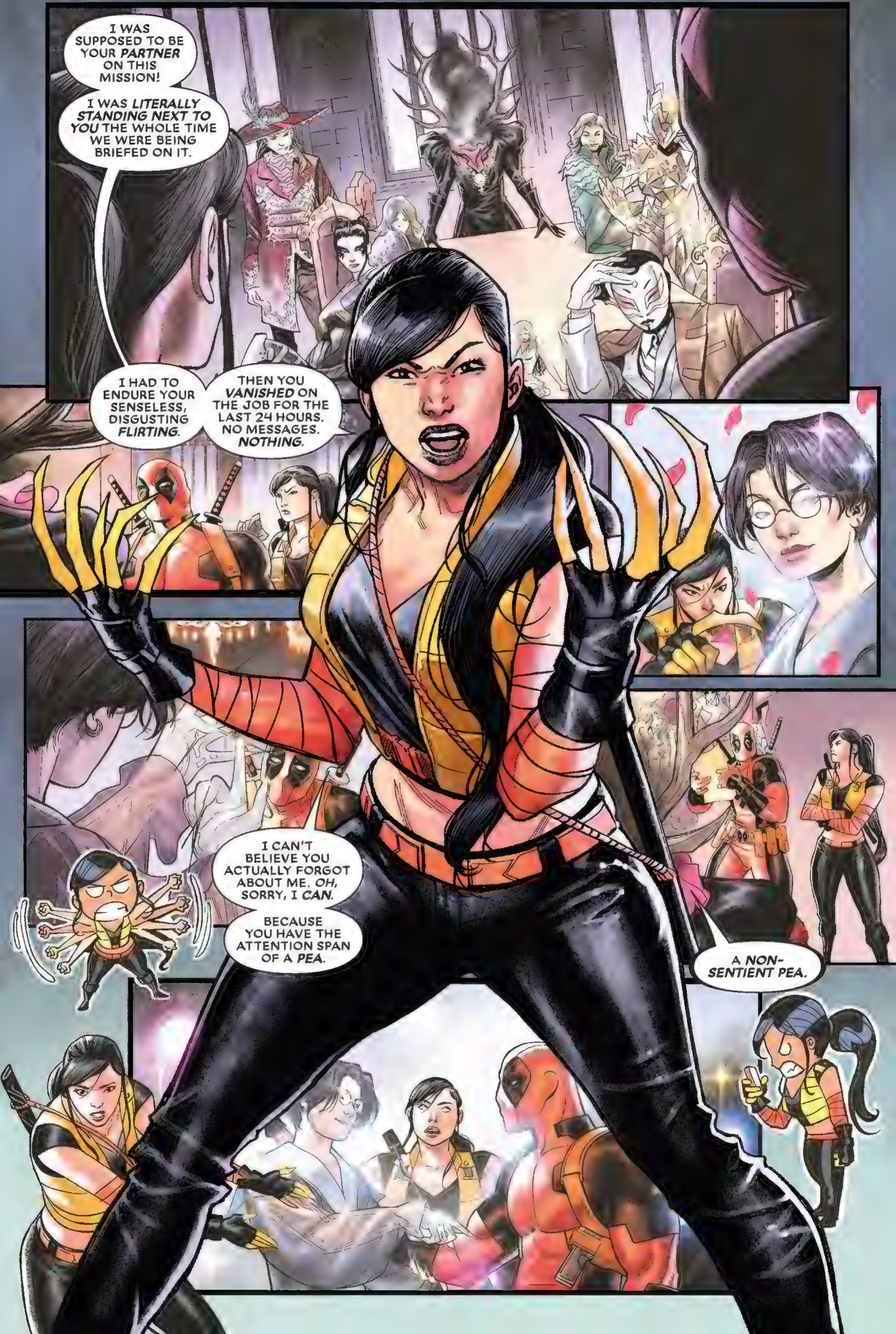

SWSHK
ALL RIGHT--MAYBE THERE ***ARE*** TIMES WHEN AN ARM COMING OUT OF YOUR MOUTH THAT CAN TURN INTO A BLADE IS ***USEFUL.*** BUT REALLY, HOW OFTEN COULD THIS COME UP?


OKAY, SO, THESE CIRCUMSTANCES AREN'T *IDEAL.*
BUT I CAN WORK WITH THEM.
TAP TAP
LETH GILL HIM.
MNO, MNOT **HER!**
DOK OCH!
SKTSKTSKT
VTHAS THUH WRONG PERFON!


RIP
BLEEGH!
AARGH!
SHUNK
SHK
PTHH!
MAN, THAT DOES **NOT** TASTE GOOD.
I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO SETTLE DOWN, HARROWER, AT LEAST UNTIL I FINISH WITH DOC OCK.
I GET IT. YOU'RE ***OBSESSED*** WITH ME.
WHO WOULDN'T BE? I MEAN, JUST LOOK AT THIS AS--


KRAASH
YURIKO OYAMA,
A.K.A. LADY DEATHSTRIKE.
HELLO, OTTO.
SHUKK
GYAAH!
AND GOODB--
AH!
VWAP


KLAK
DEATHSTRIKE?! WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHAT A GREAT QUESTION.
I'M HERE TO KILL YOU.
YOU TOO?!
YOU REALLY NEED TO START LIVING YOUR LIFE DIFFERENTLY.
WOW, YOU'RE A HOT COMMODITY, DOC OCK.
NOT ANOTHER WORD OUT OF YOU.
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, DEADPOOL!
WAIT, WHAT? MY FAULT? HOW?
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
YOU GHOSTED ME.


I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE YOUR *PARTNER* ON THIS MISSION!
I WAS *LITERALLY STANDING NEXT TO YOU* THE WHOLE TIME WE WERE BEING BRIEFED ON IT.
I HAD TO ENDURE YOUR SENSELESS, DISGUSTING *FLIRTING.*
THEN YOU *VANISHED* ON THE JOB FOR THE LAST 24 HOURS. NO MESSAGES. *NOTHING.*
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY FORGOT ABOUT ME. *OH,* SORRY, I *CAN.*
BECAUSE YOU HAVE THE ATTENTION SPAN OF A *PEA.*
A *NON-SENTIENT PEA.*

[3%]

Ms. Sunshine

online

Messages in this chat are encrypted and will automatically delete in 48 hours.

Tuesday

Did you leave me this disgusting pizza? 2:34 P.M.

uwu 2:36 P.M.

do u leik it 2:37 P.M.

No, it’s disgusting. As I said. Why are there pineapples AND olives? 2:37 P.M.

ya :3 2:37 P.M.

You ate the pointed end pieces off of every single slice. Who does that? 2:38 P.M.

uwu 2:38 P.M.

Stop it. 2:38 P.M.

Anyway, I’m staking out the target’s roof. His lab has a skylight that would make an excellent infiltration point. 2:40 P.M.

According to his file, he should be there from 7:30 P.M. to midnight tomorrow. That’s our best window of opportunity. Let’s meet on the roof at 6 P.M. 2:41 P.M.

okieee (*¯▽¯)b 2:42 P.M.

I swear to God. You’re so lucky I want this Atelier audition to go well or I’d bury you in an anthill. 2:43 P.M.

\(*˙◁˙)/ 2:46 P.M.

dont threaten me with a good time (*¯ ³¯*)♥ 2:46 P.M.

If you accidentally send me another “thirst trap” selfie, I’ll delete you. 2:47 P.M.

Wednesday

Where are you? 7:42 P.M.

Deadpool. 8:20 P.M.

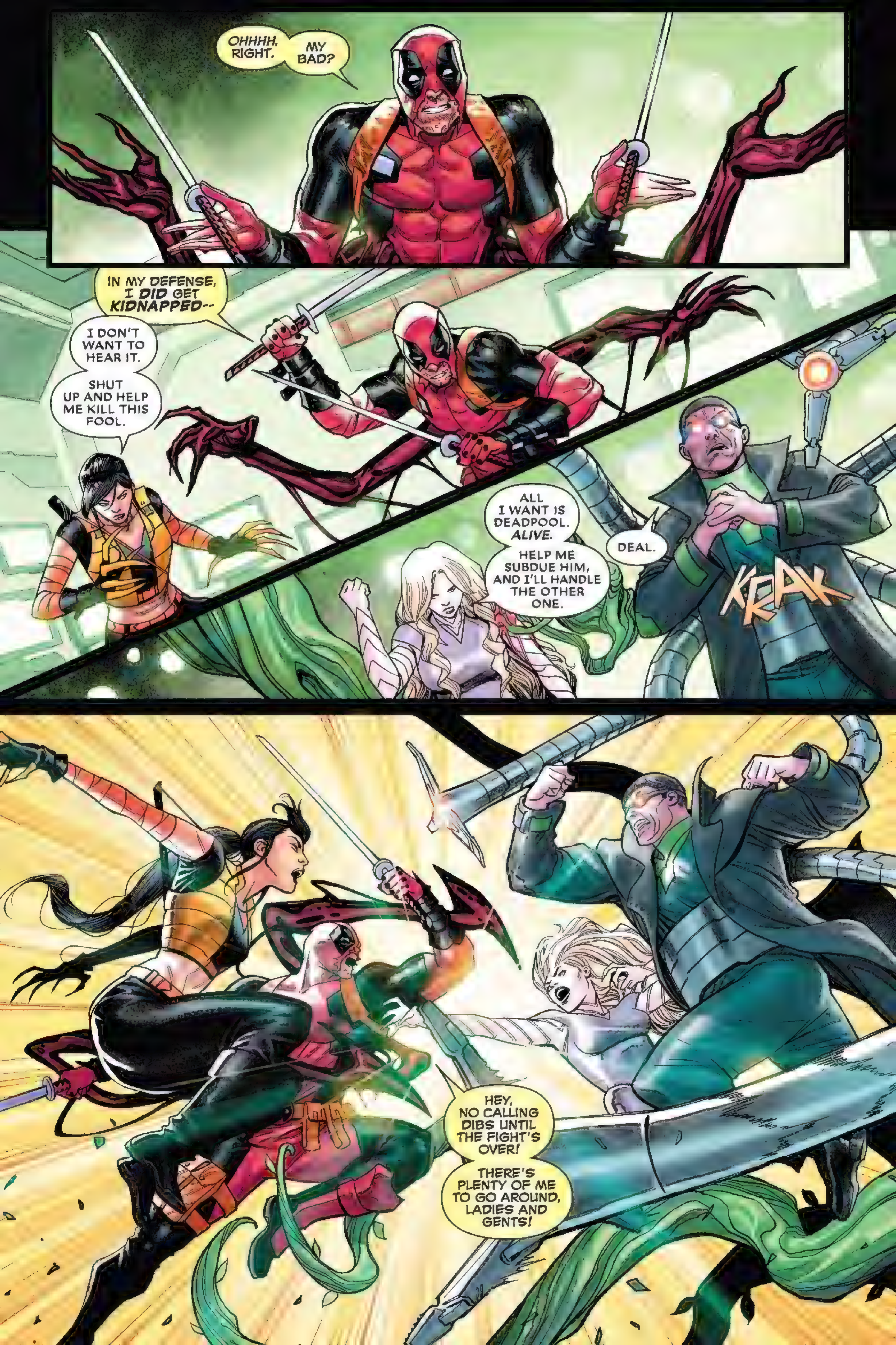
Deadpool. Answer me. 8:50 P.M.

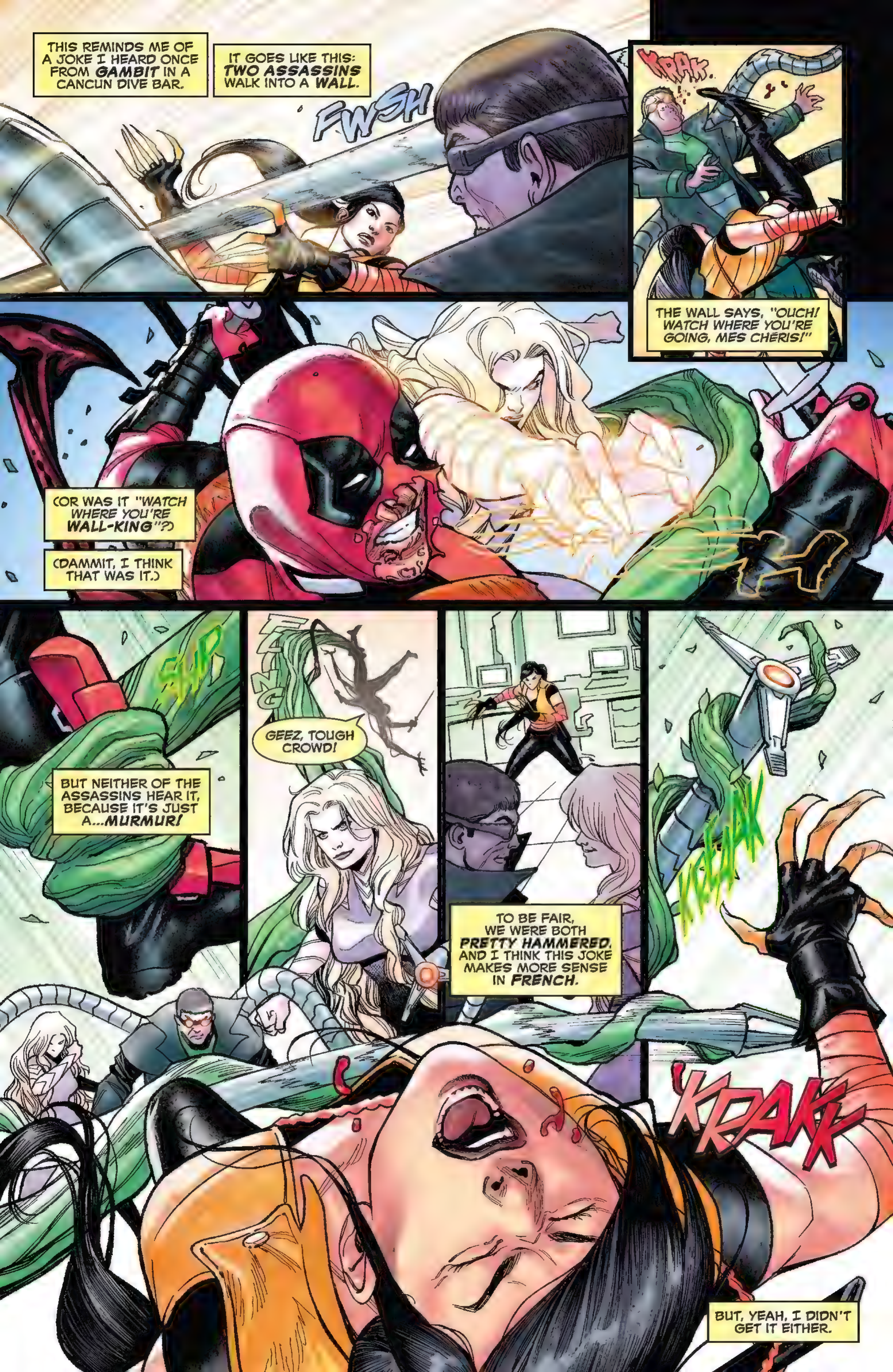
3 missed calls.

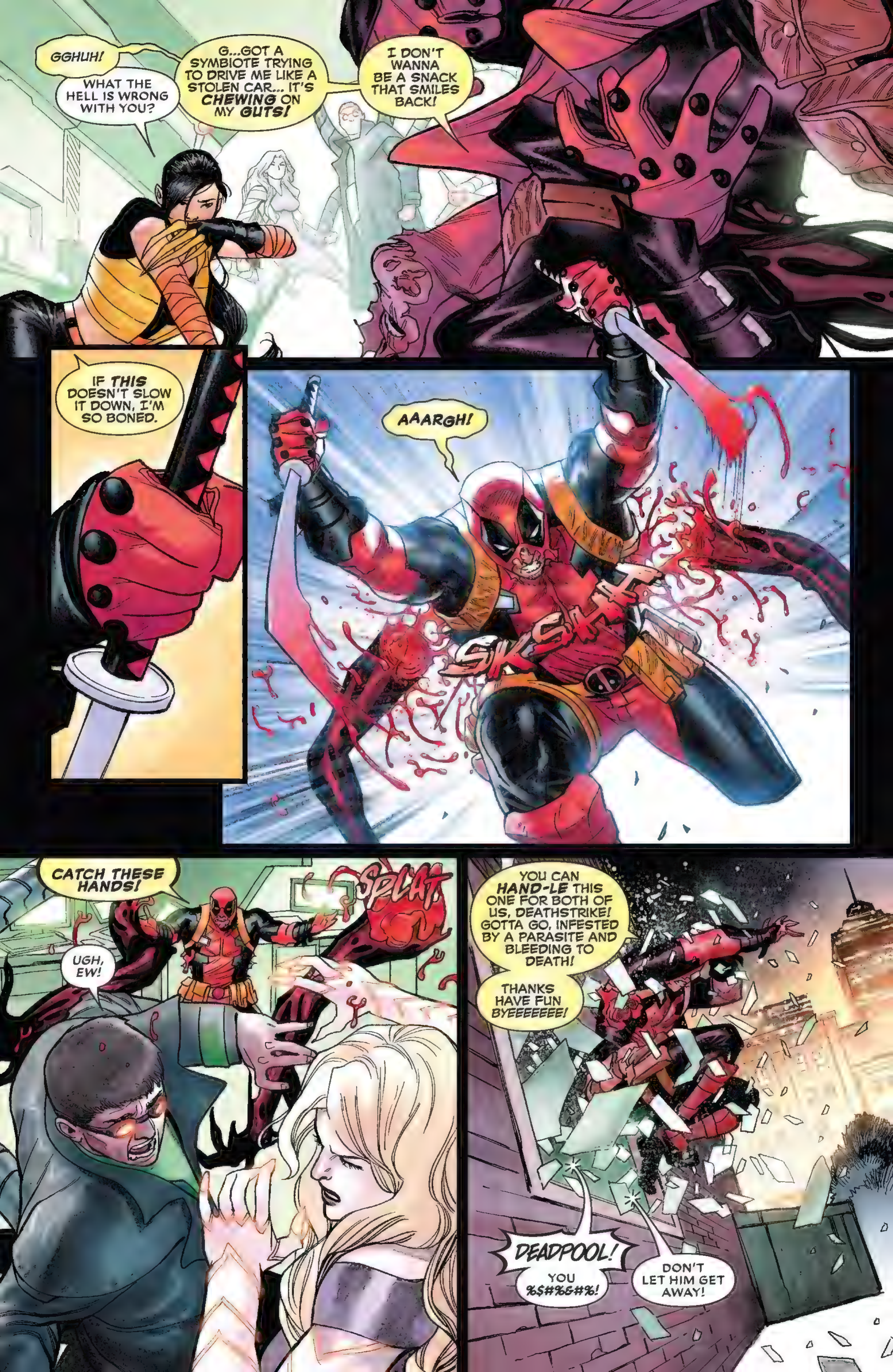
Are you kidding me? Pick up your damn phone. 9:30 P.M.

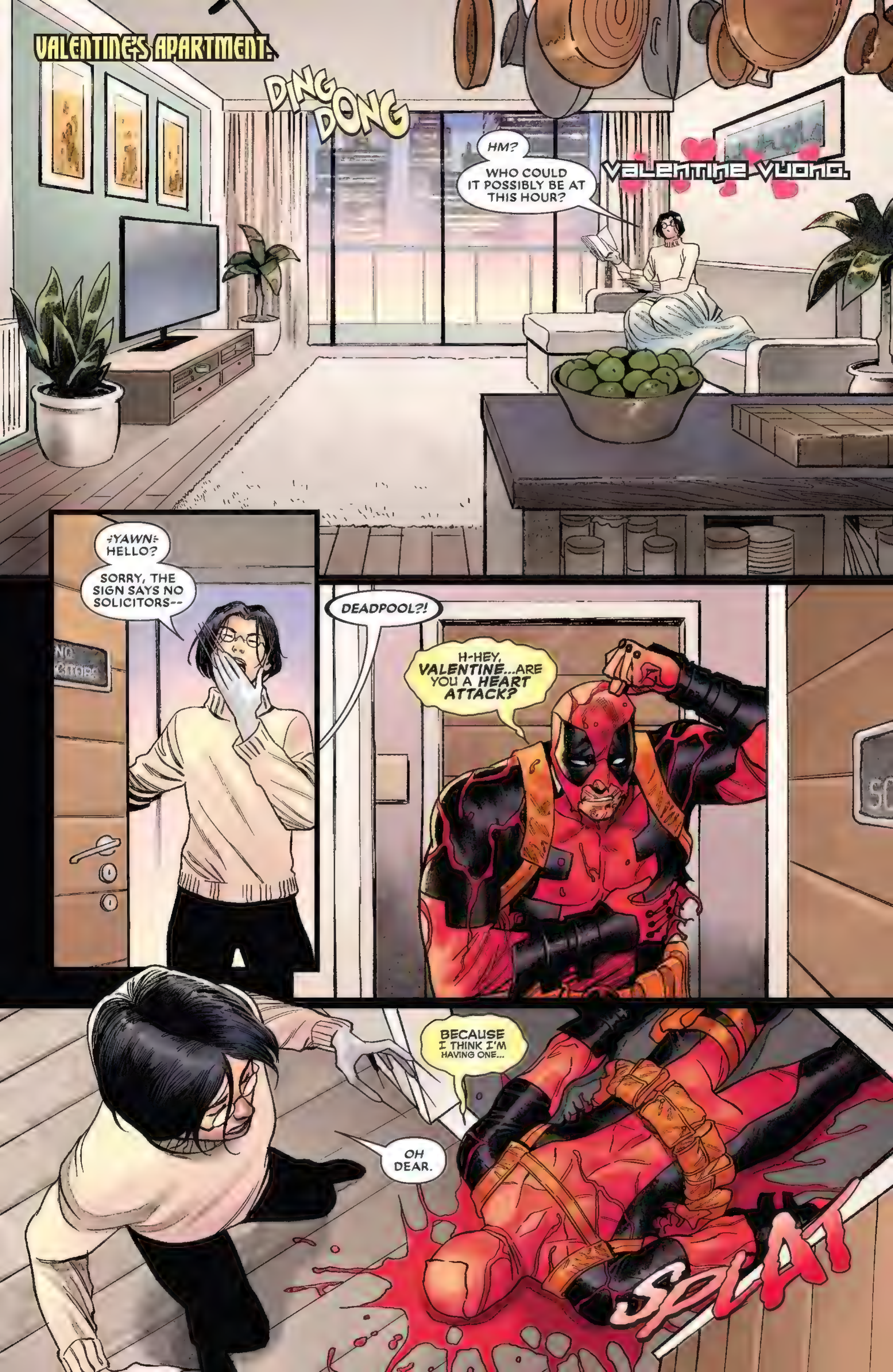
1 missed call.

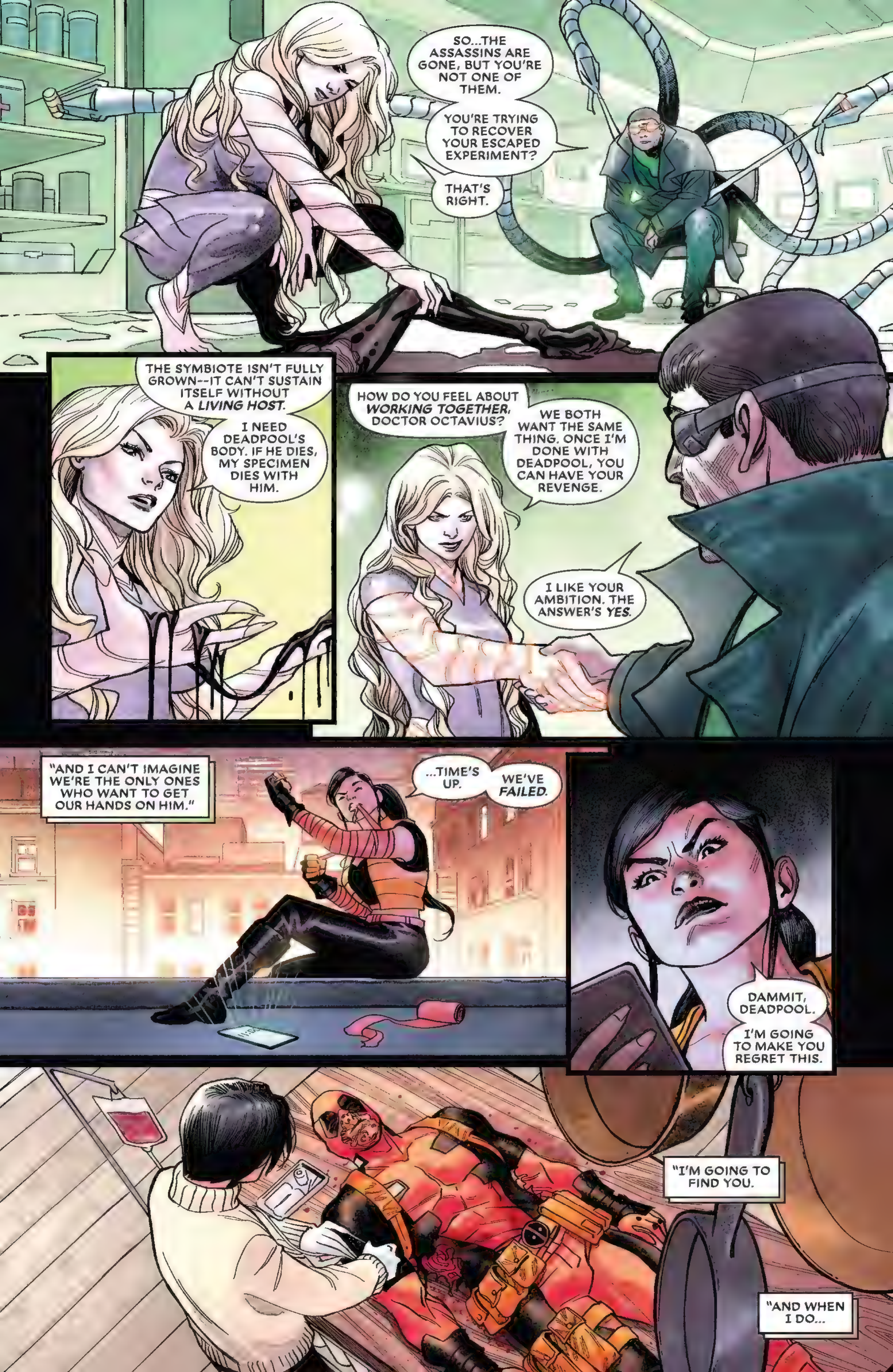
Fine. I’ll handle it myself. 10:03 P.M.

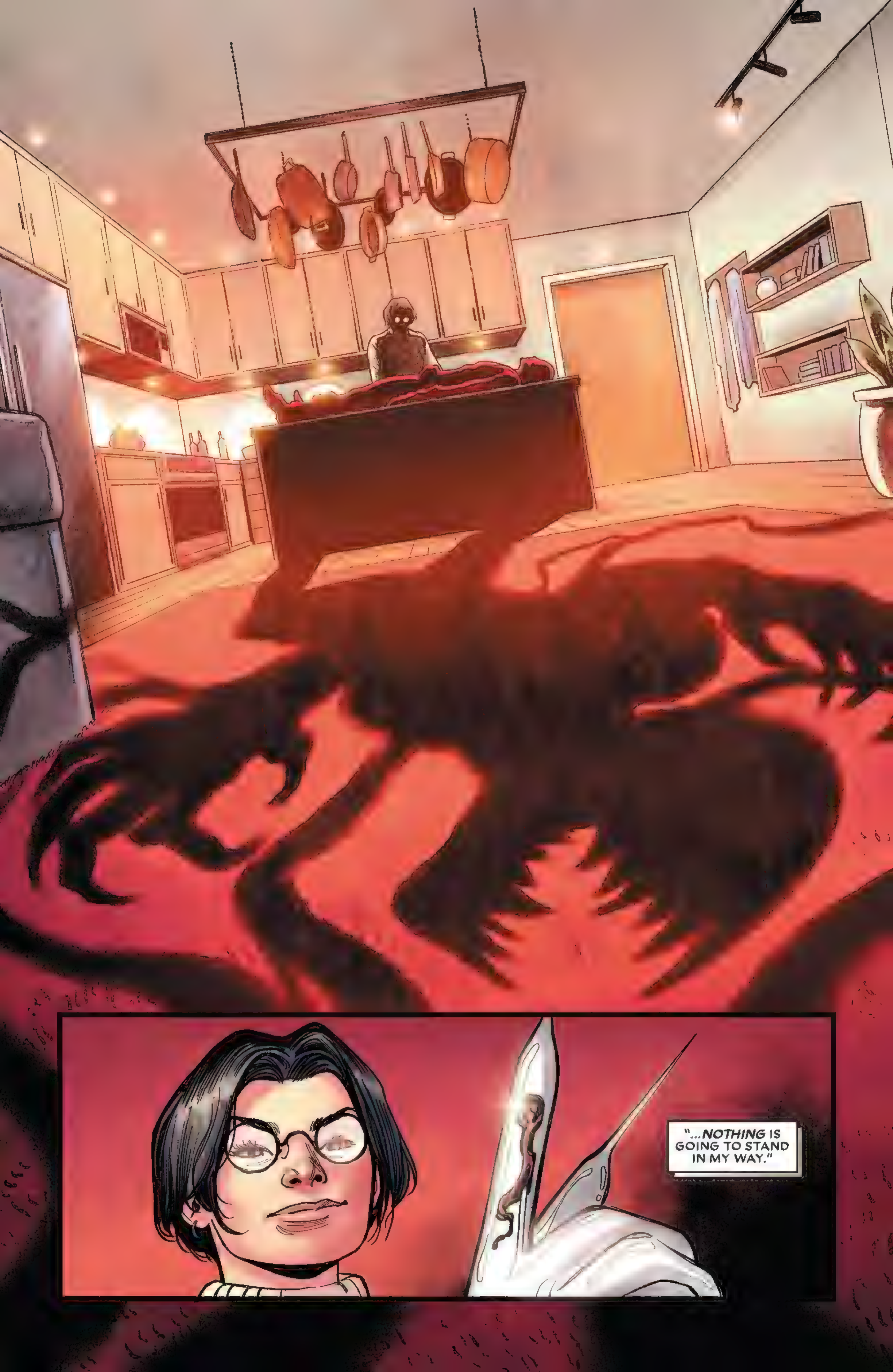

OHHHH, RIGHT.
MY BAD?
IN MY DEFENSE, I *DID* GET *KIDNAPPED*--
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT.
SHUT UP AND HELP ME KILL THIS FOOL.
ALL I WANT IS DEADPOOL. *ALIVE.*
HELP ME SUBDUE HIM, AND I'LL HANDLE THE OTHER ONE.
DEAL.
KRAK
HEY, NO CALLING DIBS UNTIL THE FIGHT'S OVER!
THERE'S PLENTY OF ME TO GO AROUND, LADIES AND GENTS!

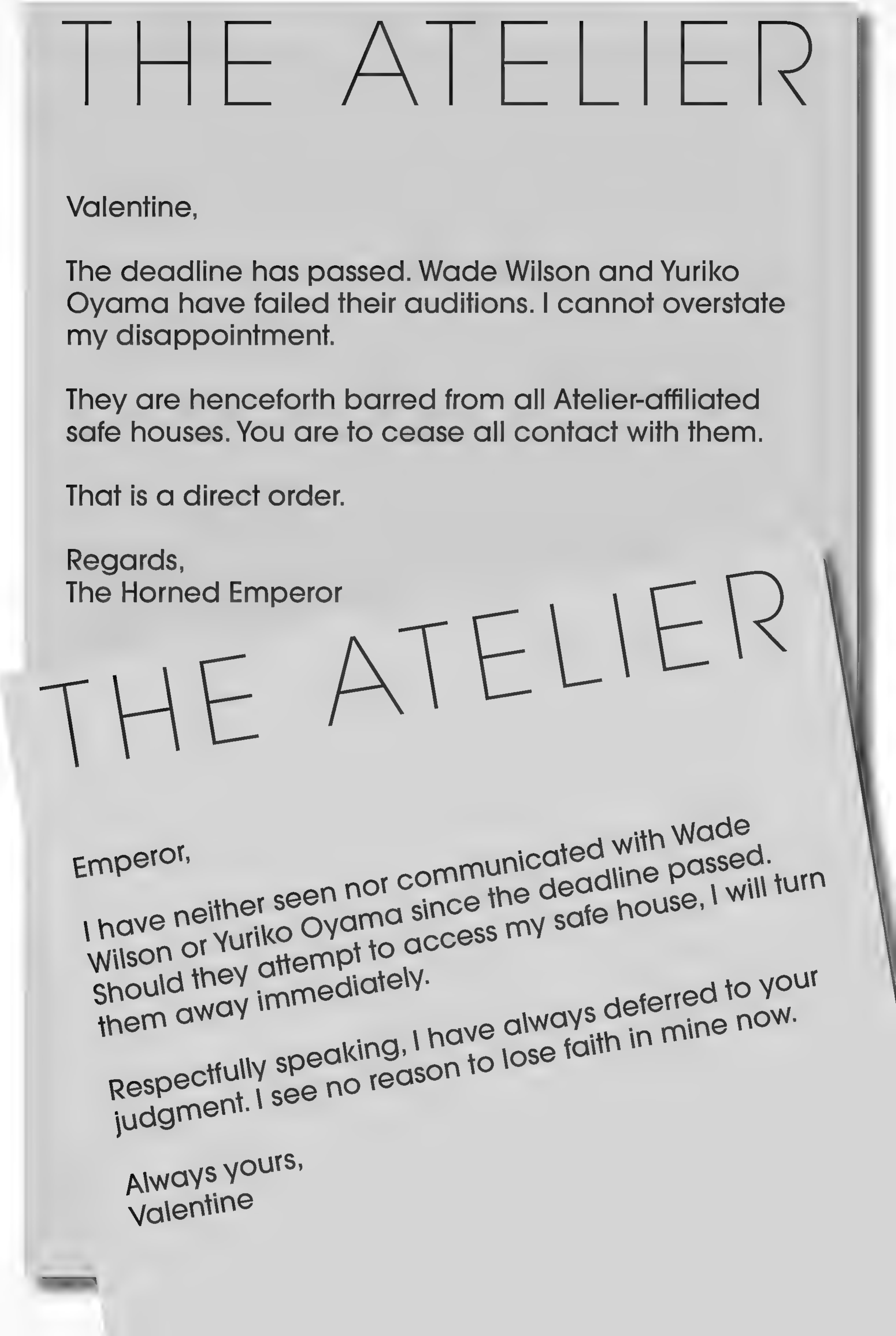

THIS REMINDS ME OF A JOKE I HEARD ONCE FROM **GAMBIT** IN A CANCUN DIVE BAR.
IT GOES LIKE THIS: ***TWO ASSASSINS*** WALK INTO A ***WALL***.
FWSH
KRAK
THE WALL SAYS, "OUCH! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, MES CHERIS!"
(OR WAS IT "*WATCH WHERE YOU'RE* ***WALL-KING***"?)
(DAMMIT, I THINK THAT WAS IT.)
SHP
BUT NEITHER OF THE ASSASSINS HEAR IT, BECAUSE IT'S JUST A...***MURMUR!***
FANG
GEEZ, TOUGH CROWD!
TO BE FAIR, WE WERE BOTH ***PRETTY HAMMERED***. AND I THINK THIS JOKE MAKES MORE SENSE IN ***FRENCH***.
KRAK
KRAKK
BUT, YEAH, I DIDN'T GET IT EITHER.


GGHUH!
WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?
G...GOT A SYMBIOTE TRYING TO DRIVE ME LIKE A STOLEN CAR... IT'S ***CHEWING*** ON MY ***GUTS!***
I DON'T WANNA BE A SNACK THAT SMILES BACK!
IF ***THIS*** DOESN'T SLOW IT DOWN, I'M SO BONED.
AAARGH!
SKSHT
CATCH THESE HANDS!
SPLAT
UGH, EW!
YOU CAN ***HAND-LE*** THIS ONE FOR BOTH OF US, DEATHSTRIKE! GOTTA GO, INFESTED BY A PARASITE AND BLEEDING TO DEATH!
THANKS HAVE FUN ***BYEEEEEEE!***
DEADPOOL! YOU %$#%&#%!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!


VALENTINE'S APARTMENT.
DING DONG
HM?
WHO COULD IT POSSIBLY BE AT THIS HOUR?
VALENTINE VUONG.
YAWN HELLO?
SORRY, THE SIGN SAYS NO SOLICITORS--
DEADPOOL?!
H-HEY, VALENTINE...ARE YOU A HEART ATTACK?
BECAUSE I THINK I'M HAVING ONE...
OH DEAR.
SPLAT


SO...THE ASSASSINS ARE GONE, BUT YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THEM.
YOU'RE TRYING TO RECOVER YOUR ESCAPED EXPERIMENT?
THAT'S RIGHT.
THE SYMBIOTE ISN'T FULLY GROWN--IT CAN'T SUSTAIN ITSELF WITHOUT A *LIVING HOST.*
I NEED DEADPOOL'S BODY. IF HE DIES, MY SPECIMEN DIES WITH HIM.
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT *WORKING TOGETHER,* DOCTOR OCTAVIUS?
WE BOTH WANT THE SAME THING. ONCE I'M DONE WITH DEADPOOL, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR REVENGE.
I LIKE YOUR AMBITION. THE ANSWER'S *YES.*
"AND I CAN'T IMAGINE WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO WANT TO GET OUR HANDS ON HIM."
...TIME'S UP.
WE'VE *FAILED.*
DAMMIT, DEADPOOL.
I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU REGRET THIS.
"I'M GOING TO FIND YOU.
"AND WHEN I DO...


"...*NOTHING* IS GOING TO STAND IN MY WAY."



THE ATELIER

Valentine,

The deadline has passed. Wade Wilson and Yuriko Oyama have failed their auditions. I cannot overstate my disappointment.

They are henceforth barred from all Atelier-affiliated safe houses. You are to cease all contact with them.

That is a direct order.

Regards,
The Horned Emperor

THE ATELIER

Emperor,

I have neither seen nor communicated with Wade Wilson or Yuriko Oyama since the deadline passed. Should they attempt to access my safe house, I will turn them away immediately.

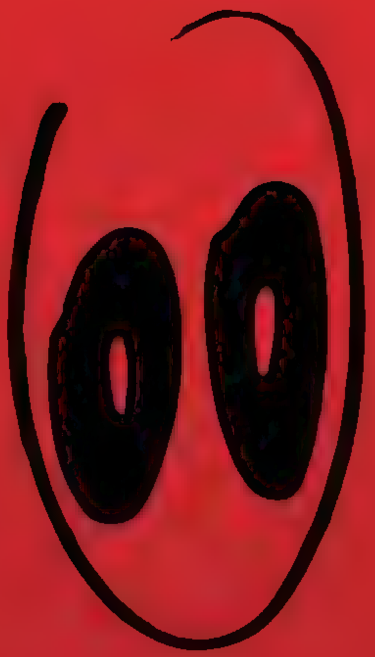
Respectfully speaking, I have always deferred to your judgment. I see no reason to lose faith in mine now.

Always yours,
Valentine

MARTIN COCCOLO

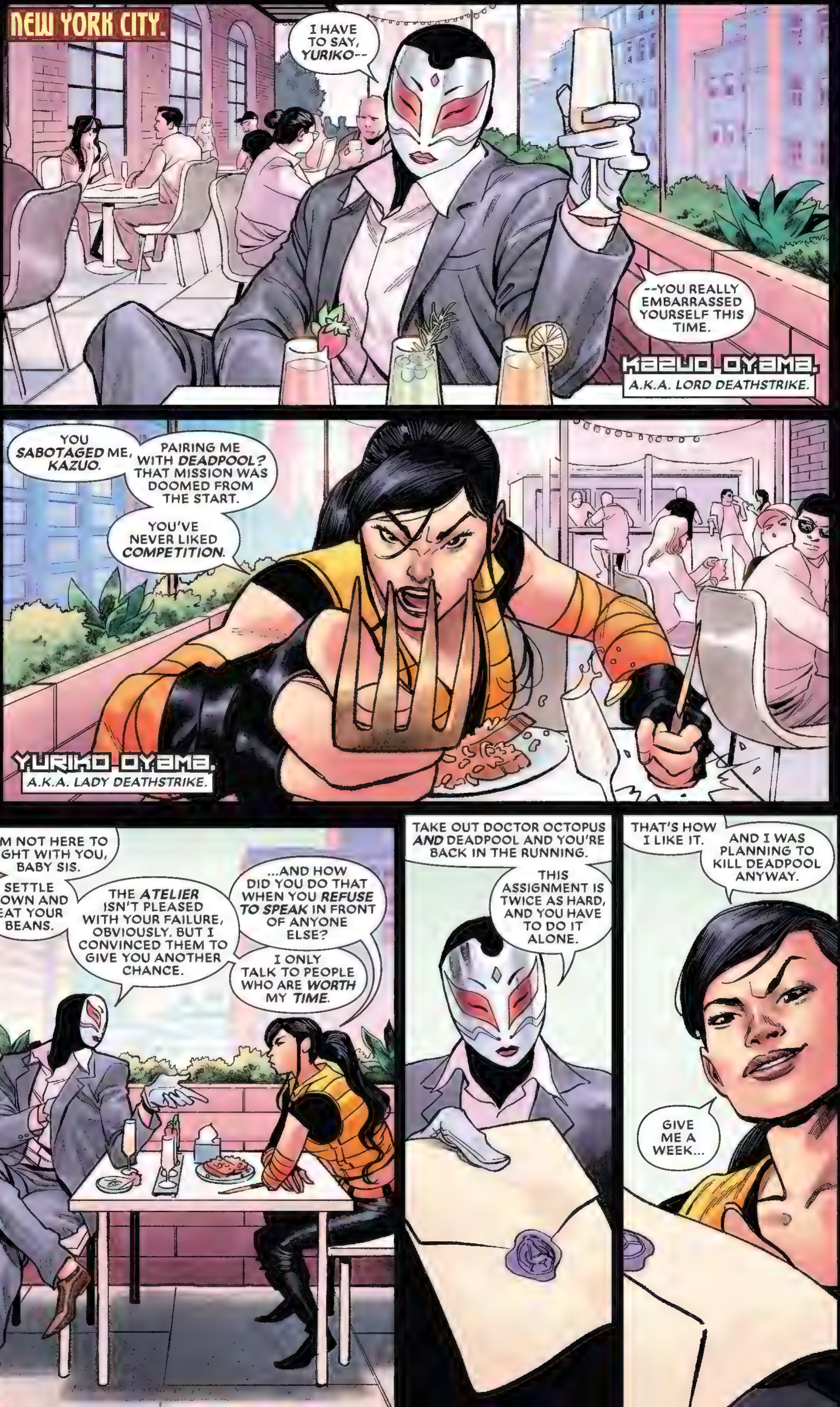
[X-DP03]

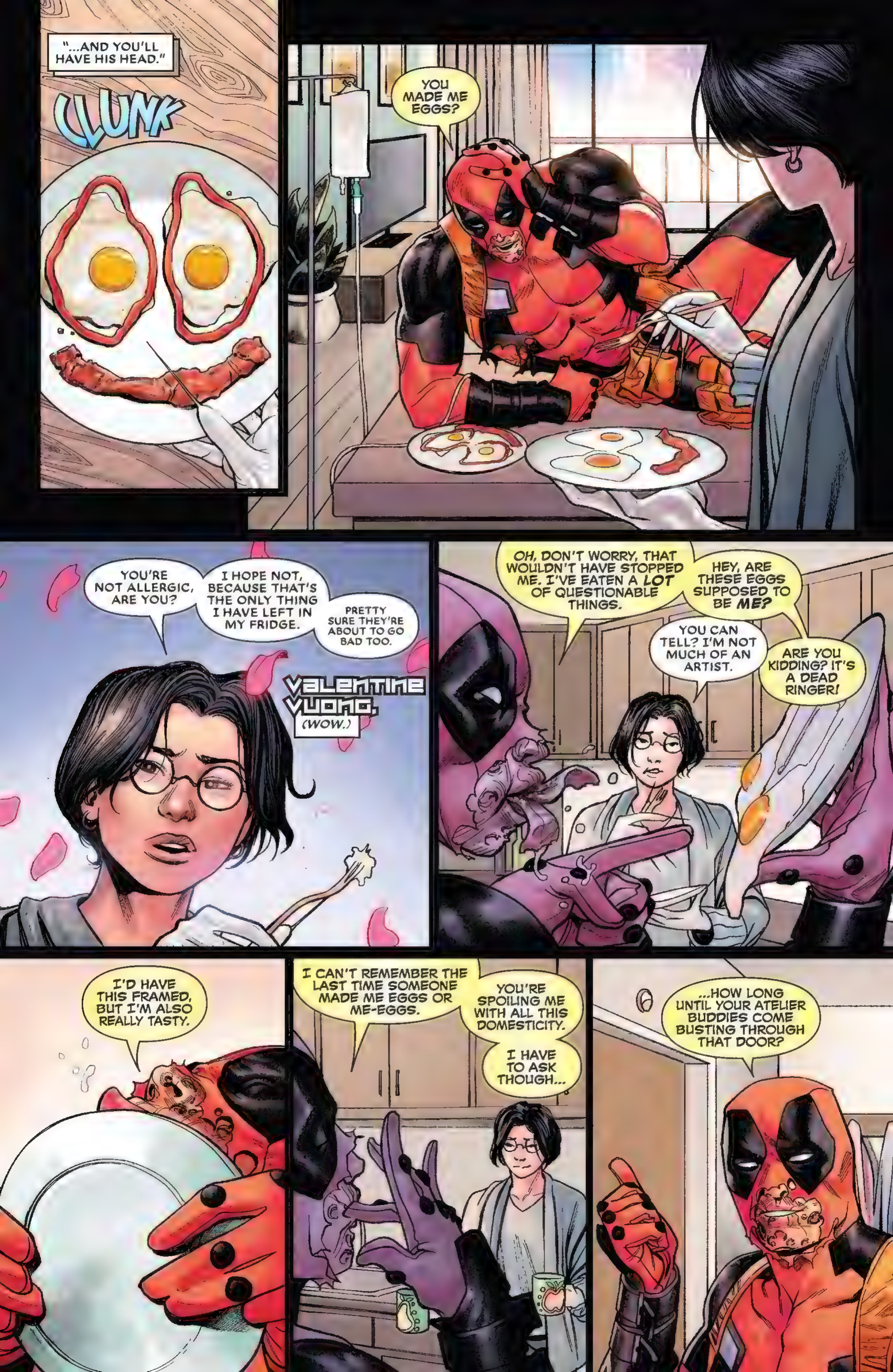
Chapter 03

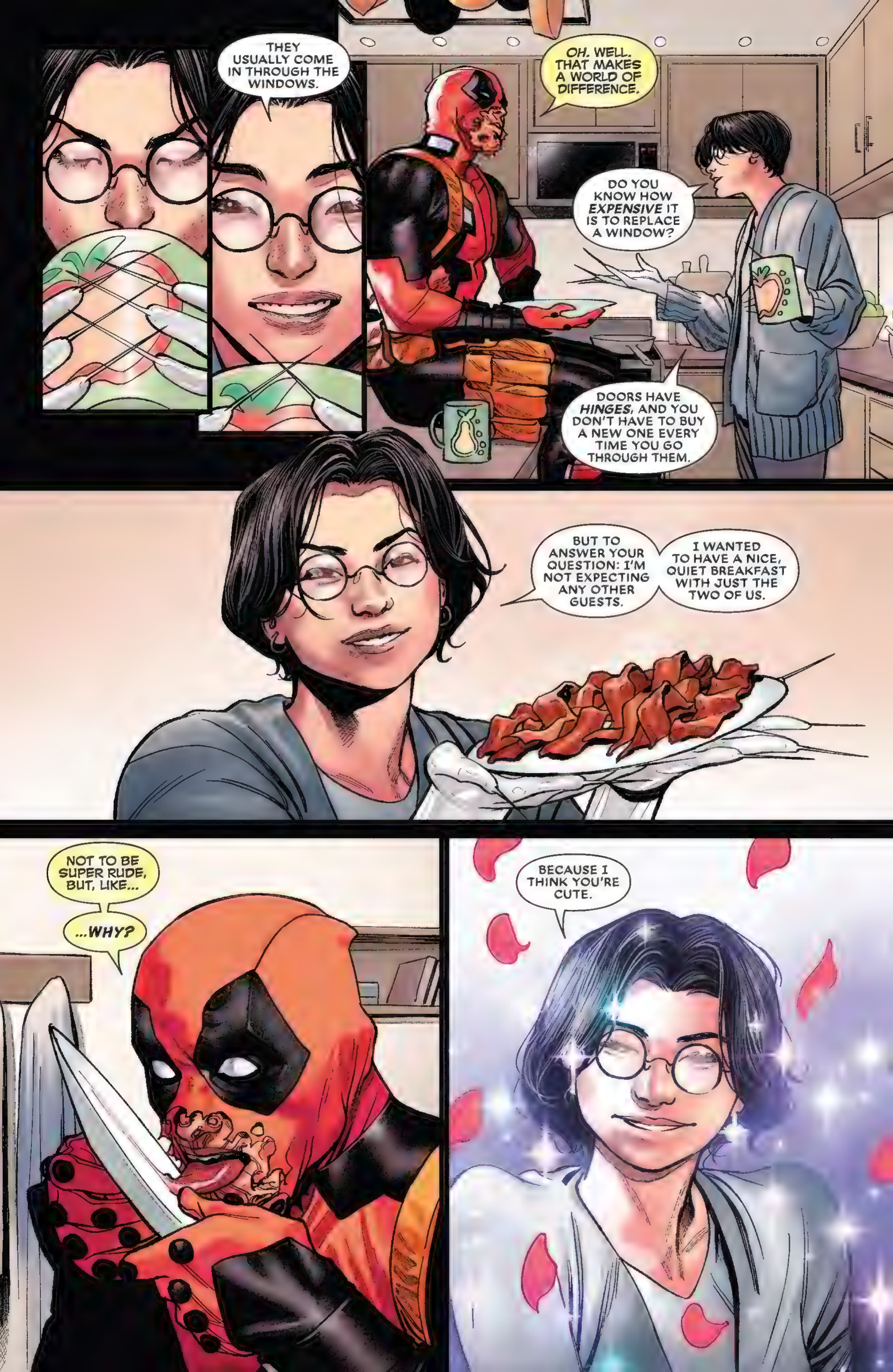


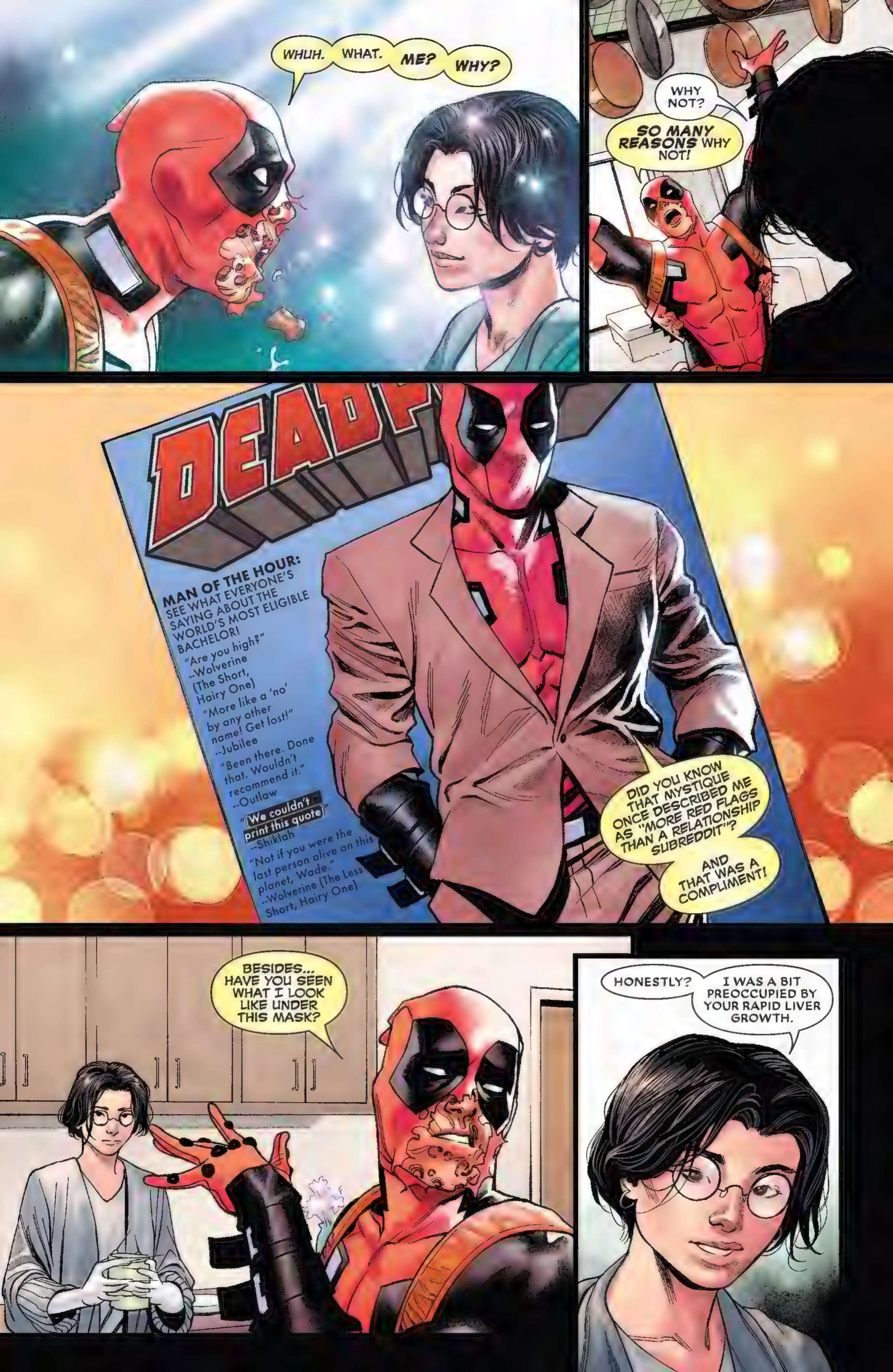
Morning After

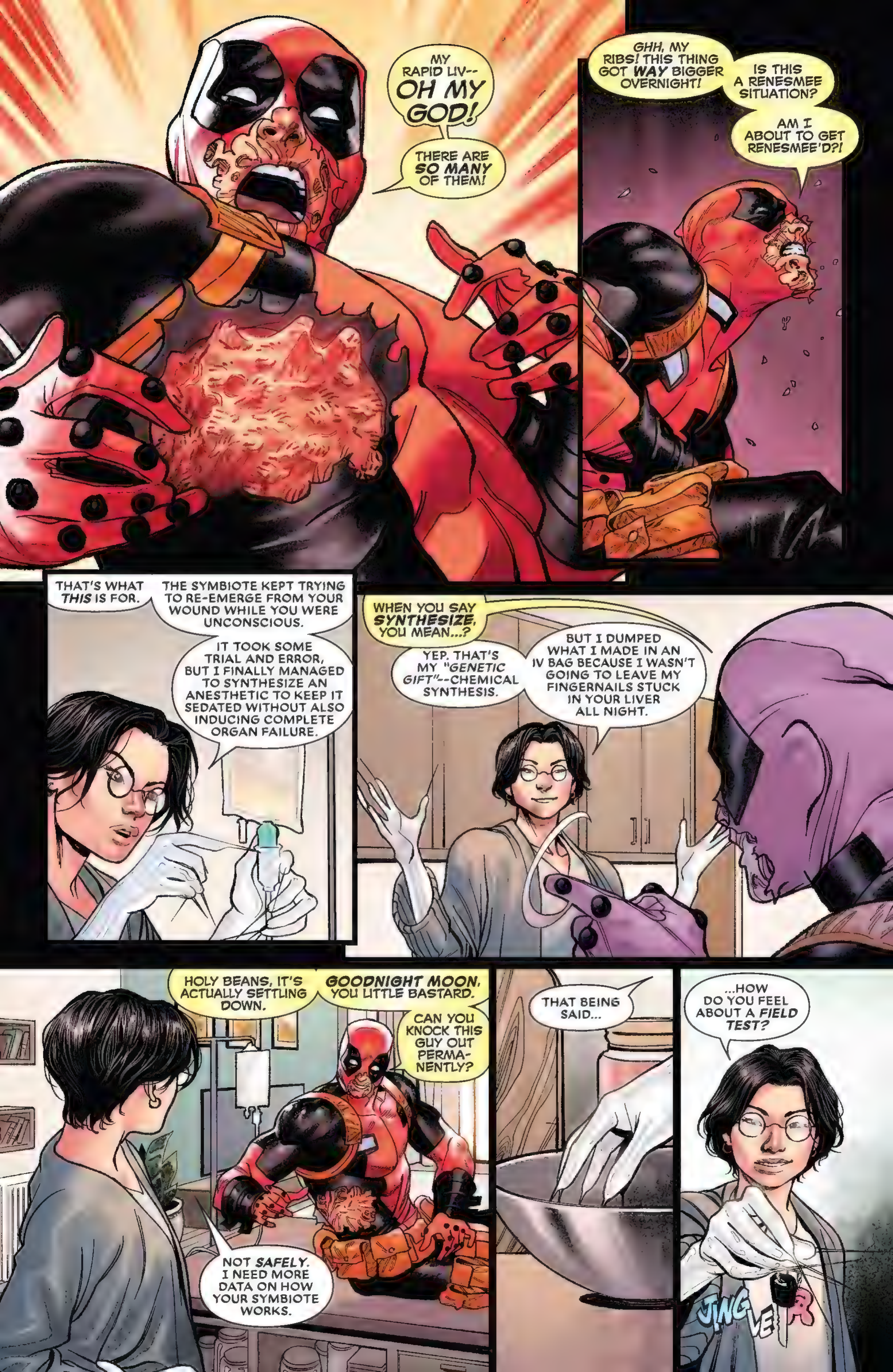
3


NEW YORK CITY.
I HAVE TO SAY, *YURIKO*--
--YOU REALLY EMBARRASSED YOURSELF THIS TIME.
KAZUO OYAMA,
A.K.A. LORD DEATHSTRIKE.
YOU *SABOTAGED* ME, *KAZUO*.
PAIRING ME WITH *DEADPOOL?* THAT MISSION WAS DOOMED FROM THE START.
YOU'VE NEVER LIKED *COMPETITION*.
YURIKO OYAMA,
A.K.A. LADY DEATHSTRIKE.
I'M NOT HERE TO FIGHT WITH YOU, BABY SIS.
SETTLE DOWN AND EAT YOUR BEANS.
THE *ATELIER* ISN'T PLEASED WITH YOUR FAILURE, OBVIOUSLY. BUT I CONVINCED THEM TO GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE.
...AND HOW DID YOU DO THAT WHEN YOU *REFUSE TO SPEAK* IN FRONT OF ANYONE ELSE?
I ONLY TALK TO PEOPLE WHO ARE *WORTH* MY *TIME*.
TAKE OUT DOCTOR OCTOPUS *AND* DEADPOOL AND YOU'RE BACK IN THE RUNNING.
THIS ASSIGNMENT IS TWICE AS HARD, AND YOU HAVE TO DO IT ALONE.
THAT'S HOW I LIKE IT.
AND I WAS PLANNING TO KILL DEADPOOL ANYWAY.
GIVE ME A WEEK...


"...AND YOU'LL HAVE HIS HEAD."
CLUNK
YOU MADE ME EGGS?
YOU'RE NOT ALLERGIC, ARE YOU?
I HOPE NOT, BECAUSE THAT'S THE ONLY THING I HAVE LEFT IN MY FRIDGE.
PRETTY SURE THEY'RE ABOUT TO GO BAD TOO.
VALENTINE VUONG.
(WOW.)
OH, DON'T WORRY, THAT WOULDN'T HAVE STOPPED ME. I'VE EATEN A *LOT* OF QUESTIONABLE THINGS.
HEY, ARE THESE EGGS SUPPOSED TO BE *ME?*
YOU CAN TELL? I'M NOT MUCH OF AN ARTIST.
ARE YOU KIDDING? IT'S A DEAD RINGER!
I'D HAVE THIS FRAMED, BUT I'M ALSO REALLY TASTY.
I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME SOMEONE MADE ME EGGS OR ME-EGGS.
YOU'RE SPOILING ME WITH ALL THIS DOMESTICITY.
I HAVE TO ASK THOUGH...
...HOW LONG UNTIL YOUR ATELIER BUDDIES COME BUSTING THROUGH THAT DOOR?


THEY USUALLY COME IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS.
OH. WELL. THAT MAKES A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE.
DO YOU KNOW HOW *EXPENSIVE* IT IS TO REPLACE A WINDOW?
DOORS HAVE *HINGES*, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUY A NEW ONE EVERY TIME YOU GO THROUGH THEM.
BUT TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION: I'M NOT EXPECTING ANY OTHER GUESTS.
I WANTED TO HAVE A NICE, QUIET BREAKFAST WITH JUST THE TWO OF US.
NOT TO BE SUPER RUDE, BUT, LIKE...
...WHY?
BECAUSE I THINK YOU'RE CUTE.


WHUH. WHAT. ME? WHY?
WHY NOT?
SO MANY REASONS WHY NOT!
DEADP
MAN OF THE HOUR: SEE WHAT EVERYONE'S SAYING ABOUT THE WORLD'S MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR!
"Are you high?" --Wolverine (The Short, Hairy One)
"More like a 'no' by any other name! Get lost!" --Jubilee
"Been there. Done that. Wouldn't recommend it." --Outlaw
"[We couldn't print this quote]" --Shiklah
"Not if you were the last person alive on this planet, Wade." --Wolverine (The Less Short, Hairy One)
DID YOU KNOW THAT MYSTIQUE ONCE DESCRIBED ME AS "MORE RED FLAGS THAN A RELATIONSHIP SUBREDDIT"?
AND THAT WAS A COMPLIMENT!
BESIDES... HAVE YOU SEEN WHAT I LOOK LIKE UNDER THIS MASK?
HONESTLY?
I WAS A BIT PREOCCUPIED BY YOUR RAPID LIVER GROWTH.


MY RAPID LIV-- OH MY GOD!
THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM!
GHH, MY RIBS! THIS THING GOT WAY BIGGER OVERNIGHT!
IS THIS A RENESMEE SITUATION?
AM I ABOUT TO GET RENESMEE'D?!
THAT'S WHAT THIS IS FOR.
THE SYMBIOTE KEPT TRYING TO RE-EMERGE FROM YOUR WOUND WHILE YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS.
IT TOOK SOME TRIAL AND ERROR, BUT I FINALLY MANAGED TO SYNTHESIZE AN ANESTHETIC TO KEEP IT SEDATED WITHOUT ALSO INDUCING COMPLETE ORGAN FAILURE.
WHEN YOU SAY SYNTHESIZE, YOU MEAN...?
YEP. THAT'S MY "GENETIC GIFT"--CHEMICAL SYNTHESIS.
BUT I DUMPED WHAT I MADE IN AN IV BAG BECAUSE I WASN'T GOING TO LEAVE MY FINGERNAILS STUCK IN YOUR LIVER ALL NIGHT.
HOLY BEANS, IT'S ACTUALLY SETTLING DOWN.
GOODNIGHT MOON, YOU LITTLE BASTARD.
CAN YOU KNOCK THIS GUY OUT PERMANENTLY?
NOT SAFELY. I NEED MORE DATA ON HOW YOUR SYMBIOTE WORKS.
THAT BEING SAID...
...HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT A FIELD TEST?
JINGLE

DEADPOOL

I THINK WE NEED A BLURB OR PULL QUOTE HERE.

For his audition to join the Atelier, a secret society of elite assassins, Wade Wilson -- A.K.A. the regenerating degenerate known as Deadpool -- was tasked with killing Otto Octavius, A.K.A. Doctor Octopus, alongside fellow assassin Lady Deathstrike. However, this assassination attempt was derailed by Harrower, who captured Deadpool and infected him with a symbiote as part of her twisted experiments to destroy human life.

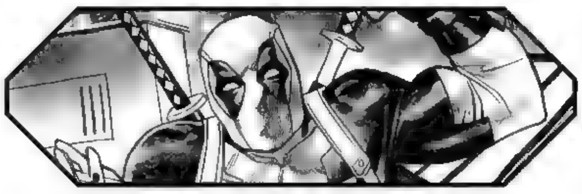
(FOUR HIGH-TECH TENTACLES AND NONE OF THEM CAN GIVE HIM A BETTER HAIRCUT?)

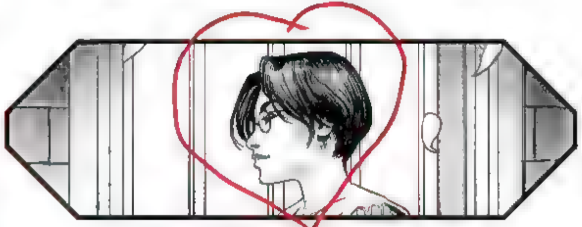
(SHE'S PRETTY UPSET. MAYBE SHE BROKE A NAIL?)

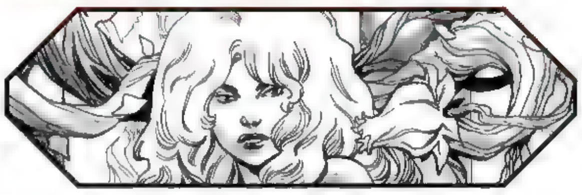
After escaping from Harrower's lab, Deadpool found himself fending off both Doc Ock and Harrower as the two joined forces -- and to make matters worse, by missing the deadline and ruining both his and Lady Deathstrike's chances of joining the Atelier, he's made his way into her bad graces as well. And to make matters even worser, the implanted symbiote has resulted in new symbiotic limbs sprouting from Deadpool's body, allowing him to escape but also taking a heavy toll on his body.

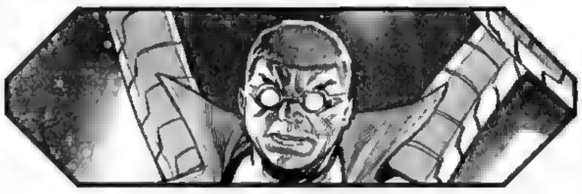
Good thing Deadpool was able to flee to the home of Atelier operative Valentine Vuong -- surely his day can't get any worse, right?

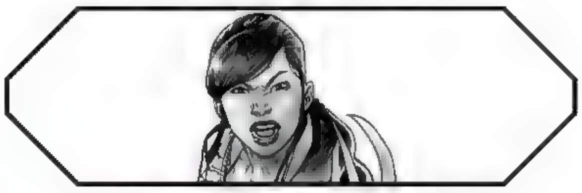
(THE ACTUAL REASON MY CHEST IS BURSTING, NOT THE CARNAGE-FREAK UNDER MY SKIN)

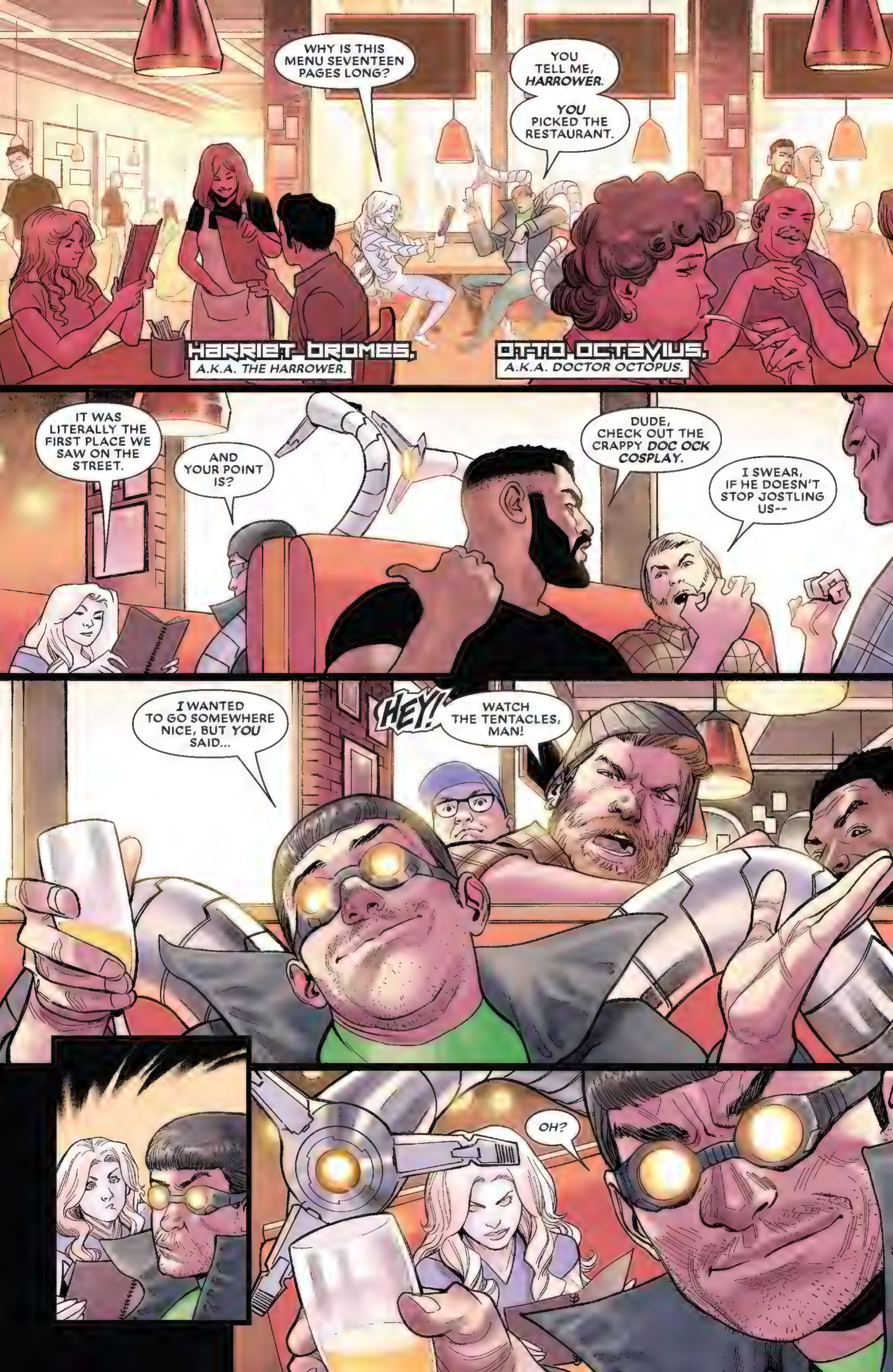

[DEADPOOL]

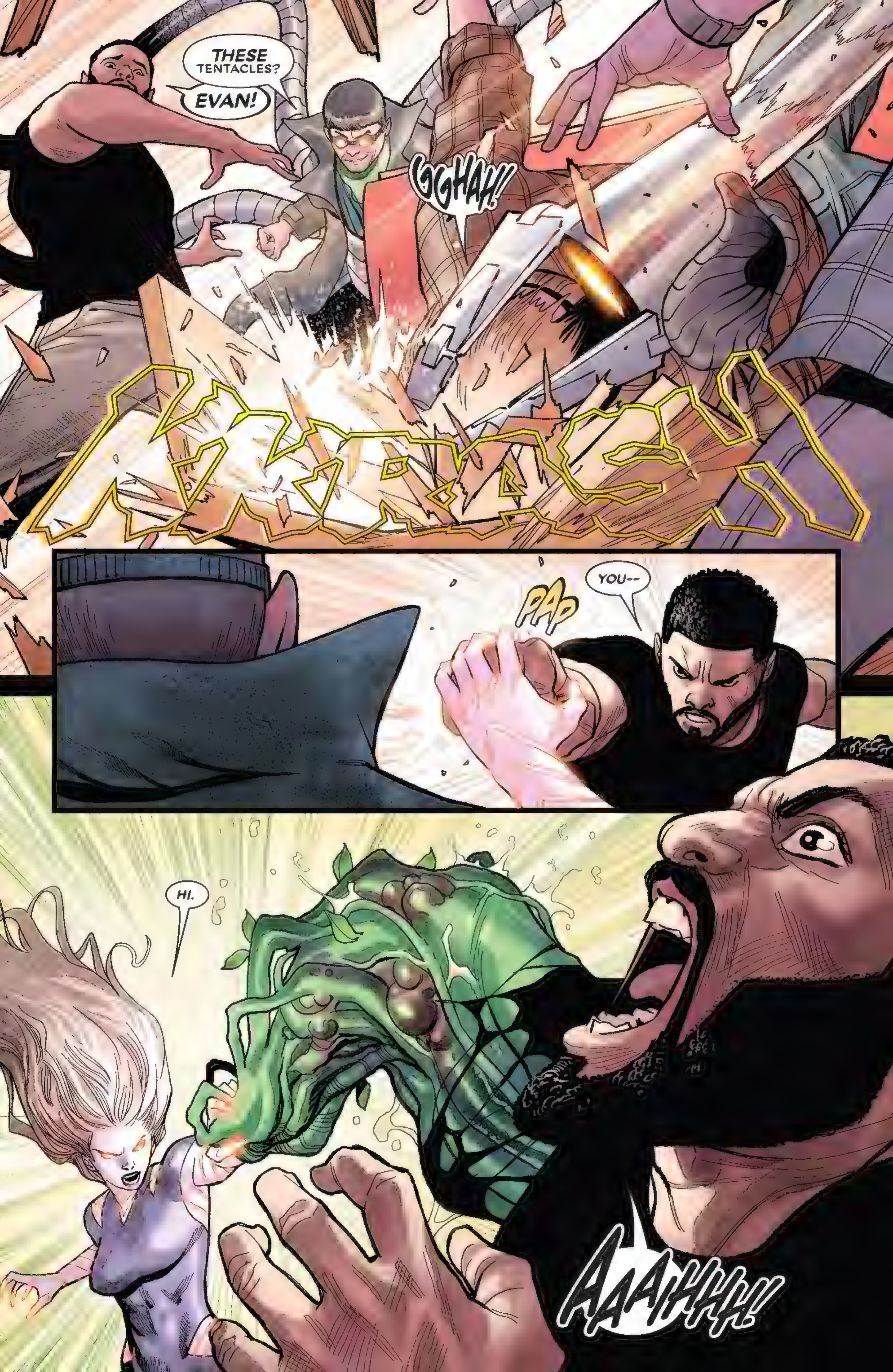

[VALENTINE VUONG]

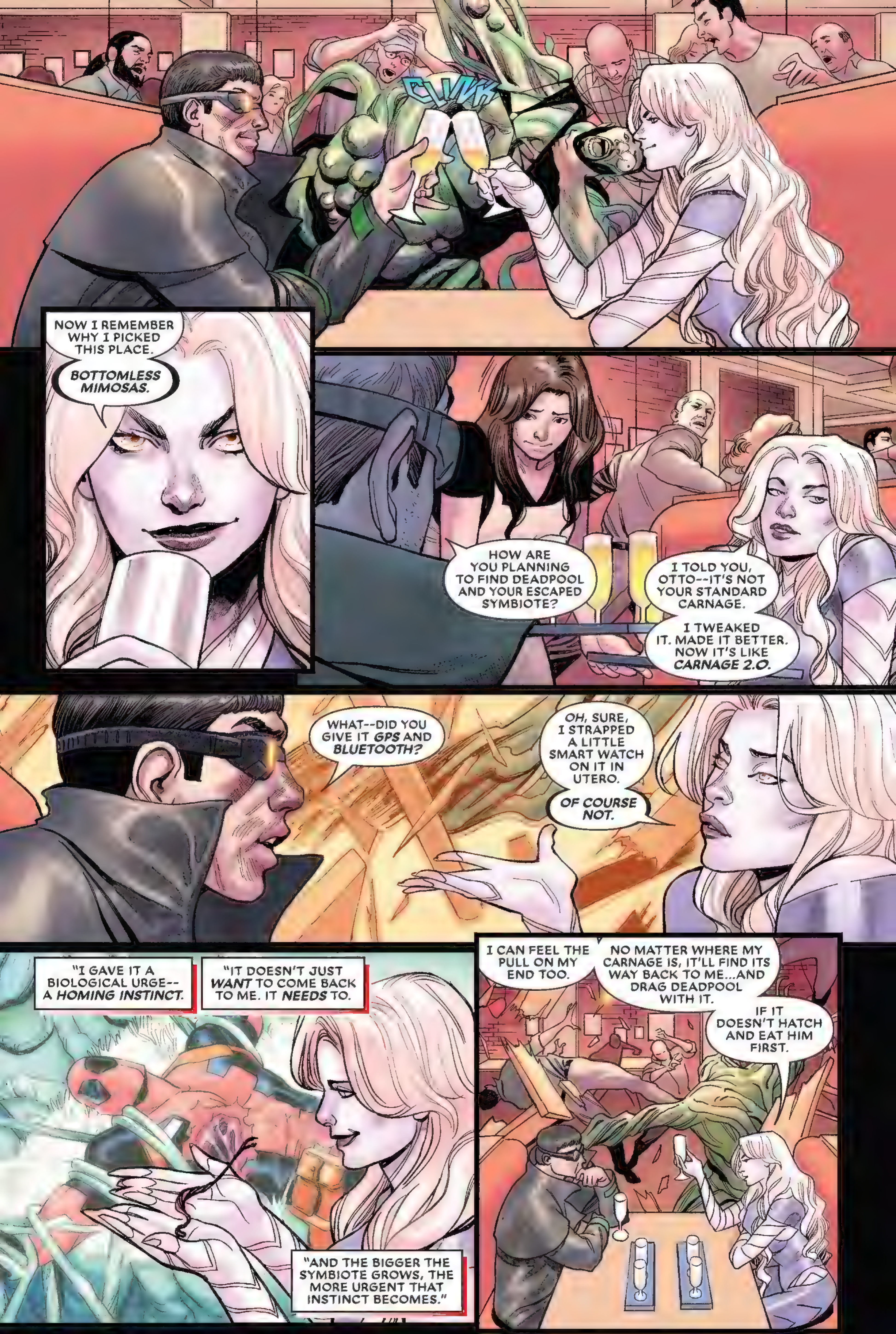

[HARROWER]

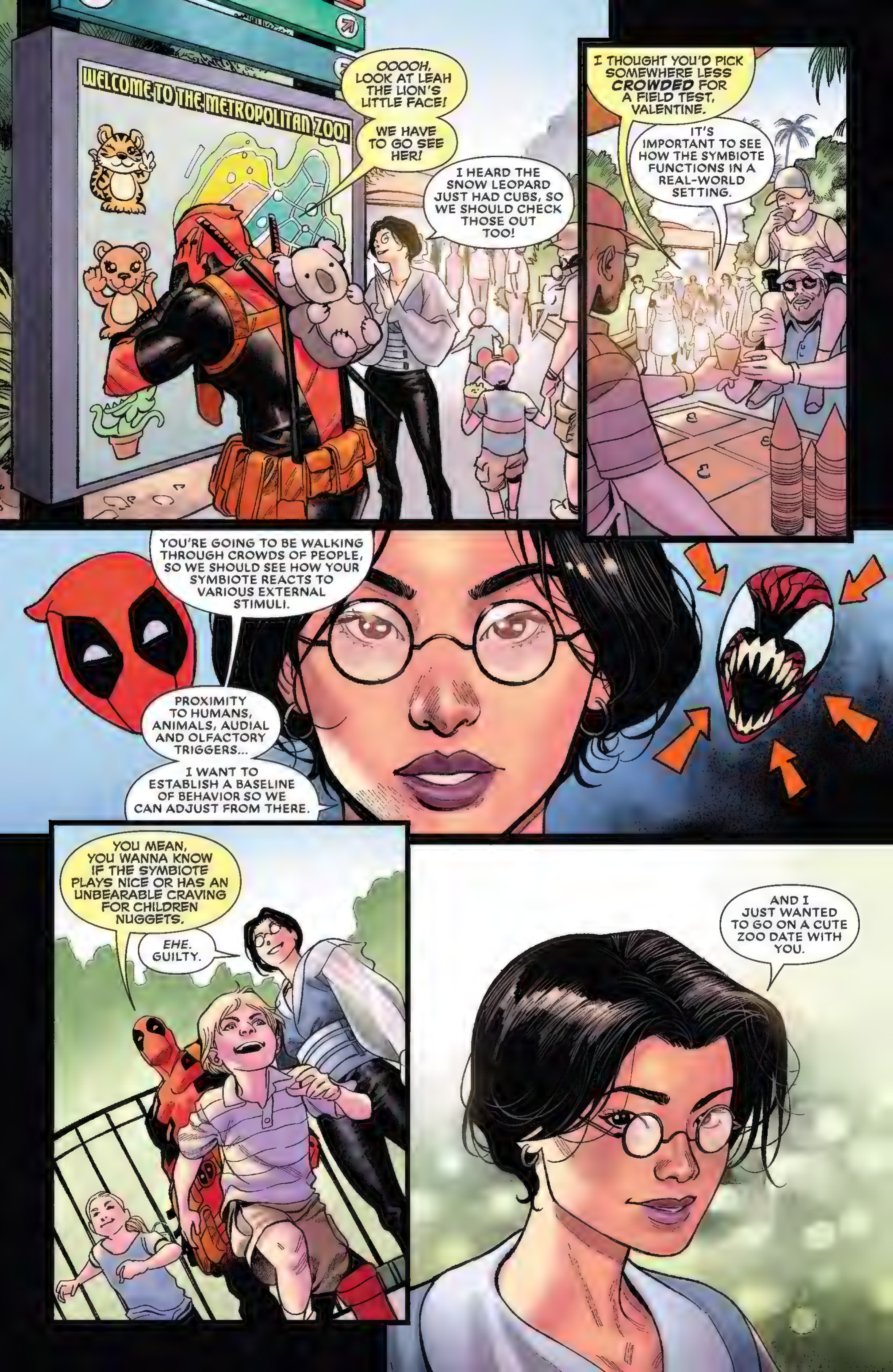

[DOCTOR OCTOPUS]

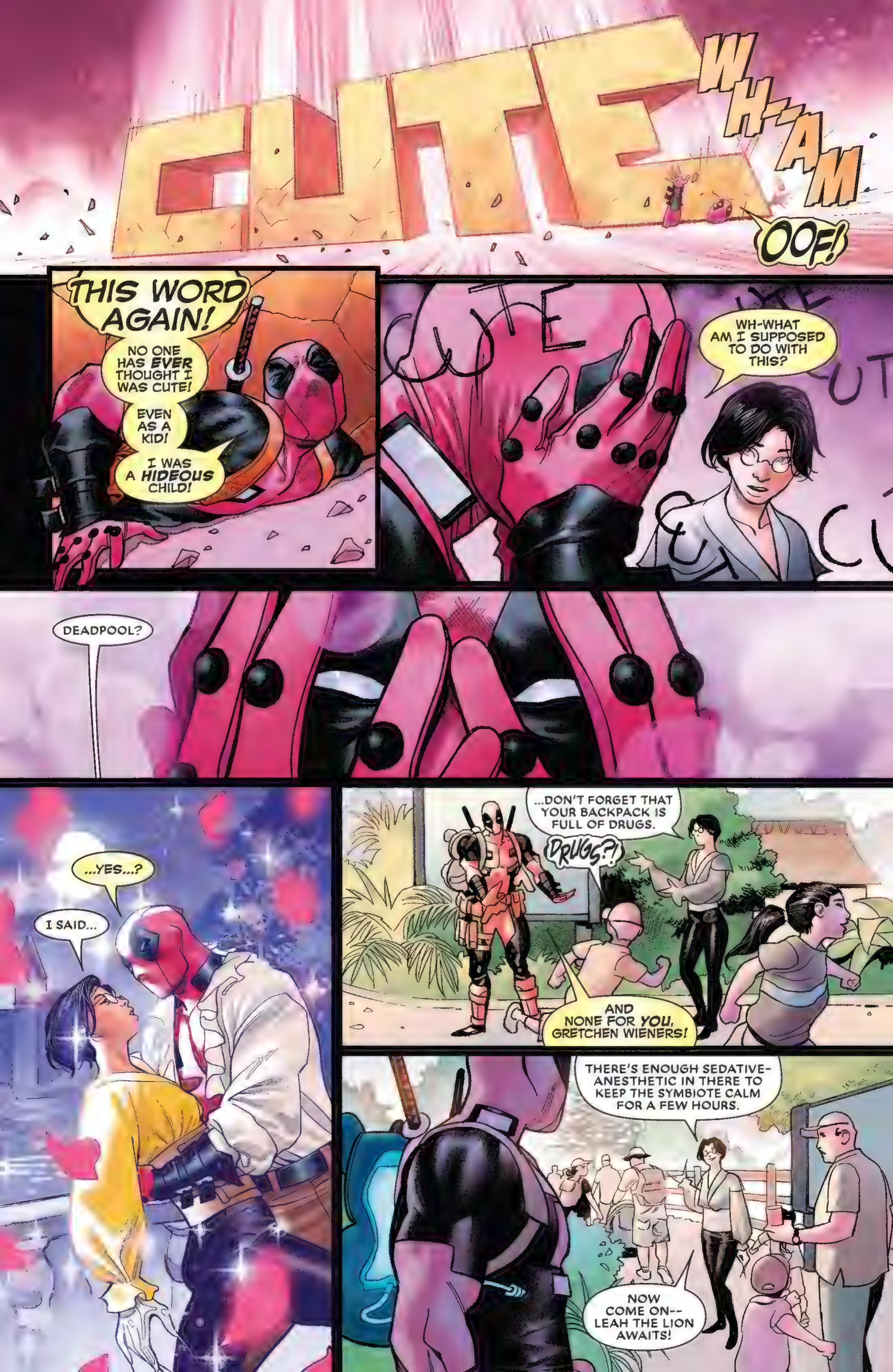

[LADY DEATHSTRIKE]


WHY IS THIS MENU SEVENTEEN PAGES LONG?
YOU TELL ME, *HARROWER.*
YOU PICKED THE RESTAURANT.
HARRIET BROMES, *A.K.A. THE HARROWER.*
OTTO OCTAVIUS, *A.K.A. DOCTOR OCTOPUS.*
IT WAS LITERALLY THE FIRST PLACE WE SAW ON THE STREET.
AND YOUR POINT IS?
DUDE, CHECK OUT THE CRAPPY *DOC OCK COSPLAY.*
I SWEAR, IF HE DOESN'T STOP JOSTLING US--
I WANTED TO GO SOMEWHERE NICE, BUT *YOU* SAID...
HEY!
WATCH THE TENTACLES, MAN!
OH?

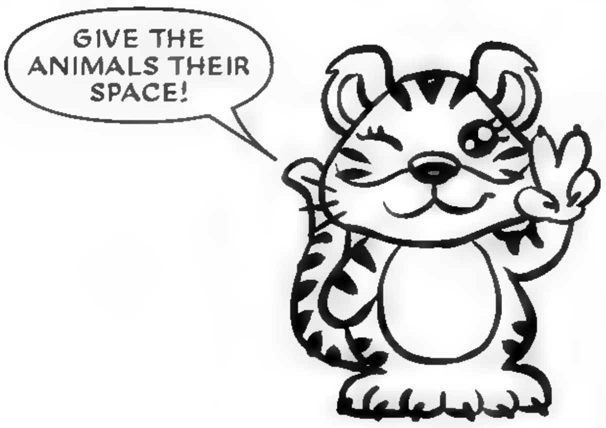

THESE TENTACLES?
EVAN!
GGHAH!
PAP
YOU--
HI.
AAAHHHH!


CLINK
NOW I REMEMBER WHY I PICKED THIS PLACE.
BOTTOMLESS MIMOSAS.
HOW ARE YOU PLANNING TO FIND DEADPOOL AND YOUR ESCAPED SYMBIOTE?
I TOLD YOU, OTTO--IT'S NOT YOUR STANDARD CARNAGE.
I TWEAKED IT. MADE IT BETTER. NOW IT'S LIKE *CARNAGE 2.O.*
WHAT--DID YOU GIVE IT *GPS* AND *BLUETOOTH?*
OH, SURE, I STRAPPED A LITTLE SMART WATCH ON IT IN UTERO.
OF COURSE NOT.
"I GAVE IT A BIOLOGICAL URGE-- A *HOMING INSTINCT.*
"IT DOESN'T JUST *WANT* TO COME BACK TO ME. IT *NEEDS* TO.
"AND THE BIGGER THE SYMBIOTE GROWS, THE MORE URGENT THAT INSTINCT BECOMES."
I CAN FEEL THE PULL ON MY END TOO.
NO MATTER WHERE MY CARNAGE IS, IT'LL FIND ITS WAY BACK TO ME...AND DRAG DEADPOOL WITH IT.
IF IT DOESN'T HATCH AND EAT HIM FIRST.


WELCOME TO THE METROPOLITAN ZOO!
OOOOH, LOOK AT LEAH THE LION'S LITTLE FACE!
WE HAVE TO GO SEE HER!
I HEARD THE SNOW LEOPARD JUST HAD CUBS, SO WE SHOULD CHECK THOSE OUT TOO!
I THOUGHT YOU'D PICK SOMEWHERE LESS *CROWDED* FOR A FIELD TEST, VALENTINE.
IT'S IMPORTANT TO SEE HOW THE SYMBIOTE FUNCTIONS IN A REAL-WORLD SETTING.
YOU'RE GOING TO BE WALKING THROUGH CROWDS OF PEOPLE, SO WE SHOULD SEE HOW YOUR SYMBIOTE REACTS TO VARIOUS EXTERNAL STIMULI.
PROXIMITY TO HUMANS, ANIMALS, AUDIAL AND OLFACTORY TRIGGERS...
I WANT TO ESTABLISH A BASELINE OF BEHAVIOR SO WE CAN ADJUST FROM THERE.
YOU MEAN, YOU WANNA KNOW IF THE SYMBIOTE PLAYS NICE OR HAS AN UNBEARABLE CRAVING FOR CHILDREN NUGGETS.
EHE. GUILTY.
AND I JUST WANTED TO GO ON A CUTE ZOO DATE WITH YOU.

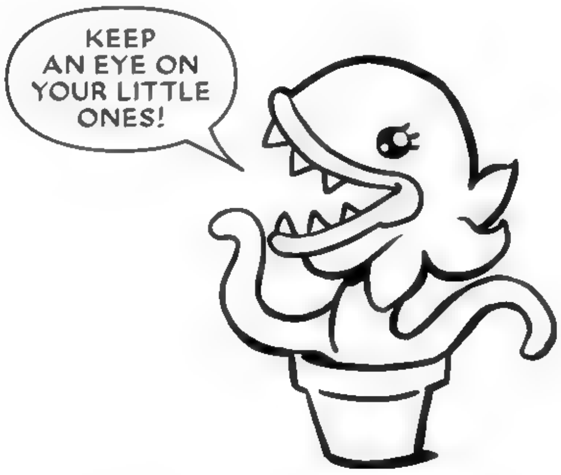

CUTE
WHAM
OOF!
THIS WORD AGAIN!
NO ONE HAS **EVER** THOUGHT I WAS CUTE!
EVEN AS A KID!
I WAS A **HIDEOUS** CHILD!
CUTE
WH-WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS?
DEADPOOL?
I SAID...
...YES...?
...DON'T FORGET THAT YOUR BACKPACK IS FULL OF DRUGS.
DRUGS?!
AND NONE FOR **YOU**, GRETCHEN WIENERS!
THERE'S ENOUGH SEDATIVE-ANESTHETIC IN THERE TO KEEP THE SYMBIOTE CALM FOR A FEW HOURS.
NOW COME ON-- LEAH THE LION AWAITS!

Handy-Dandy Zoo Tips!


GIVE THE ANIMALS THEIR SPACE!

Tini the Tiger

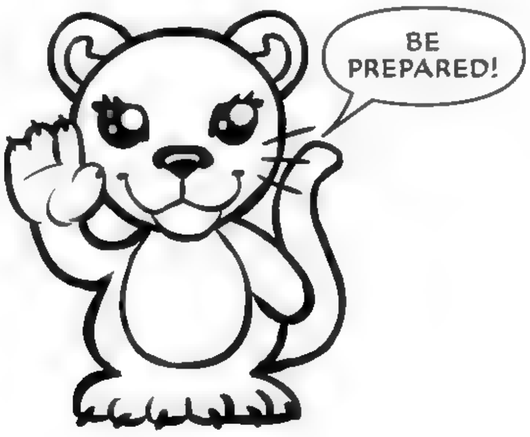
- Please respect the animals! DO NOT yell at them or throw food or litter into their enclosures.
- DO ask questions and enjoy the animals from a distance, but DO NOT try to enter their habitats! They are very shy.


KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR LITTLE ONES!

Vita the Venus Flytrap

- Reduce fatalities by properly supervising your children!
- Look but don't touch! Petting animals is forbidden outside the Petting Zoo Palace.*

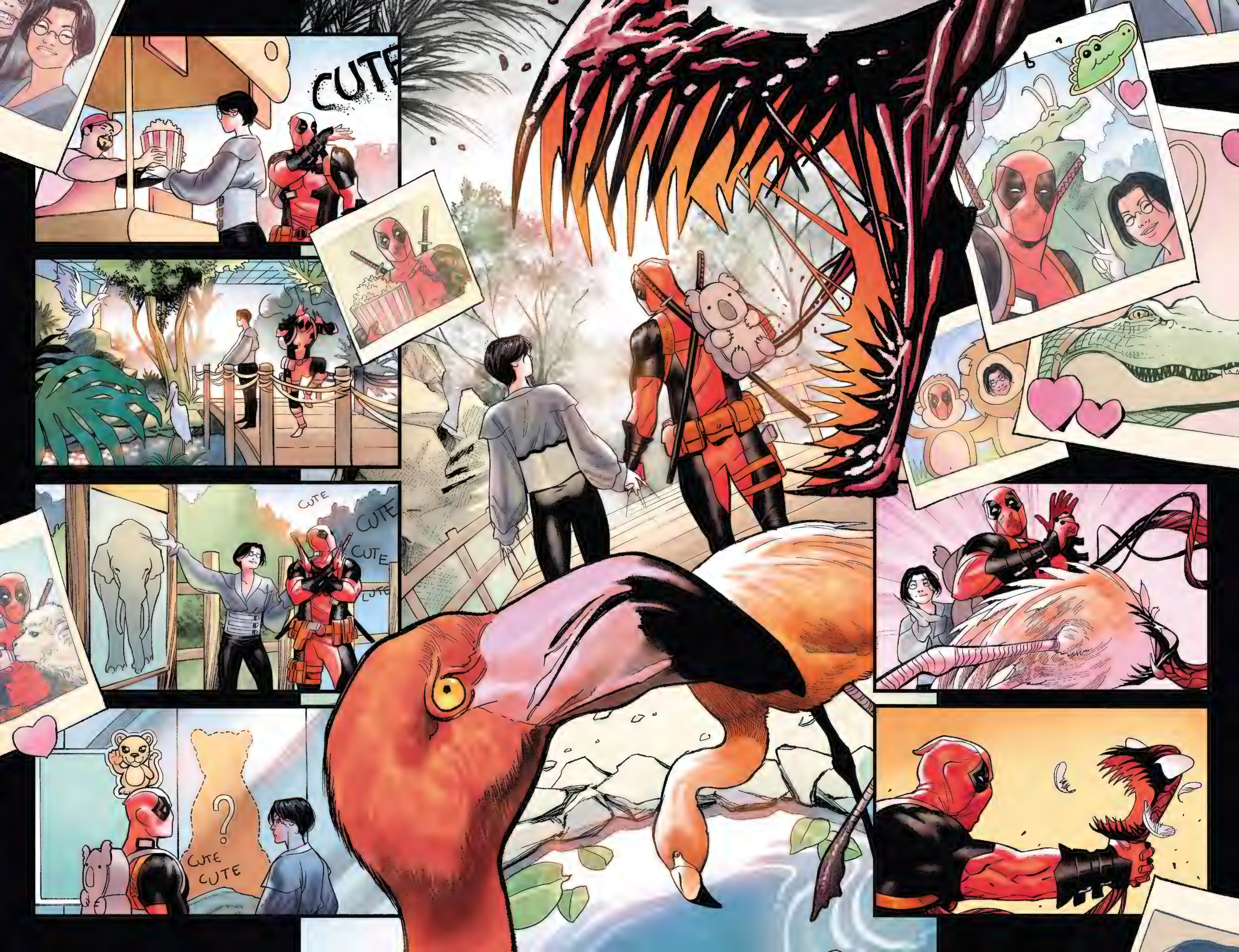
**The Petting Zoo Palace is currently closed for repairs.*


BE PREPARED!

Leah the Lion

- Pack lots of snacks and water! Beat the heat by staying hydrated and listening to your body.
- Map out your route in advance! The Metropolitan Zoo has many exhibits to take advantage of. Make sure you see them all!

The Metropolitan Zoo is not liable for injuries incurred due to failure to comply with safety regulations.
And, for god's sake, don't smile at the chimps.


CUTE
CUTE
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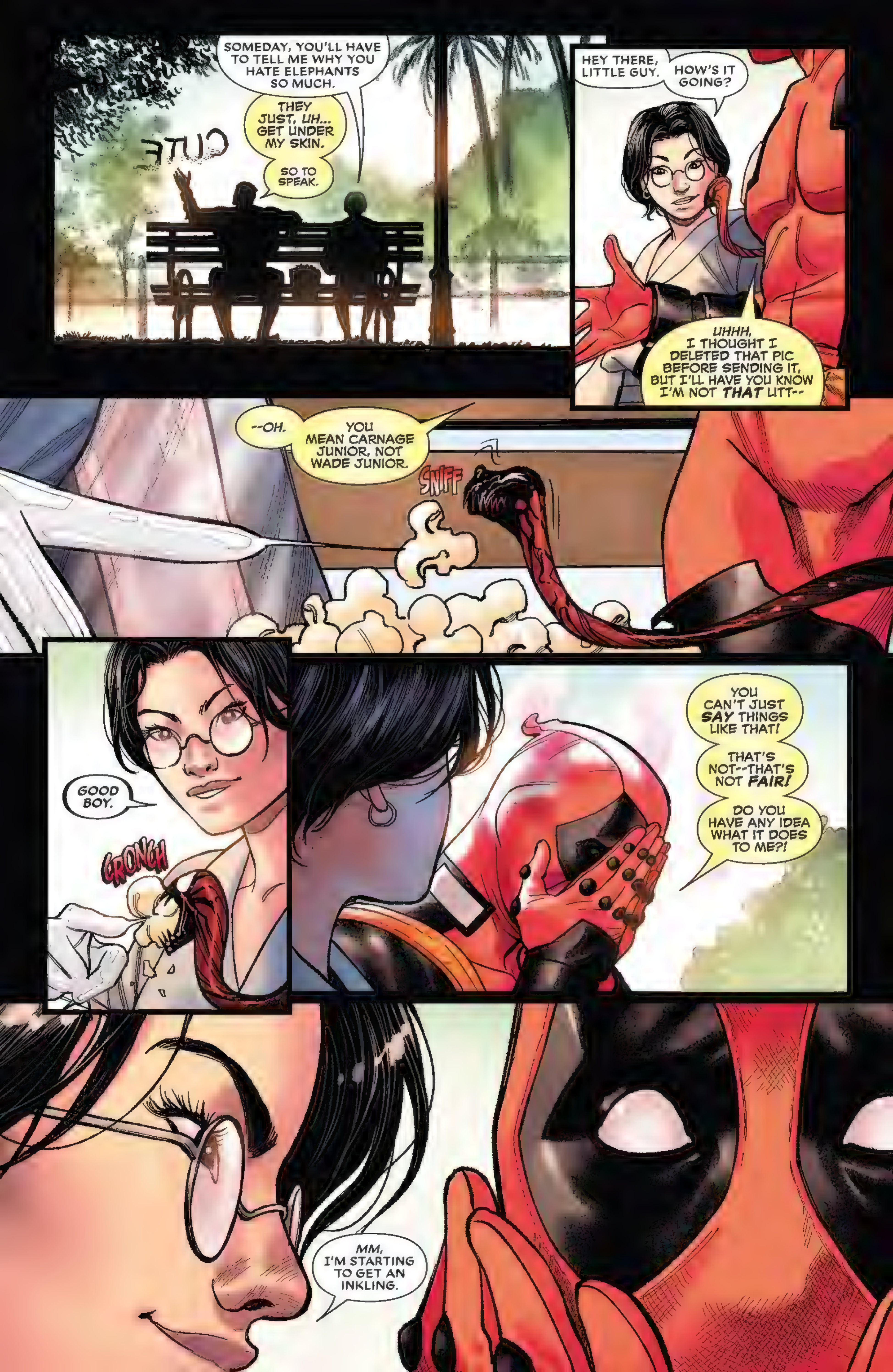
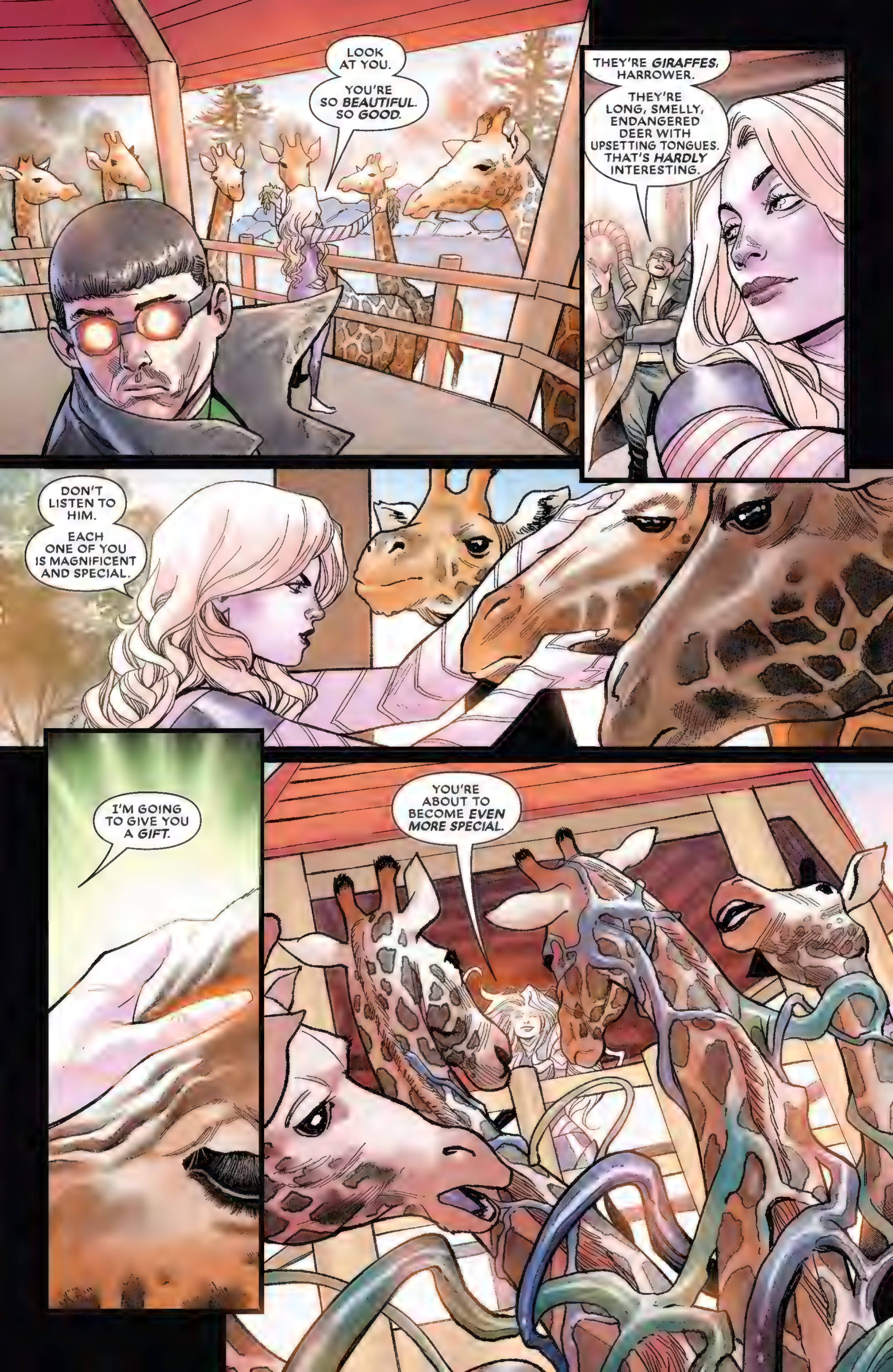
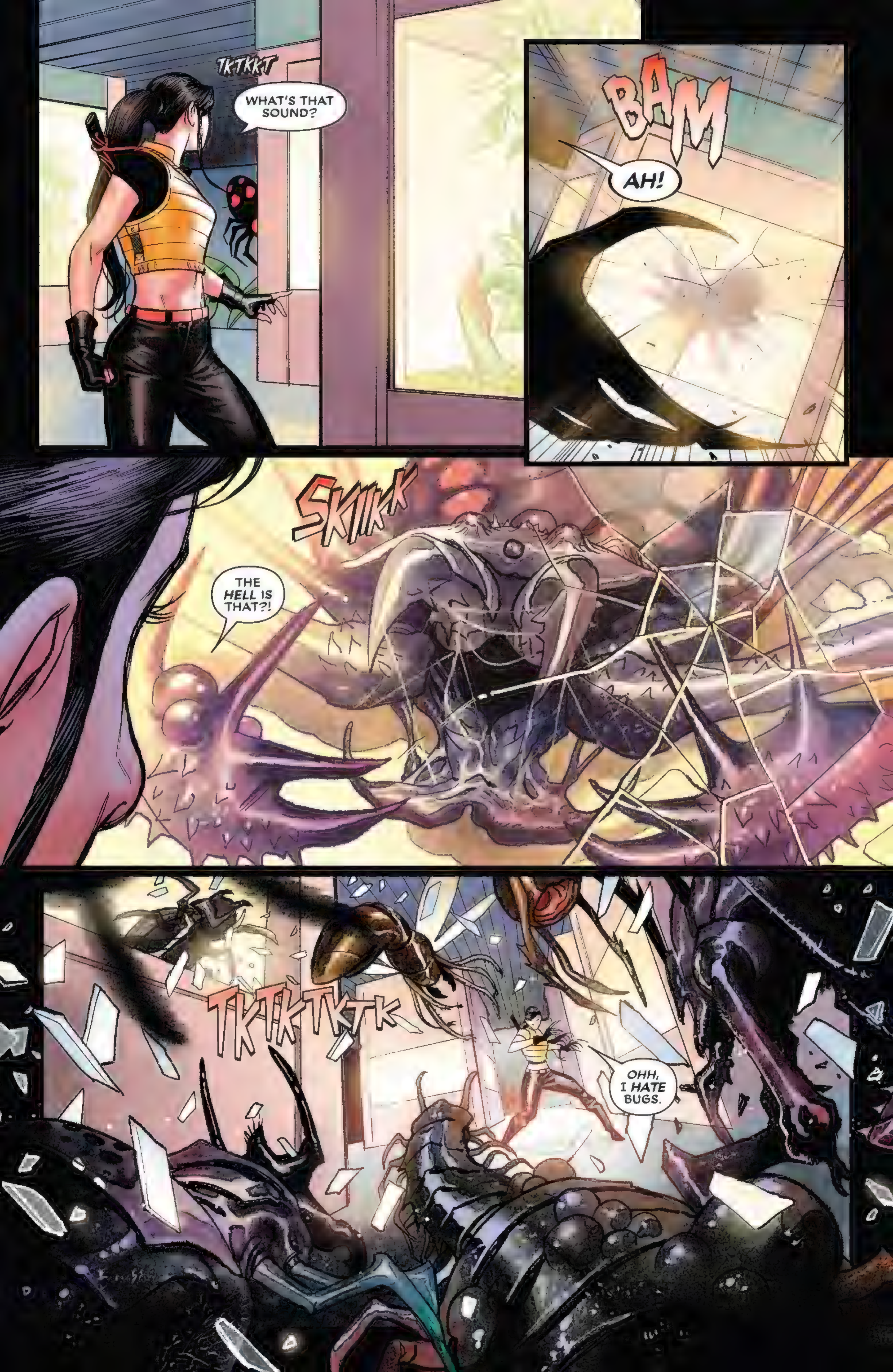
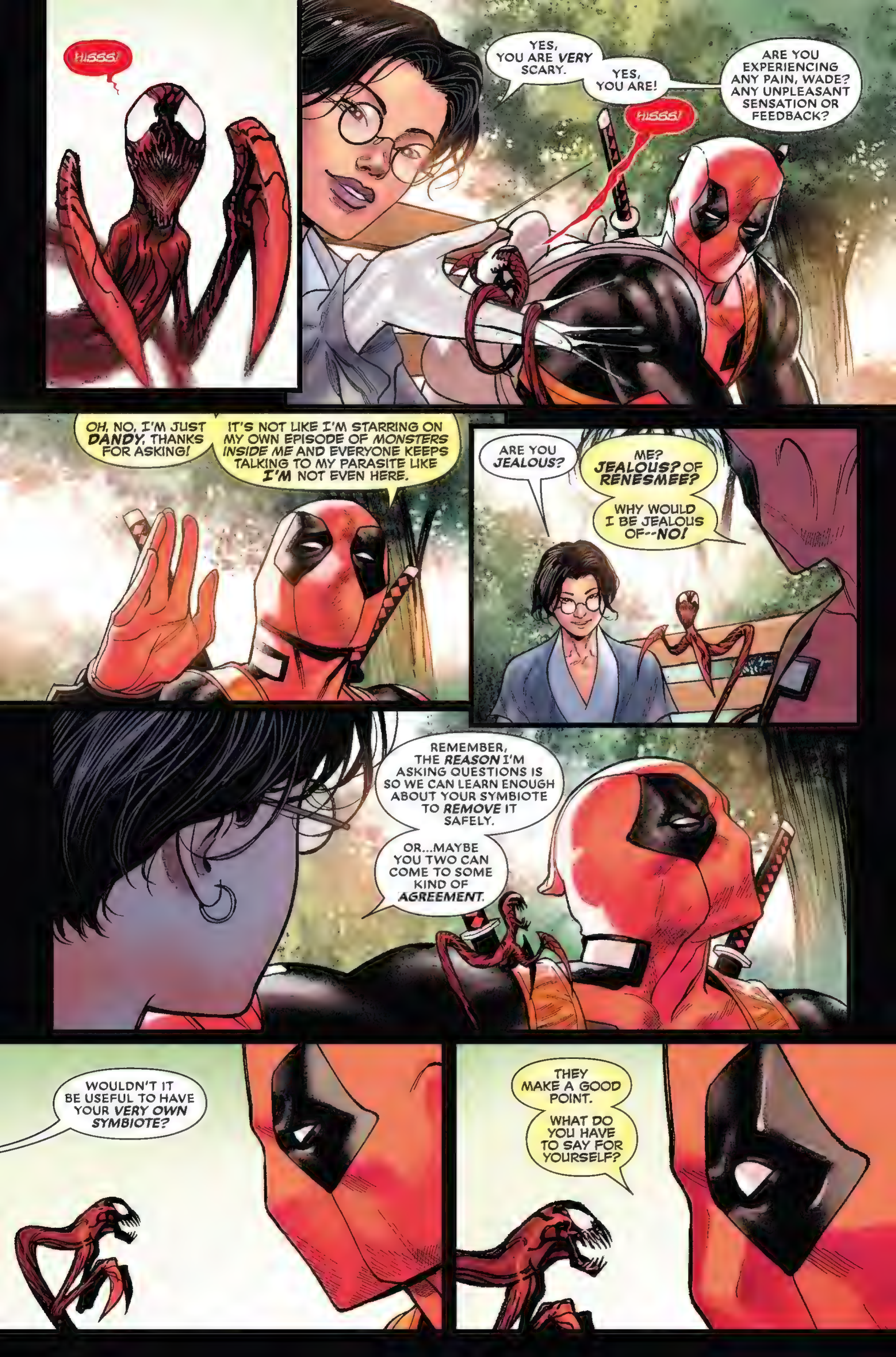
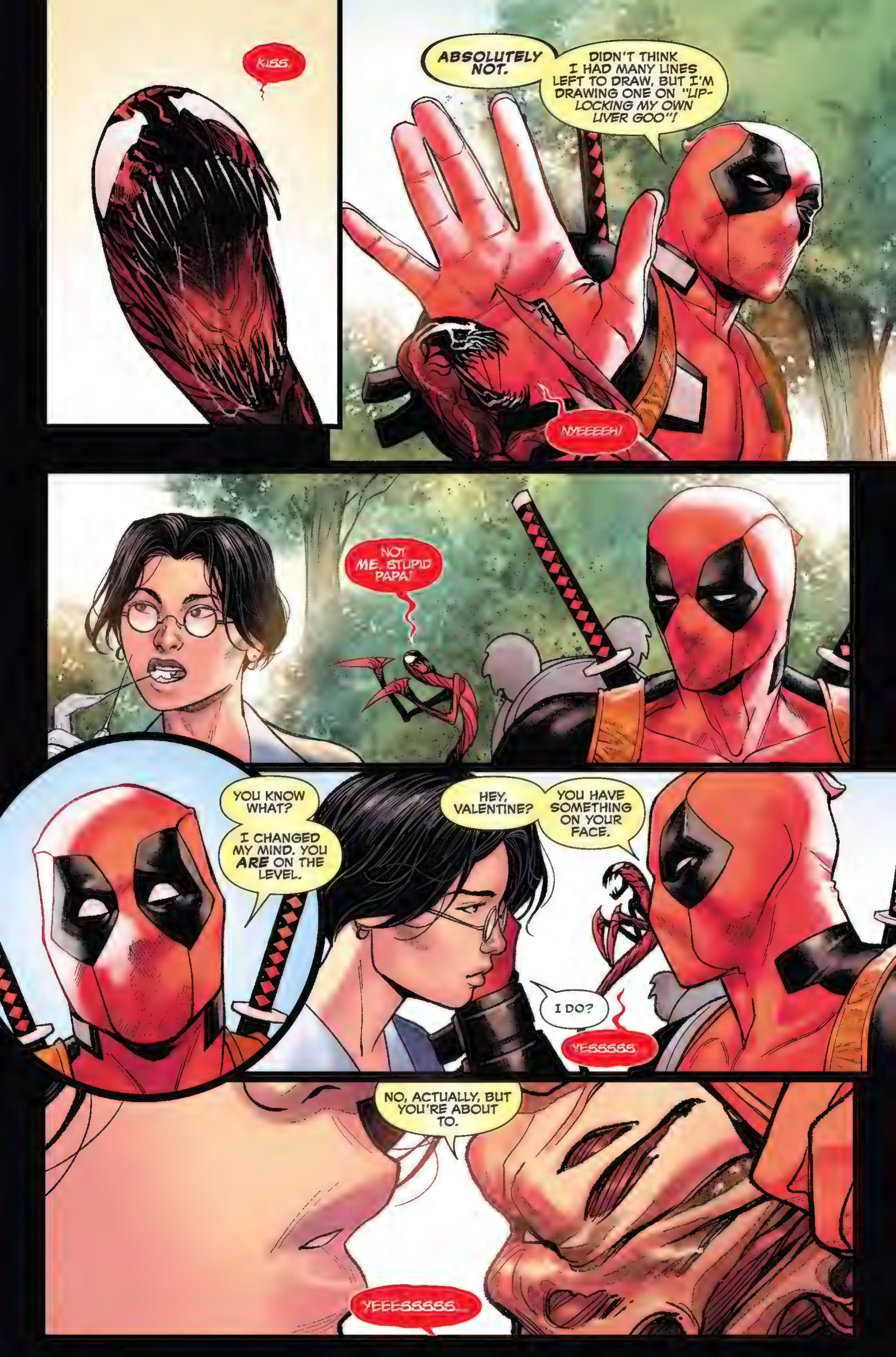
CUTE

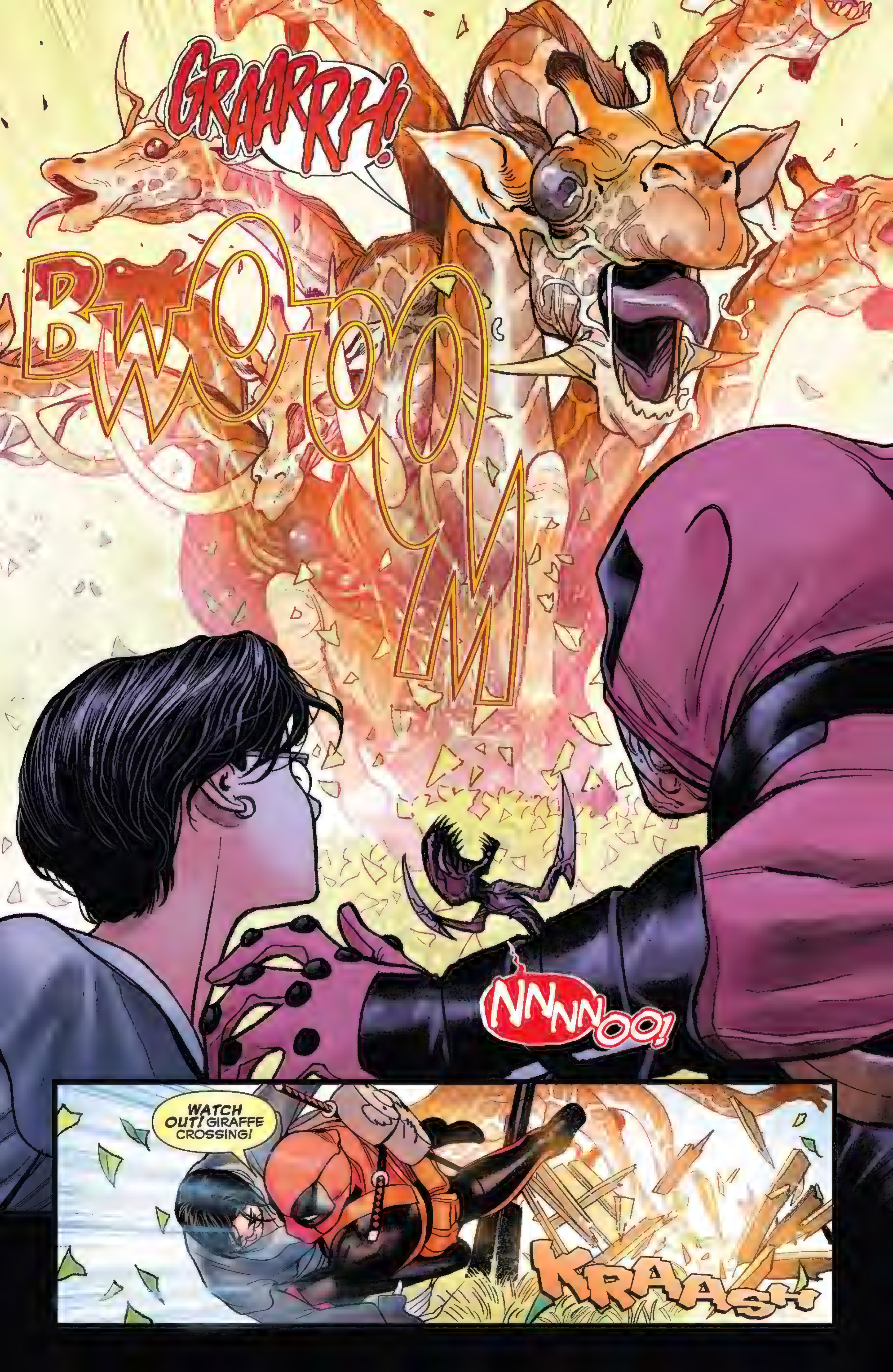

SOMEDAY, YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME WHY YOU HATE ELEPHANTS SO MUCH.
CUTE
THEY JUST, *UH...* GET UNDER MY SKIN.
SO TO SPEAK.
HEY THERE, LITTLE GUY.
HOW'S IT GOING?
UHHH, I THOUGHT I DELETED THAT PIC BEFORE SENDING IT, BUT I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M NOT ***THAT*** LITT--
--OH.
YOU MEAN CARNAGE JUNIOR, NOT WADE JUNIOR.
SNIFF
GOOD BOY.
CRONCH
YOU CAN'T JUST ***SAY*** THINGS LIKE THAT!
THAT'S NOT--THAT'S NOT ***FAIR!***
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT IT DOES TO ME?!
MM, I'M STARTING TO GET AN INKLING.

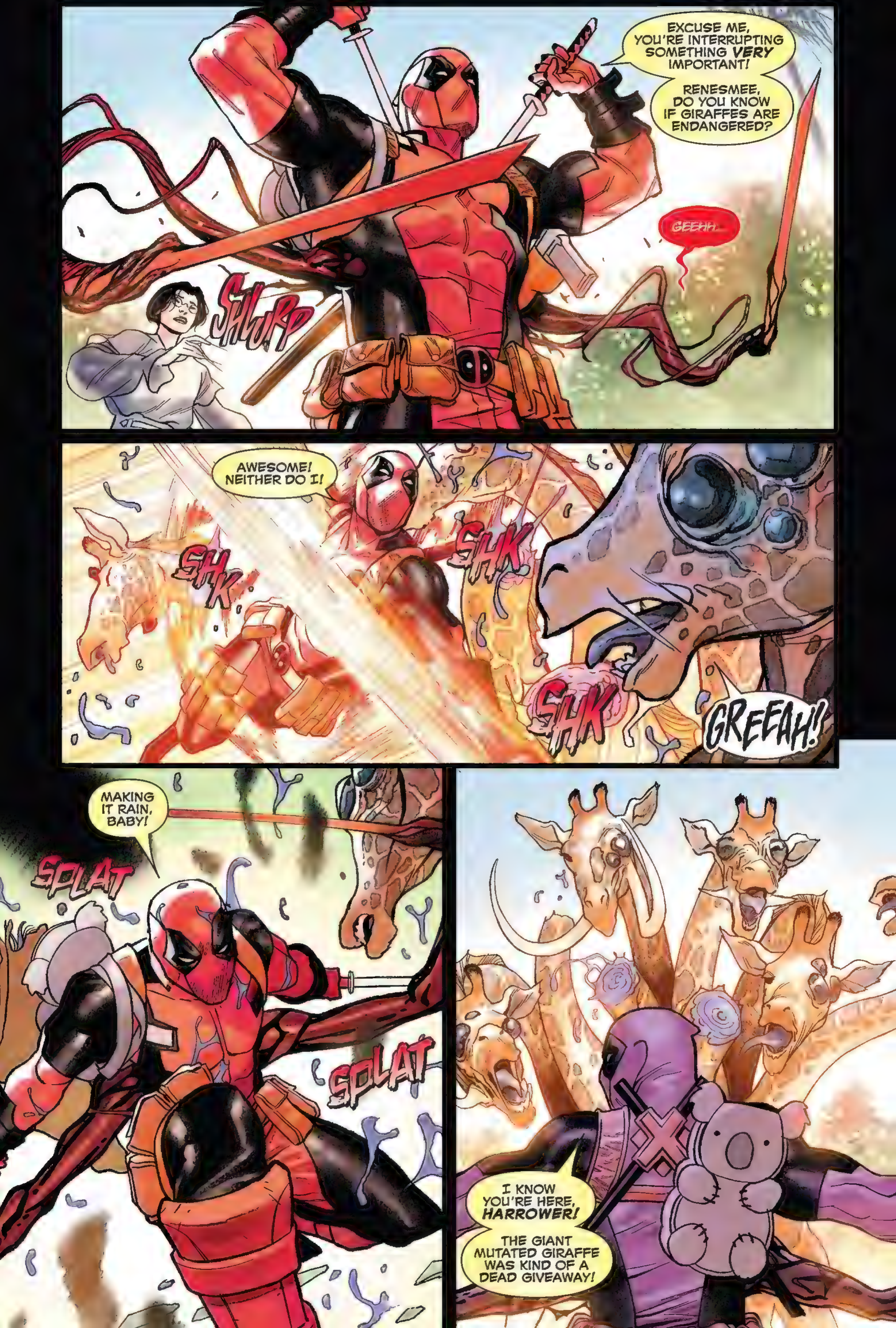

LOOK AT YOU. YOU'RE SO *BEAUTIFUL*. SO *GOOD*.
THEY'RE *GIRAFFES*, HARROWER. THEY'RE LONG, SMELLY, ENDANGERED DEER WITH UPSETTING TONGUES. THAT'S *HARDLY* INTERESTING.
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM. EACH ONE OF YOU IS MAGNIFICENT AND SPECIAL.
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A *GIFT*.
YOU'RE ABOUT TO BECOME *EVEN MORE SPECIAL*.

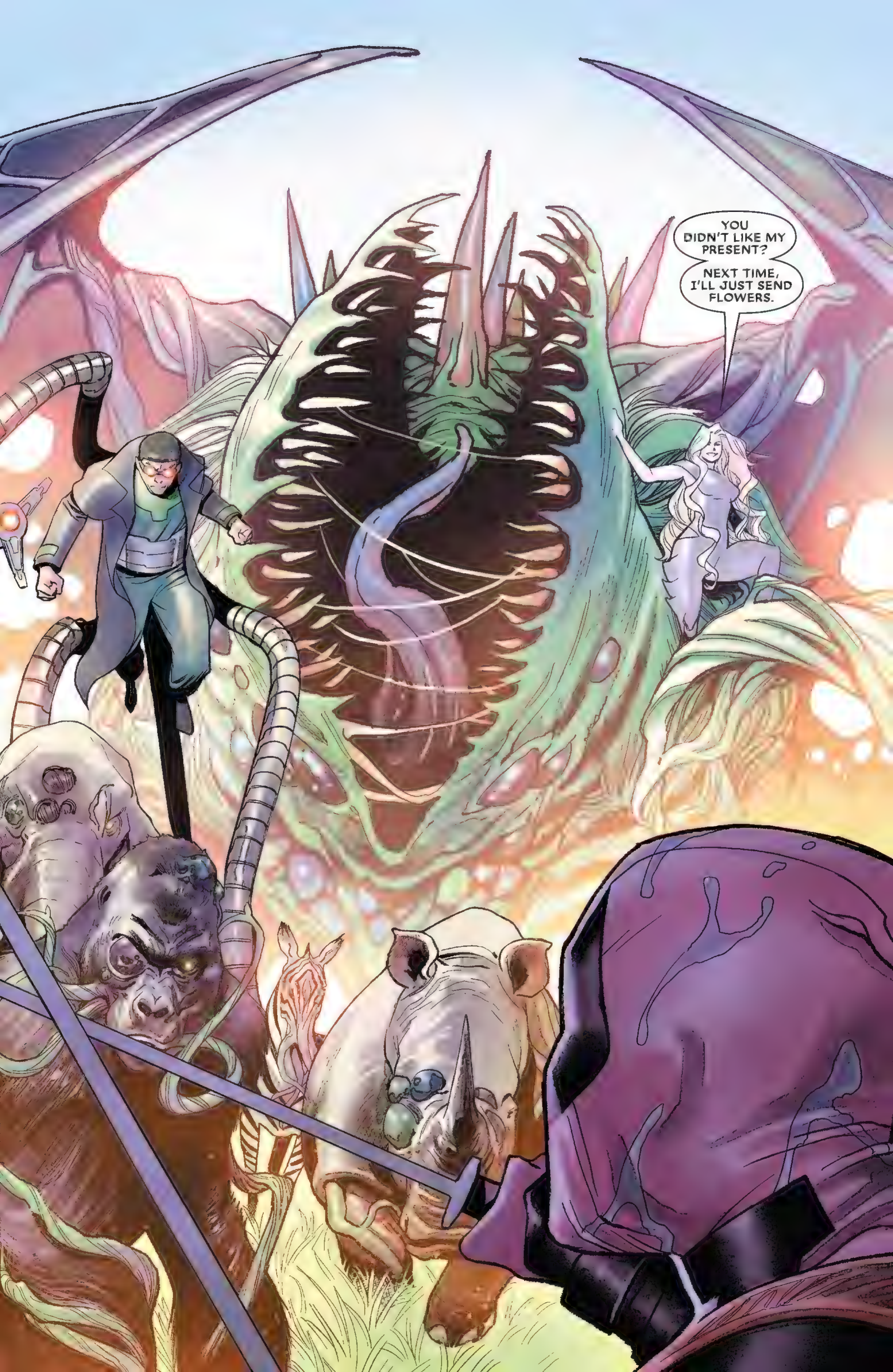

TKTKKT
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
BAM
AH!
SKIIKK
THE *HELL* IS THAT?!
TKTKTKTK
OHH, I *HATE* BUGS.


HISSS!
YES, YOU ARE VERY SCARY.
YES, YOU ARE!
HISSS!
ARE YOU EXPERIENCING ANY PAIN, WADE? ANY UNPLEASANT SENSATION OR FEEDBACK?
OH, NO, I'M JUST DANDY, THANKS FOR ASKING!
IT'S NOT LIKE I'M STARRING ON MY OWN EPISODE OF MONSTERS INSIDE ME AND EVERYONE KEEPS TALKING TO MY PARASITE LIKE I'M NOT EVEN HERE.
ARE YOU JEALOUS?
ME? JEALOUS? OF RENESMEE?
WHY WOULD I BE JEALOUS OF--NO!
REMEMBER, THE REASON I'M ASKING QUESTIONS IS SO WE CAN LEARN ENOUGH ABOUT YOUR SYMBIOTE TO REMOVE IT SAFELY.
OR...MAYBE YOU TWO CAN COME TO SOME KIND OF AGREEMENT.
WOULDN'T IT BE USEFUL TO HAVE YOUR VERY OWN SYMBIOTE?
THEY MAKE A GOOD POINT.
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?


KISS.
ABSOLUTELY NOT.
DIDN'T THINK I HAD MANY LINES LEFT TO DRAW, BUT I'M DRAWING ONE ON "LIP-LOCKING MY OWN LIVER GOO"!
NYEEEEH!
NOT ME, STUPID PAPA!
YOU KNOW WHAT?
I CHANGED MY MIND. YOU *ARE* ON THE LEVEL.
HEY, VALENTINE?
YOU HAVE SOMETHING ON YOUR FACE.
I DO?
YESSSSS.
NO, ACTUALLY, BUT YOU'RE ABOUT TO.
YEEESSSSS...


GRAARRH!
BWOOOOM
NNNNOO!
WATCH OUT! GIRAFFE CROSSING!
KRAASH


EXCUSE ME, YOU'RE INTERRUPTING SOMETHING **VERY** IMPORTANT!
RENESMEE, DO YOU KNOW IF GIRAFFES ARE ENDANGERED?
SHLURP
GEEHH...
AWESOME! NEITHER DO I!
SHK
SHK
SHK
GREEAH!
MAKING IT RAIN, BABY!
SPLAT
SPLAT
I KNOW YOU'RE HERE, **HARROWER!**
THE GIANT MUTATED GIRAFFE WAS KIND OF A DEAD GIVEAWAY!


YOU DIDN'T LIKE MY PRESENT?
NEXT TIME, I'LL JUST SEND FLOWERS.

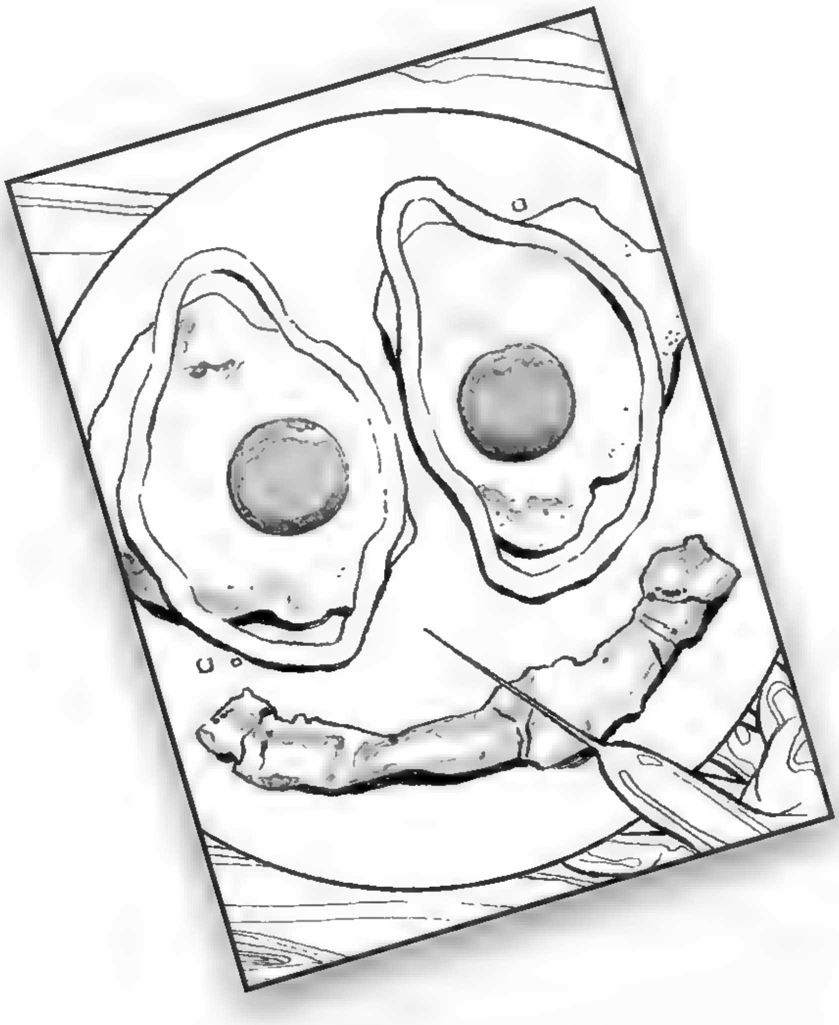
Valentine's Breakfast Friends

- Preheat the oven to 375 degrees.
- Line a baking sheet with slightly crinkled aluminum foil.
- Arrange bacon in crescent shapes on the baking sheet. Bake until crispy, checking every 10 minutes or so.
- Remove from heat and let cool. Transfer onto a paper-towel-covered plate to soak up excess oil.

- Add a few tablespoons of oil to a skillet and heat on medium-high.
- Add an egg and season while the whites sizzle.
- Use a spoon to scoop up hot oil and redistribute it over the egg, cooking it through.
- Cook until done (30 sec or so).
- Transfer egg to a plate and repeat with a second egg.

- Arrange eggs and bacon smile on a plate. Decorate with ketchup and serve!

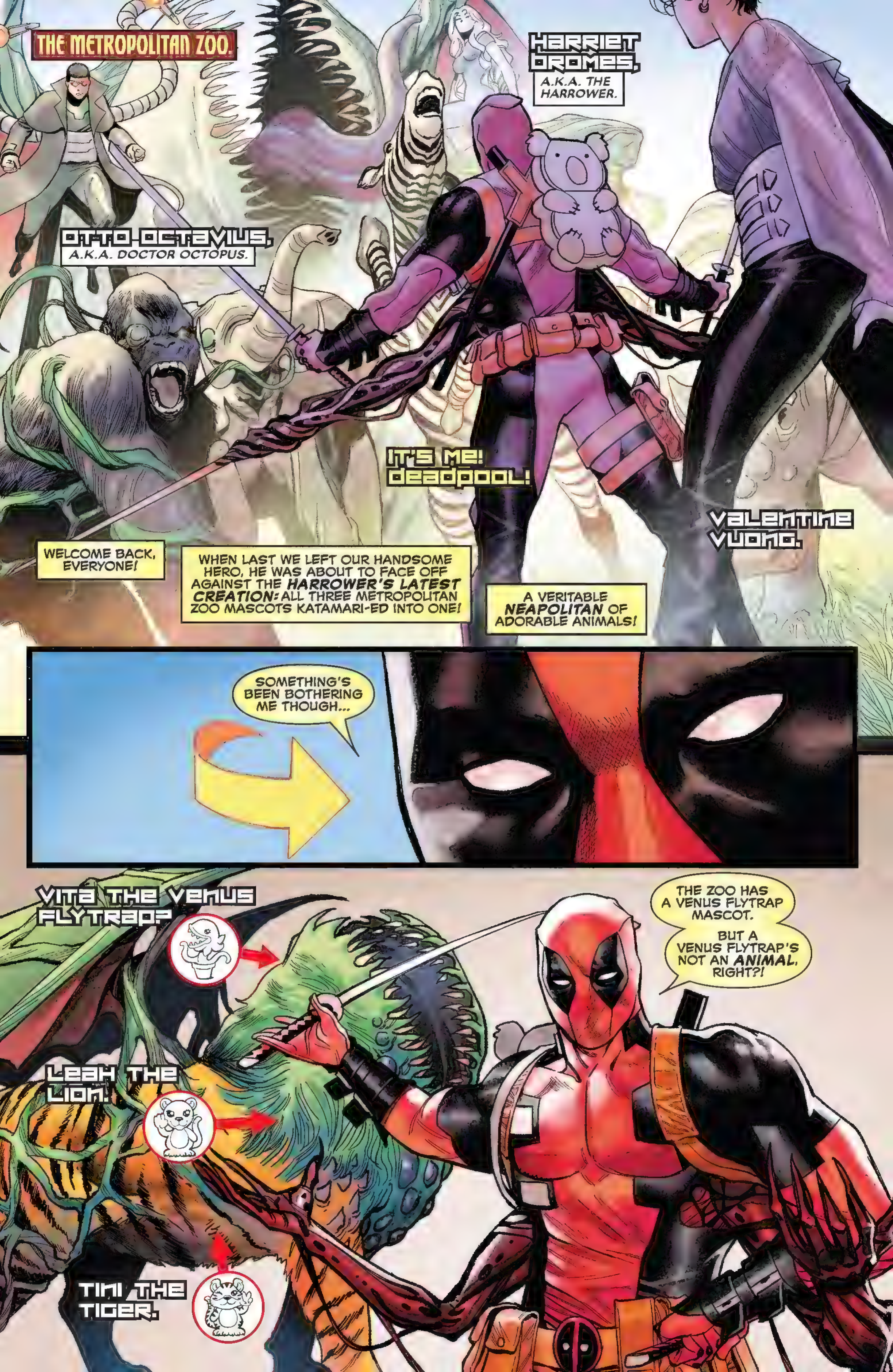
- Try making all your friends for an extremely normal morning feast!

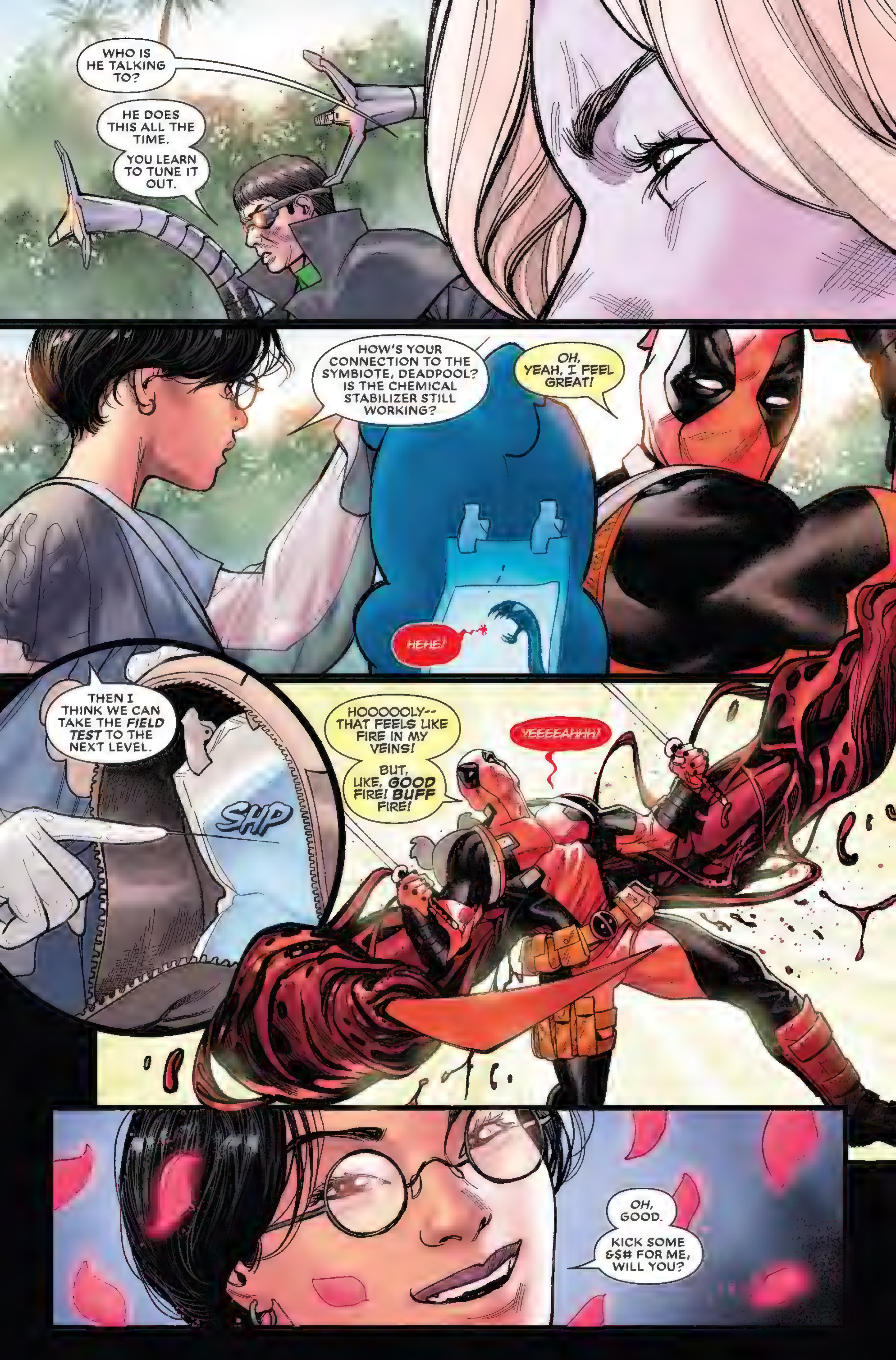


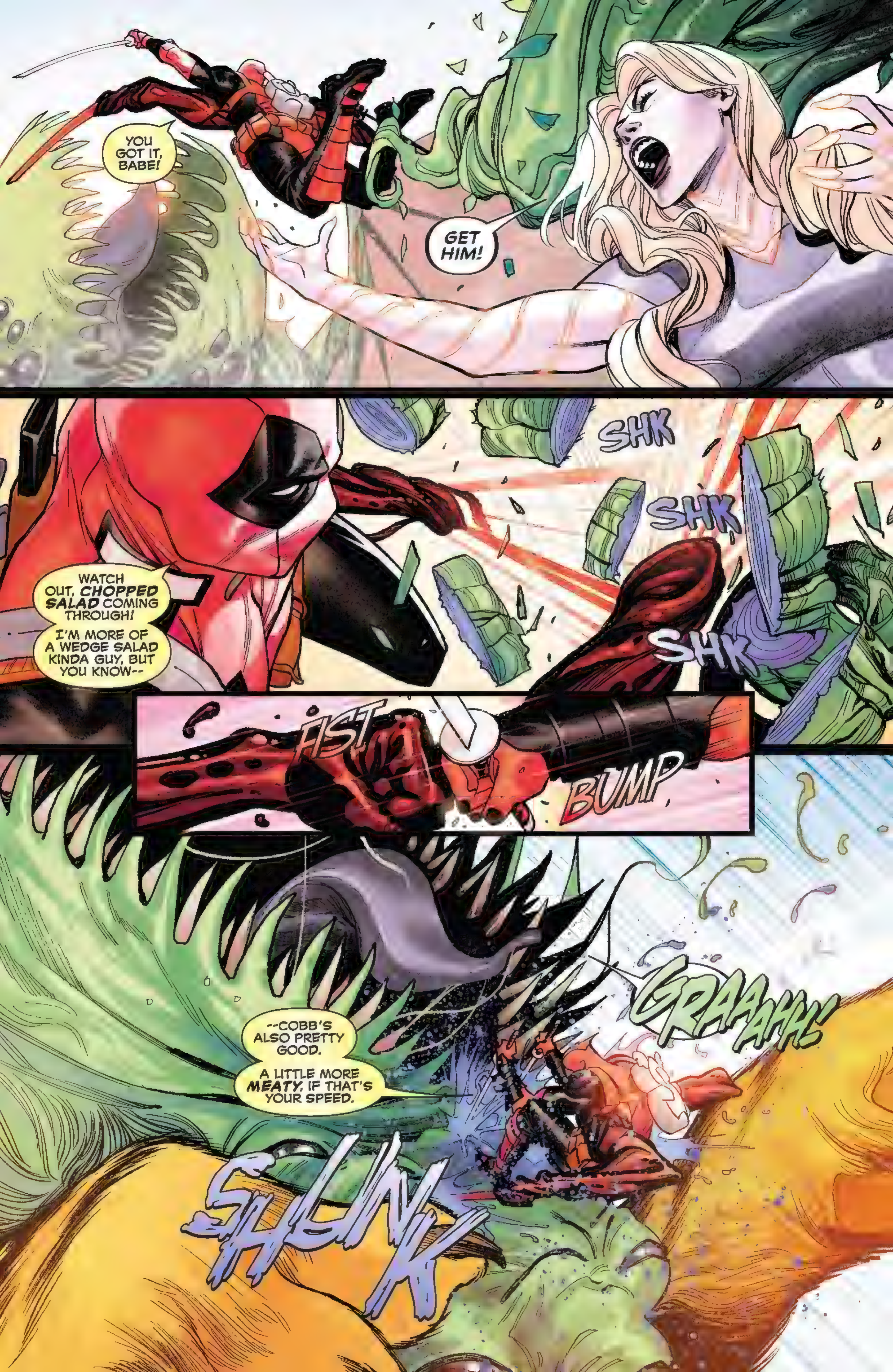
Chapter 04

Eat Your Heart Out

4


THE METROPOLITAN ZOO.
OTTO OCTAVIUS, A.K.A. DOCTOR OCTOPUS.
HARRIET DROMES, A.K.A. THE HARROWER.
IT'S ME! DEADPOOL!
VALENTINE VUOMO.
WELCOME BACK, EVERYONE!
WHEN LAST WE LEFT OUR HANDSOME HERO, HE WAS ABOUT TO FACE OFF AGAINST THE HARROWER'S LATEST CREATION: ALL THREE METROPOLITAN ZOO MASCOTS KATAMARI-ED INTO ONE!
A VERITABLE NEAPOLITAN OF ADORABLE ANIMALS!
SOMETHING'S BEEN BOTHERING ME THOUGH...
VITA THE VENUS FLYTRAP?
LEAH THE LION.
TINI THE TIGER.
THE ZOO HAS A VENUS FLYTRAP MASCOT.
BUT A VENUS FLYTRAP'S NOT AN ANIMAL, RIGHT?!


WHO IS HE TALKING TO?
HE DOES THIS ALL THE TIME.
YOU LEARN TO TUNE IT OUT.
HOW'S YOUR CONNECTION TO THE SYMBIOTE, DEADPOOL? IS THE CHEMICAL STABILIZER STILL WORKING?
OH, YEAH, I FEEL GREAT!
HEHE!
THEN I THINK WE CAN TAKE THE *FIELD TEST* TO THE NEXT LEVEL.
SHP
HOOOOOLY-- THAT FEELS LIKE FIRE IN MY VEINS!
BUT, LIKE, ***GOOD*** FIRE! ***BUFF*** FIRE!
YEEEEAHHH!
OH, GOOD.
KICK SOME &$# FOR ME, WILL YOU?


GET HIM!
YOU GOT IT, BABE!
SHK
SHK
WATCH OUT, **CHOPPED SALAD** COMING THROUGH!
I'M MORE OF A WEDGE SALAD KINDA GUY, BUT YOU KNOW--
SHK
FIST BUMP
--COBB'S ALSO PRETTY GOOD.
A LITTLE MORE **MEATY**, IF THAT'S YOUR SPEED.
GRAAAHH!
SHUNK

DEADPOOL

SERIOUSLY, CAN WE HAVE A BLURB OR PULL QUOTE THIS MONTH?

Wade Wilson -- A.K.A. the regenerating degenerate known as Deadpool -- is in a bit of a pickle.

Following a failed audition for the elite assassin's guild, the Atelier, Deadpool has made enemies out of Otto Octavius, A.K.A. Doctor Octopus, the Harrower and Lady Deathstrike. Wade was imprisoned and infected with a sample of the Carnage symbiote by the Harrower, but he was able to escape to the apartment of Atelier operative, Valentine Vuong.

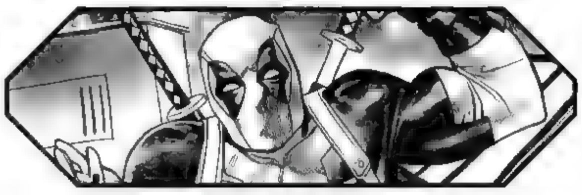
(TALK ABOUT A TOUGH CROWD)

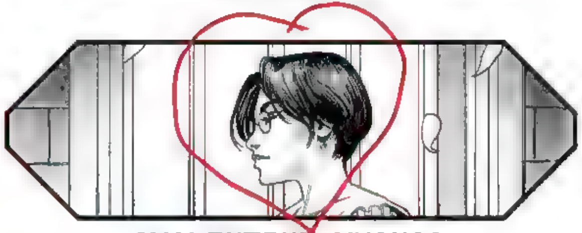
(I'D LET THEM SINK THEIR SYRINGES IN ME ANY DAY ♥)

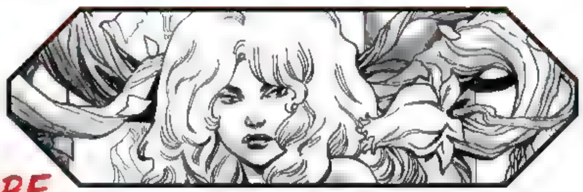
Once Valentine stabilized his symbiote, Wade and Valentine went to the zoo to test the capabilities of their symbiotic new friend, but they were quickly found by Doc Ock and the Harrower -- who sent a horde of mutated zoo animals after the duo!

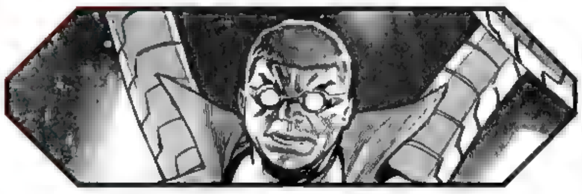
(AND MAYBE FALL IN LOVE, WHO KNOWS)

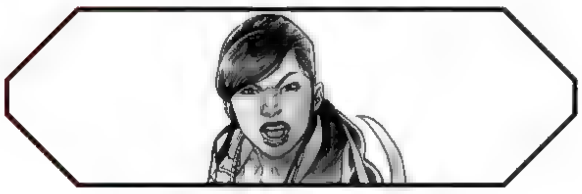
(THAT SHOULD SAY LOVEBIRDS -- WE WERE ABOUT TO KISS!)

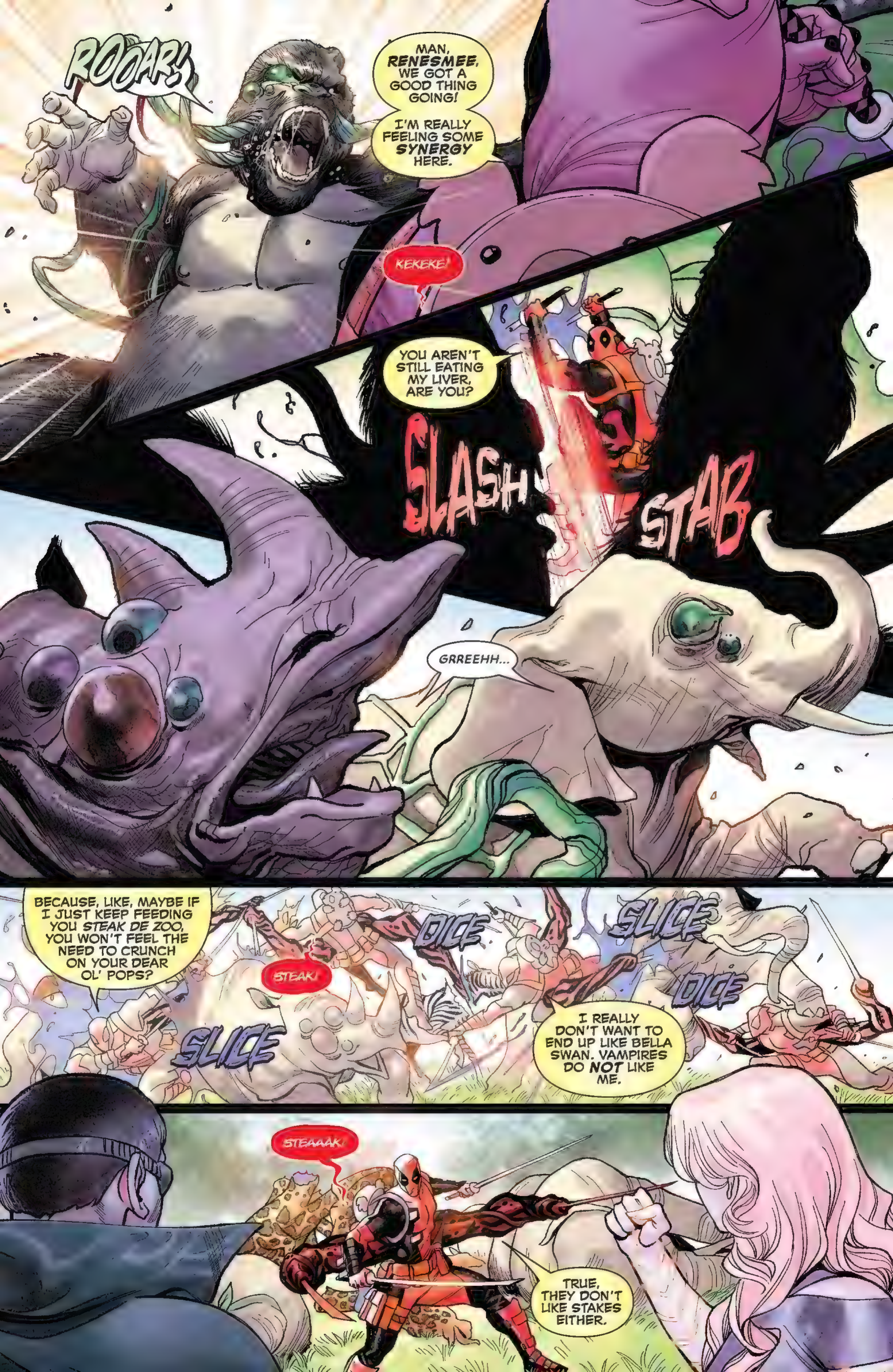

[DEADPOOL]

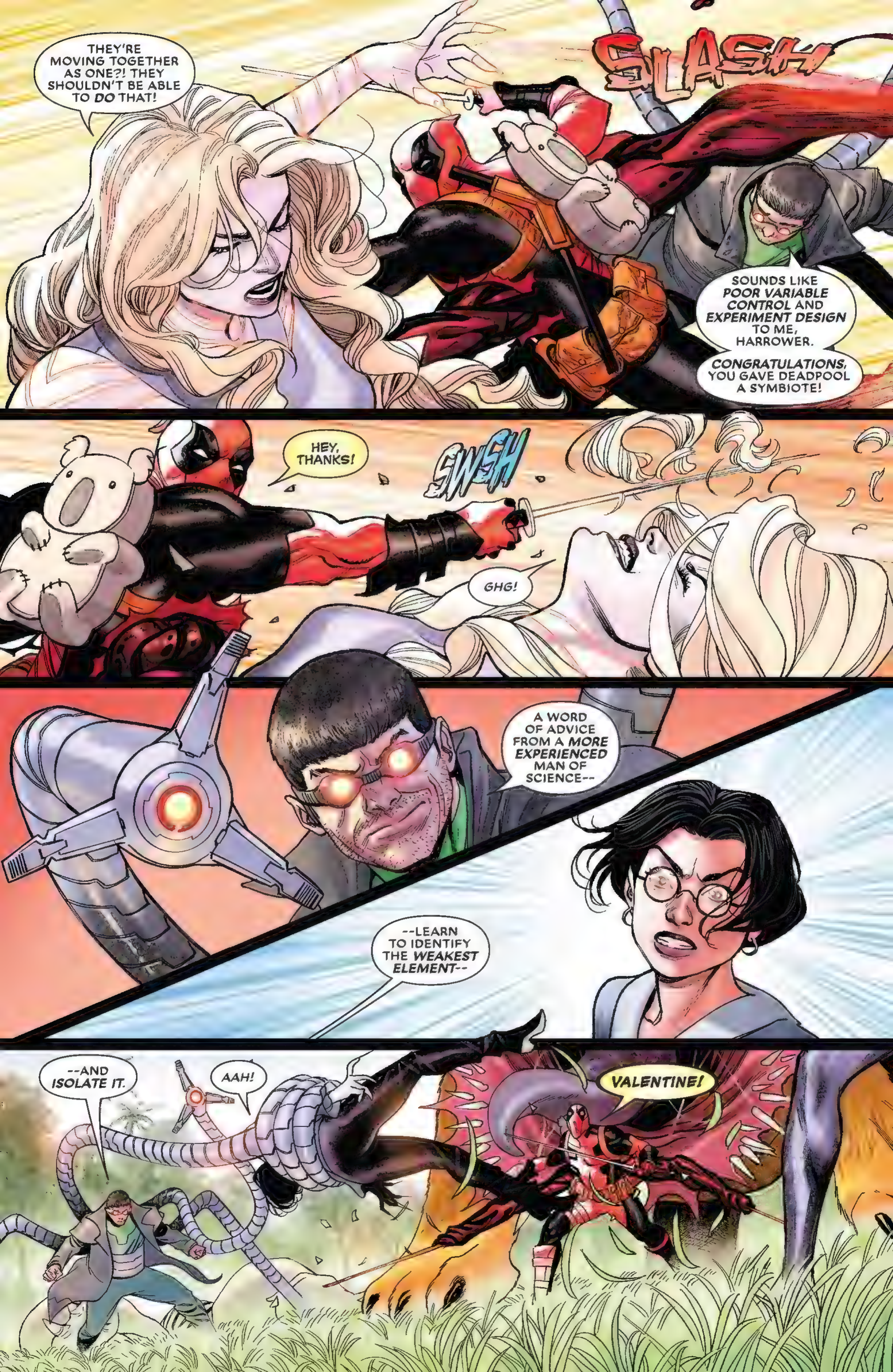

[VALENTINE VUONG]

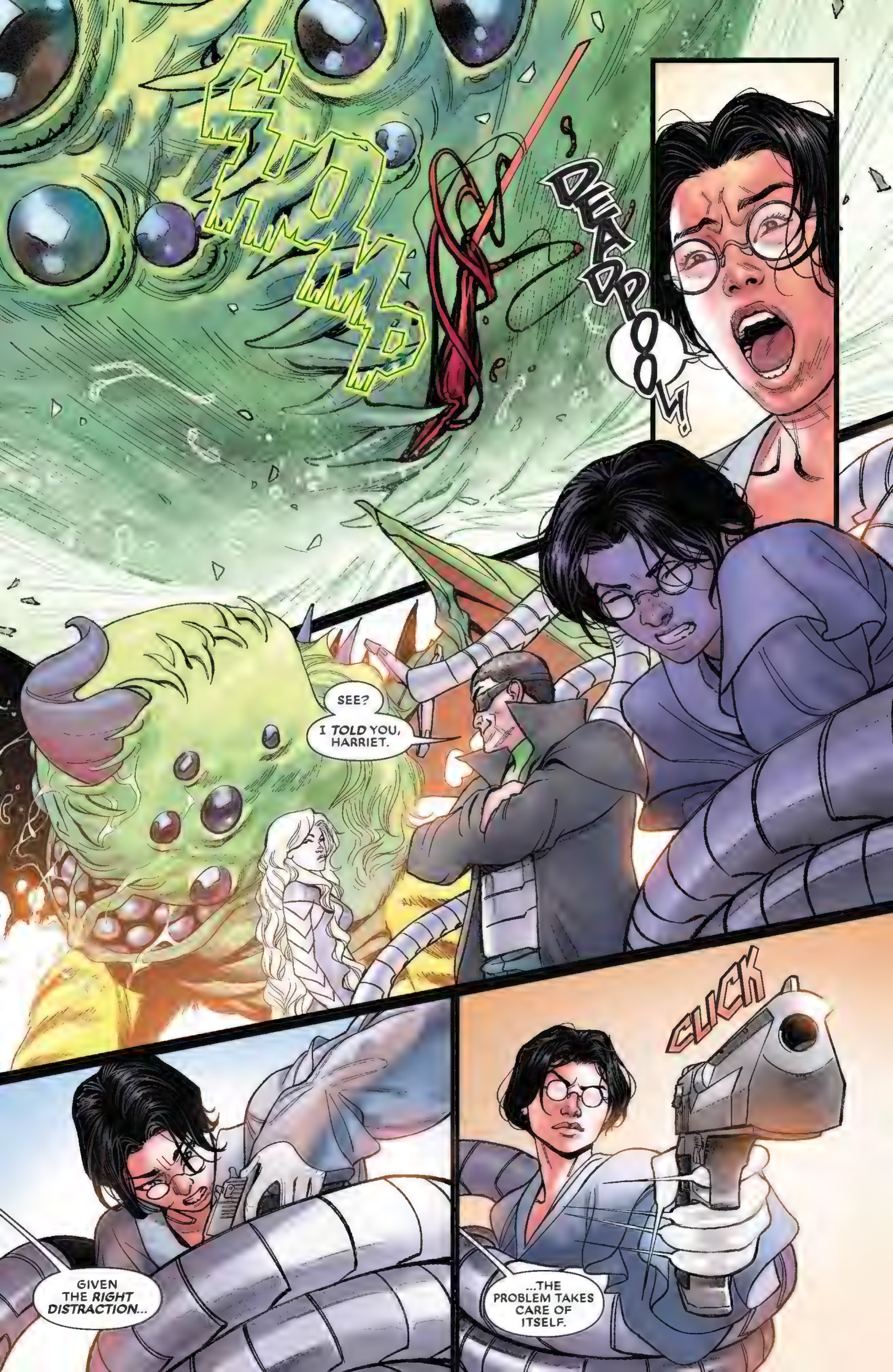

[HARROWER]

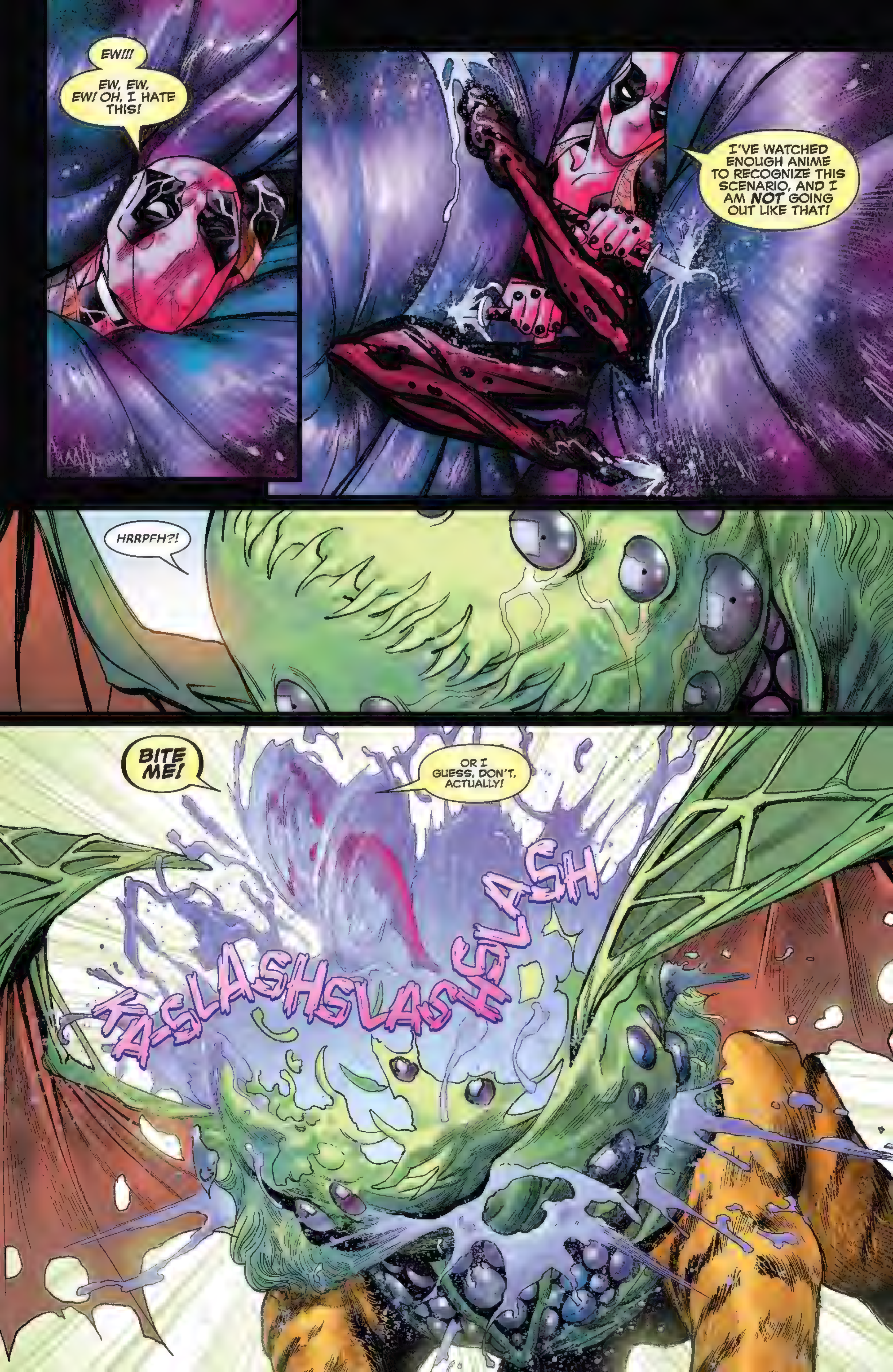

[DOCTOR OCTOPUS]

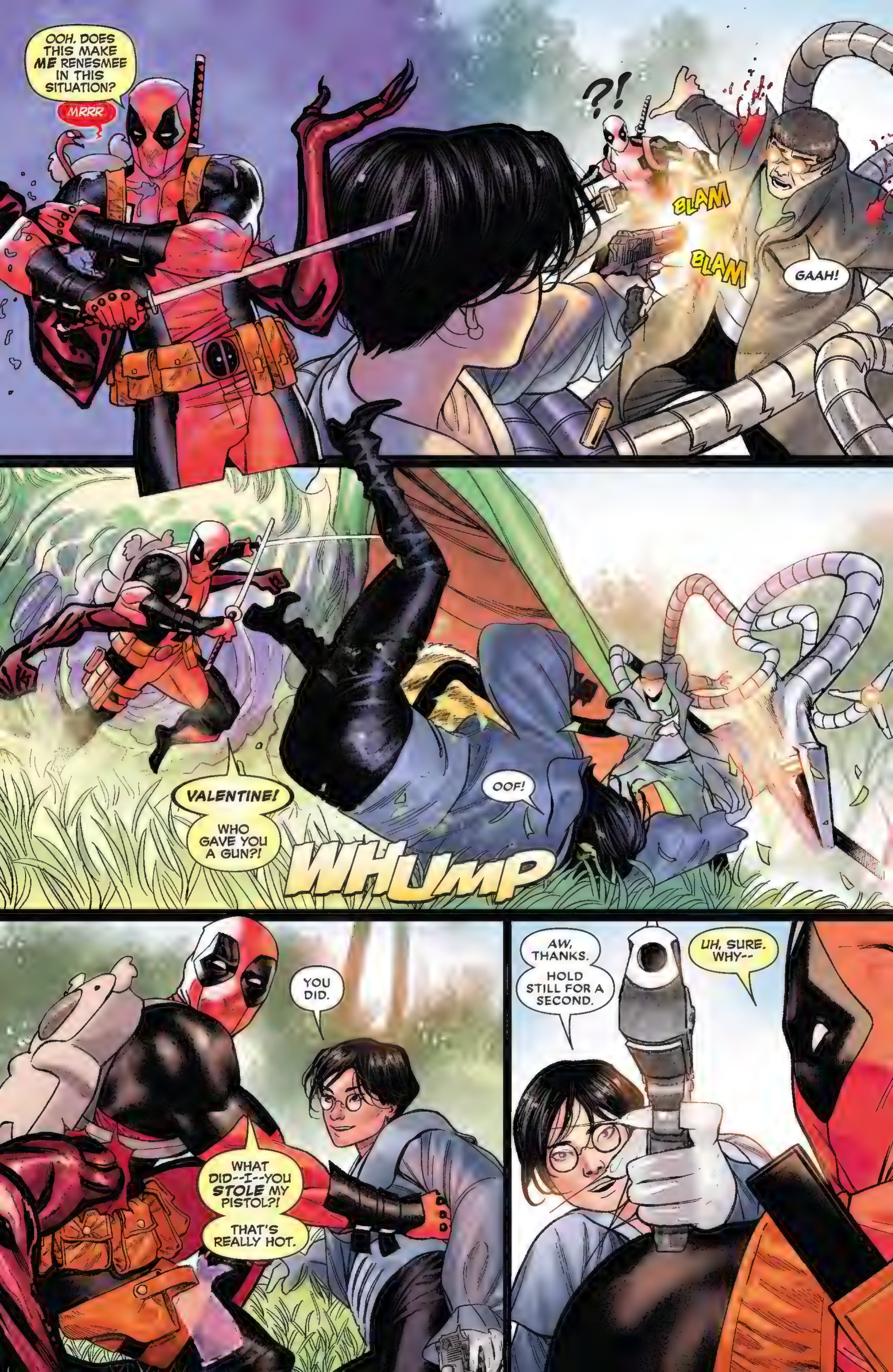

[LADY DEATHSTRIKE]

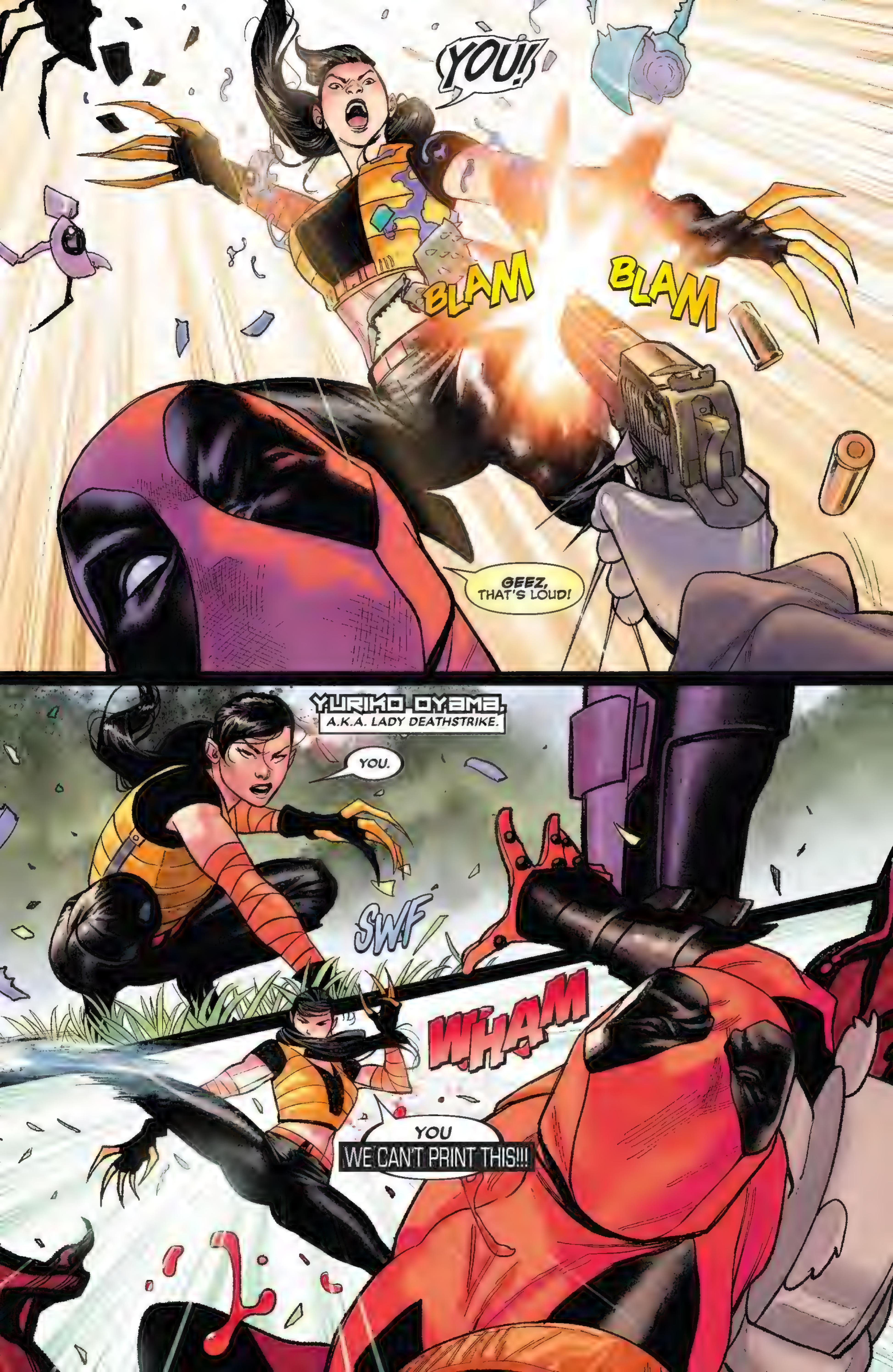

ROOAR!
MAN, RENESMEE, WE GOT A GOOD THING GOING!
I'M REALLY FEELING SOME SYNERGY HERE.
KEKEKE!
YOU AREN'T STILL EATING MY LIVER, ARE YOU?
SLASH
STAB
GRREEHH...
BECAUSE, LIKE, MAYBE IF I JUST KEEP FEEDING YOU STEAK DE ZOO, YOU WON'T FEEL THE NEED TO CRUNCH ON YOUR DEAR OL' POPS?
DICE
SLICE
STEAK!
DICE
SLICE
I REALLY DON'T WANT TO END UP LIKE BELLA SWAN. VAMPIRES DO NOT LIKE ME.
STEAAAK!
TRUE, THEY DON'T LIKE STAKES EITHER.

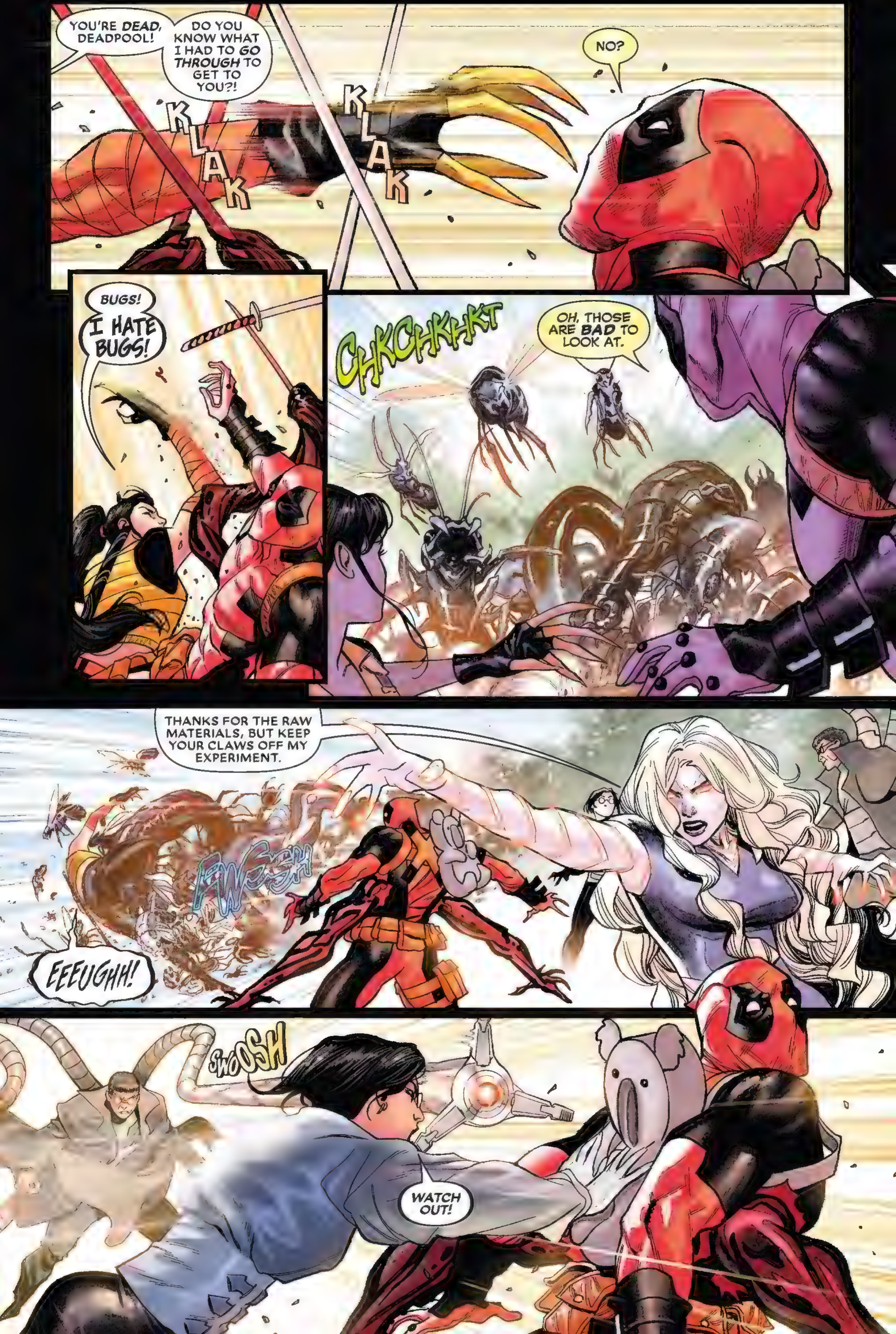

THEY'RE MOVING TOGETHER AS ONE?! THEY SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO *DO* THAT!
SLASH
SOUNDS LIKE ***POOR VARIABLE CONTROL*** AND ***EXPERIMENT DESIGN*** TO ME, HARROWER.
CONGRATULATIONS, YOU GAVE DEADPOOL A SYMBIOTE!
HEY, THANKS!
SWSH
GHG!
A WORD OF ADVICE FROM A ***MORE EXPERIENCED*** MAN OF SCIENCE--
--LEARN TO IDENTIFY THE ***WEAKEST ELEMENT***--
--AND ***ISOLATE IT.***
AAH!
VALENTINE!

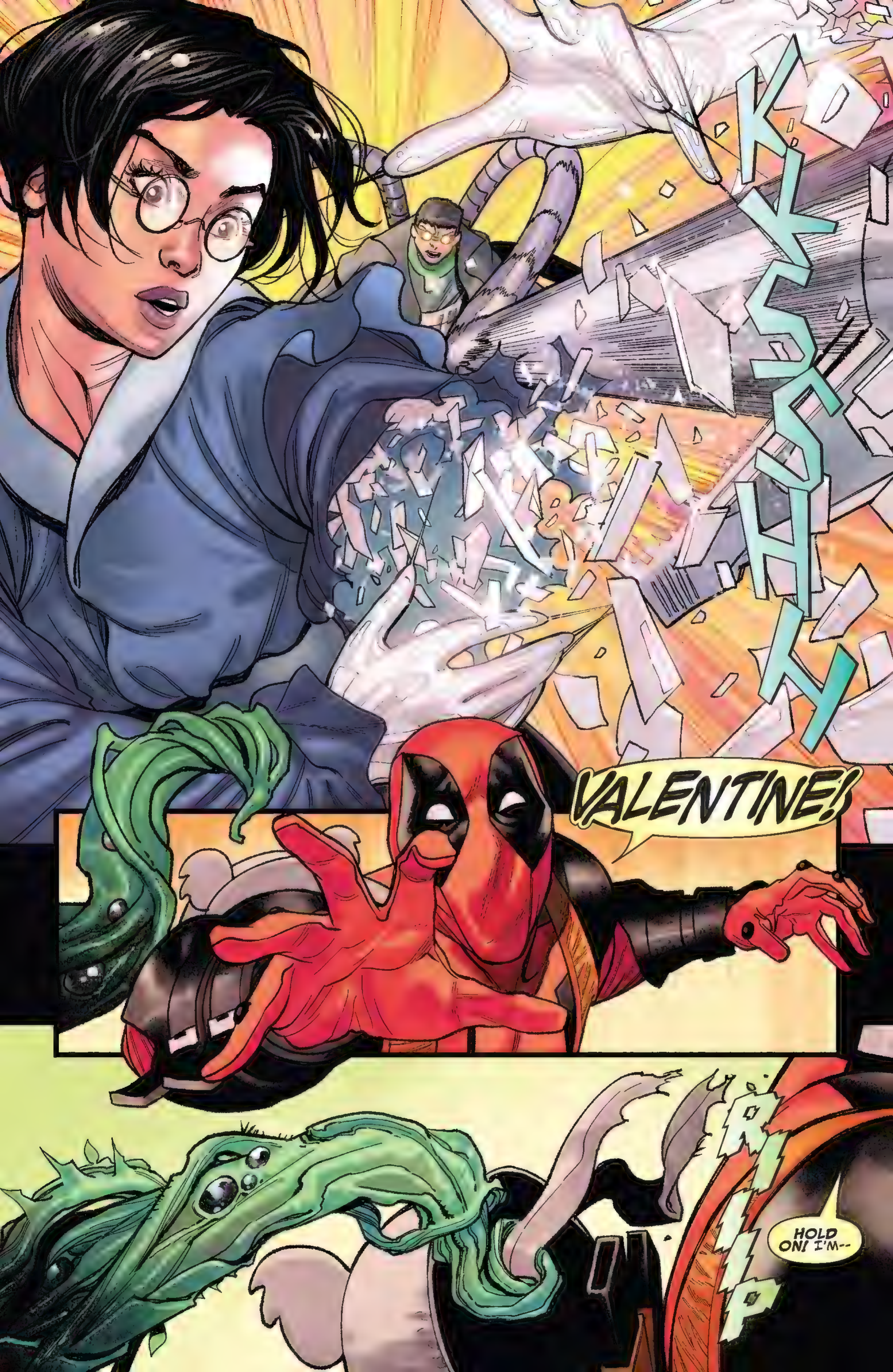

CHOMP
DEADPOOL!
SEE?
I *TOLD* YOU, HARRIET.
GIVEN THE *RIGHT* *DISTRACTION*...
CLICK
...THE PROBLEM TAKES CARE OF ITSELF.

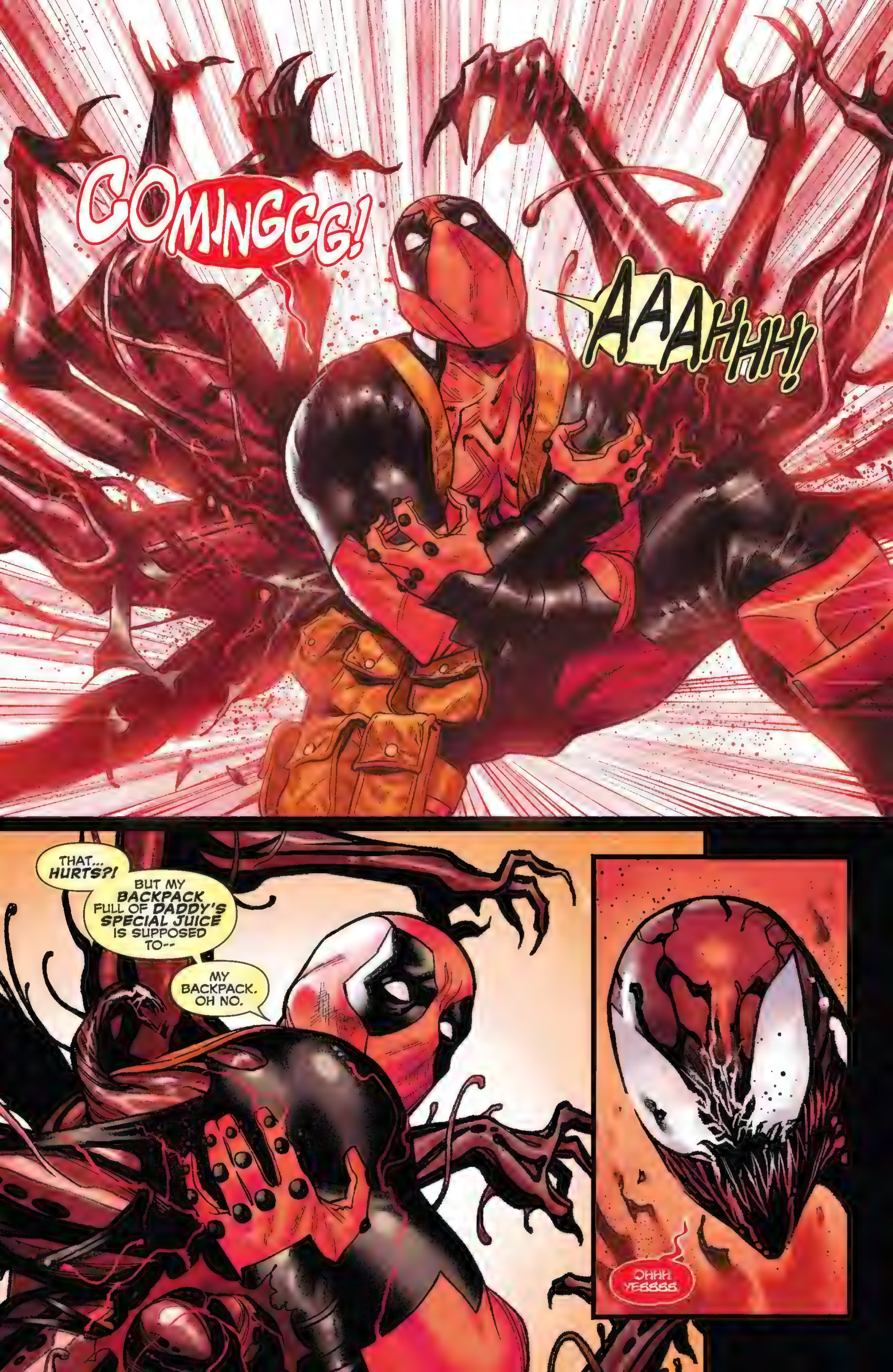

EW!!!
EW, EW, EW! OH, I HATE THIS!
I'VE WATCHED ENOUGH ANIME TO RECOGNIZE THIS SCENARIO, AND I AM **NOT** GOING OUT LIKE THAT!
HRRPFH?!
BITE ME!
OR I GUESS, DON'T, ACTUALLY!
KA-SLASHSLASHSLASH

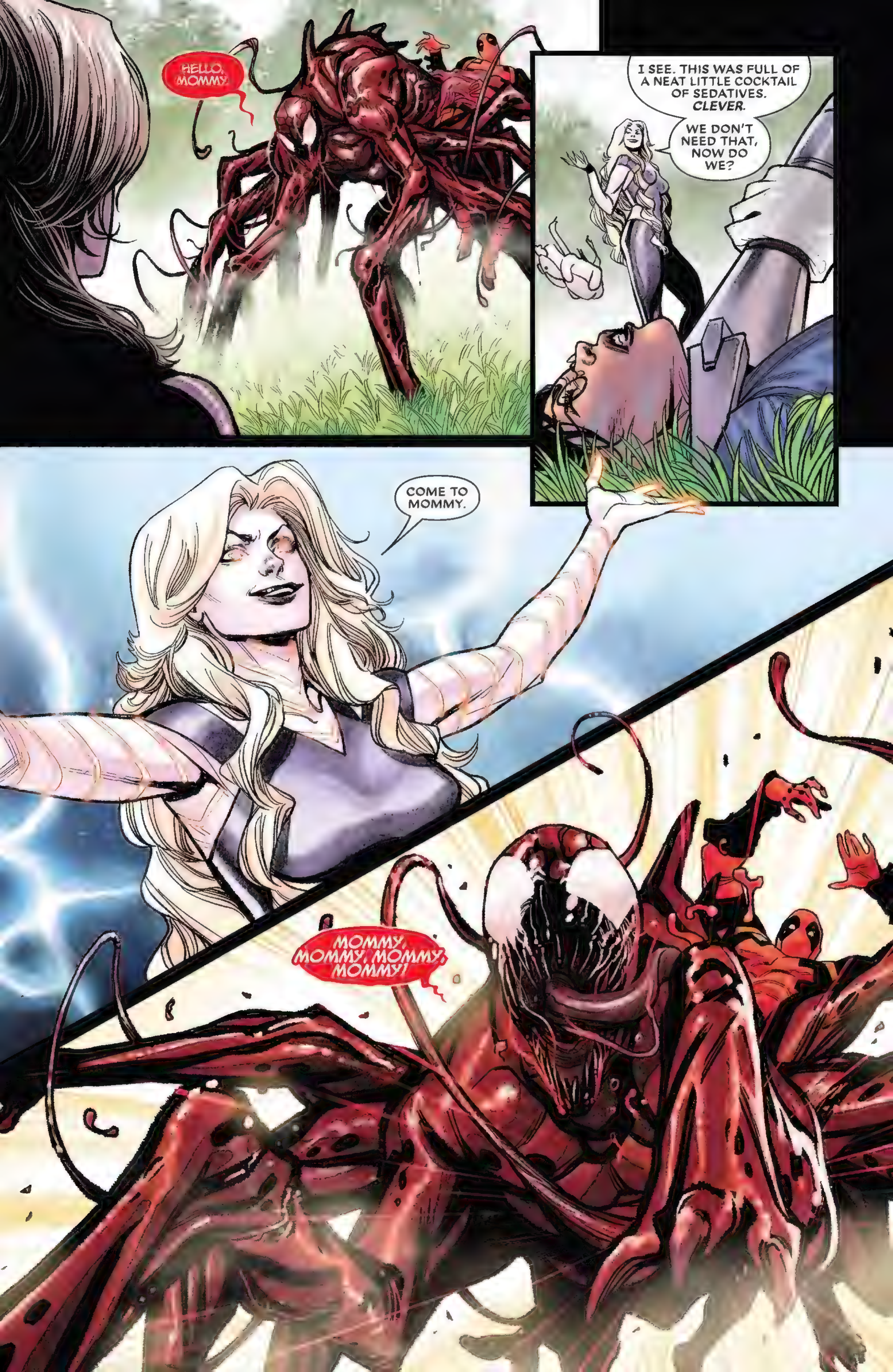

OOH. DOES THIS MAKE ME RENESMEE IN THIS SITUATION?
MRRR
?!
BLAM
BLAM
GAAH!
VALENTINE!
WHO GAVE YOU A GUN?!
OOF!
WHUMP
YOU DID.
WHAT DID--I--YOU STOLE MY PISTOL?!
THAT'S REALLY HOT.
AW, THANKS.
HOLD STILL FOR A SECOND.
UH, SURE. WHY--

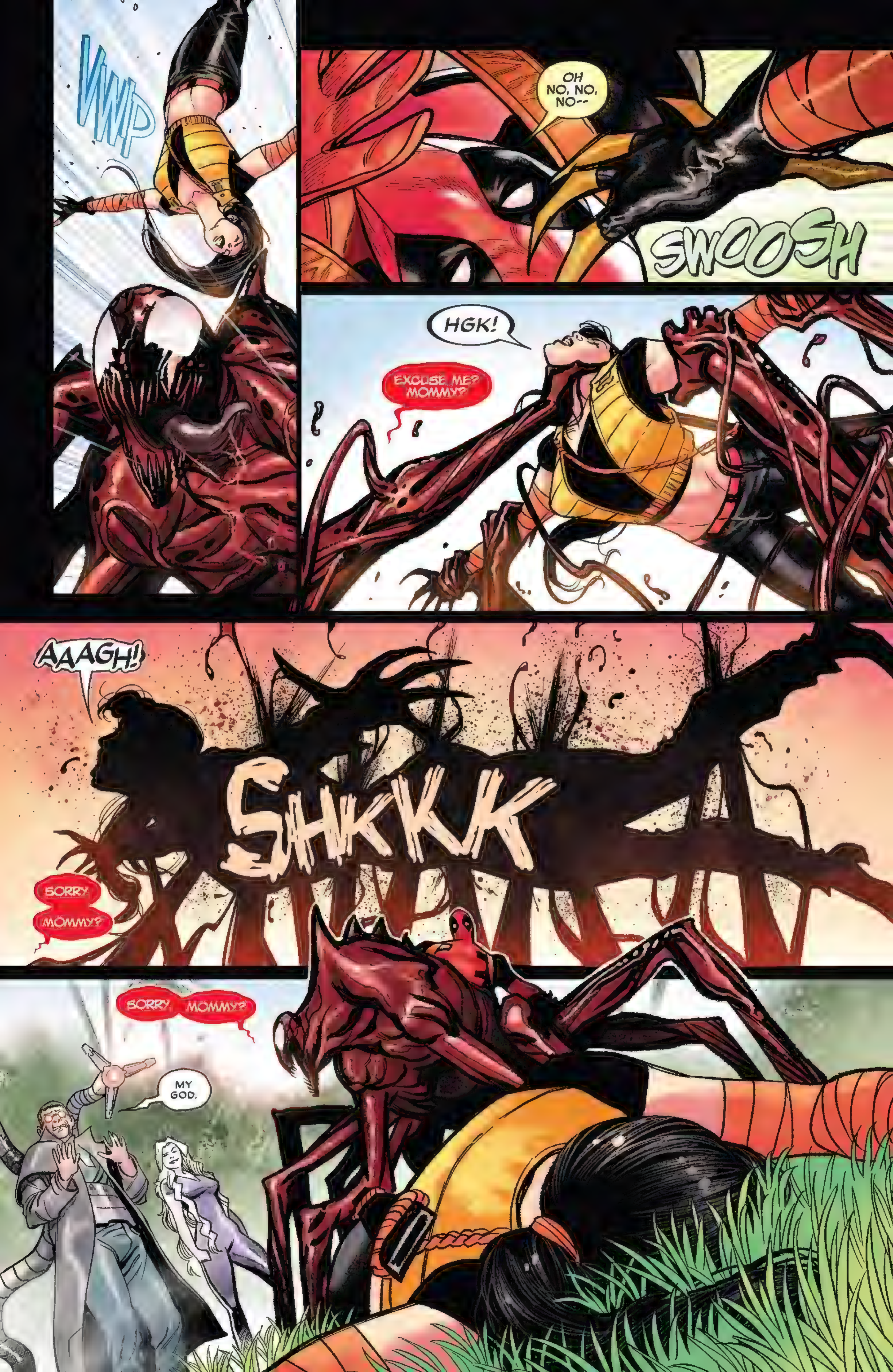

YOU!!
BLAM
BLAM
GEEZ, THAT'S LOUD!
YURIKO OYAMA,
A.K.A. LADY DEATHSTRIKE.
YOU.
SWF
WHAM
YOU
WE CAN'T PRINT THIS!!!

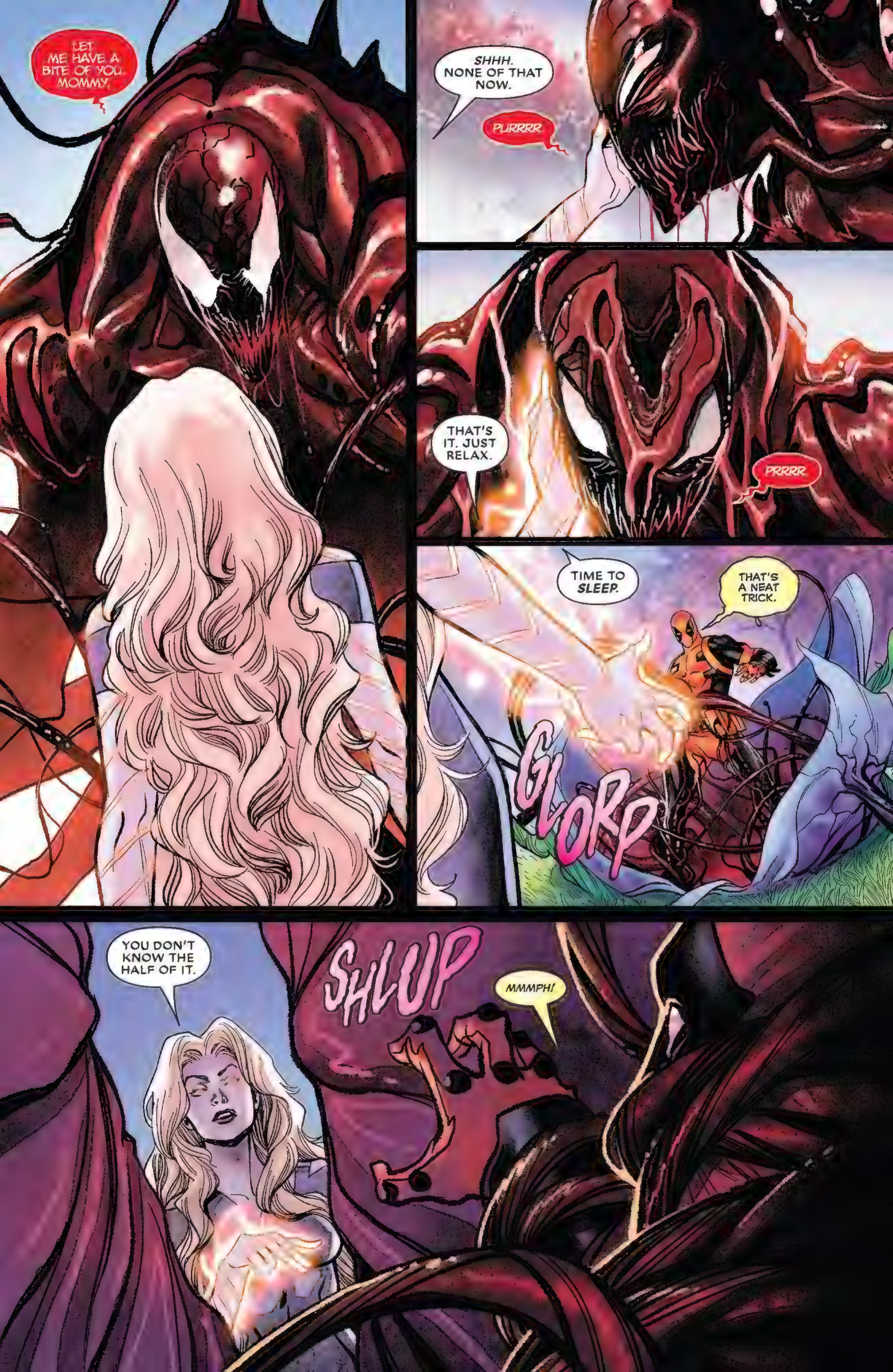

YOU'RE *DEAD*, DEADPOOL!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I HAD TO *GO THROUGH* TO GET TO YOU?!
KLAK
KLAK
NO?
BUGS!
I HATE BUGS!
CHKCHKHKT
OH, THOSE ARE *BAD* TO LOOK AT.
THANKS FOR THE RAW MATERIALS, BUT KEEP YOUR CLAWS OFF MY EXPERIMENT.
FWSSH
EEEUGHH!
SWOOSH
WATCH OUT!

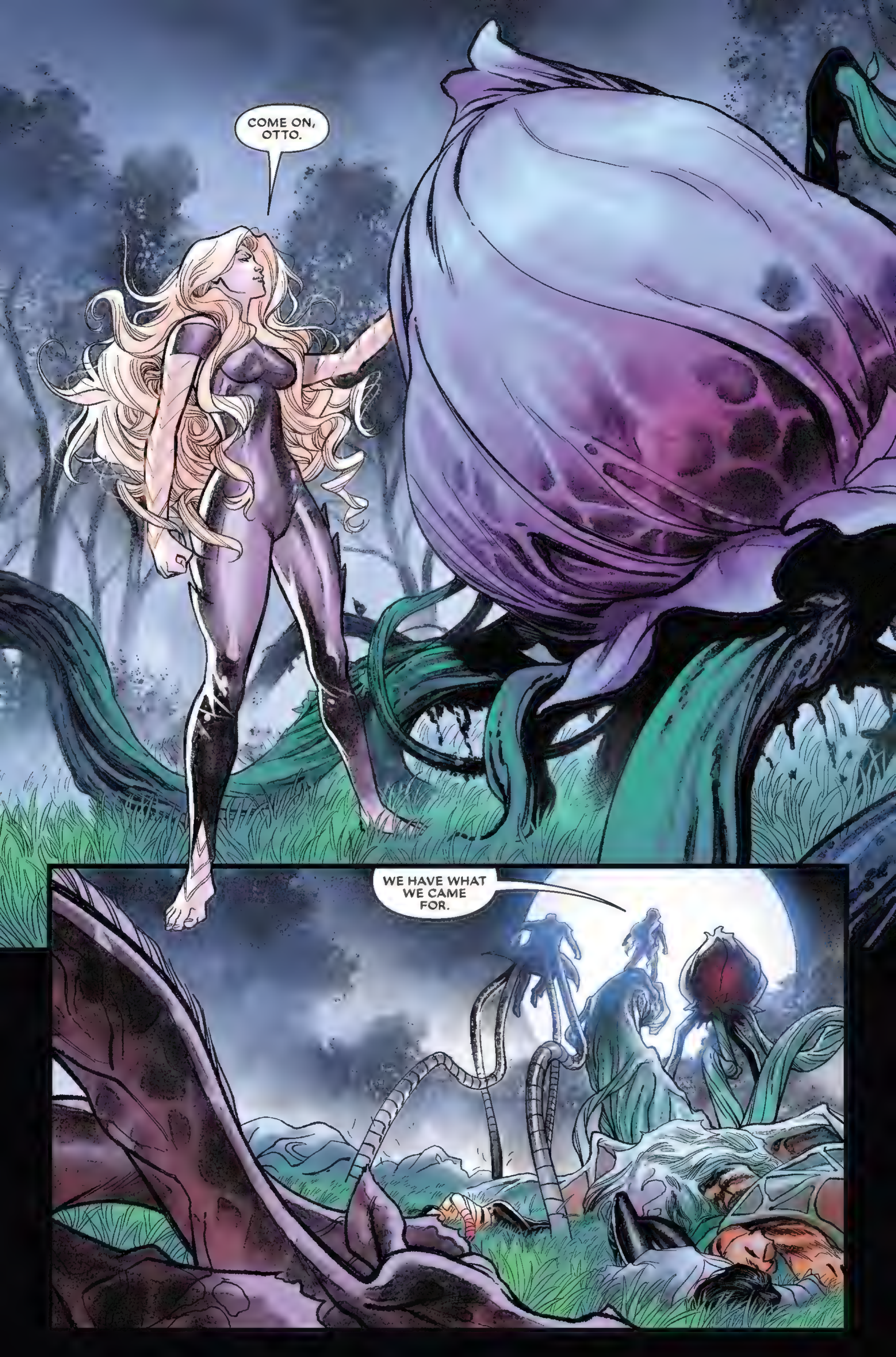

KKSSHHH
VALENTINE!
RIIP
HOLD ON! I'M--

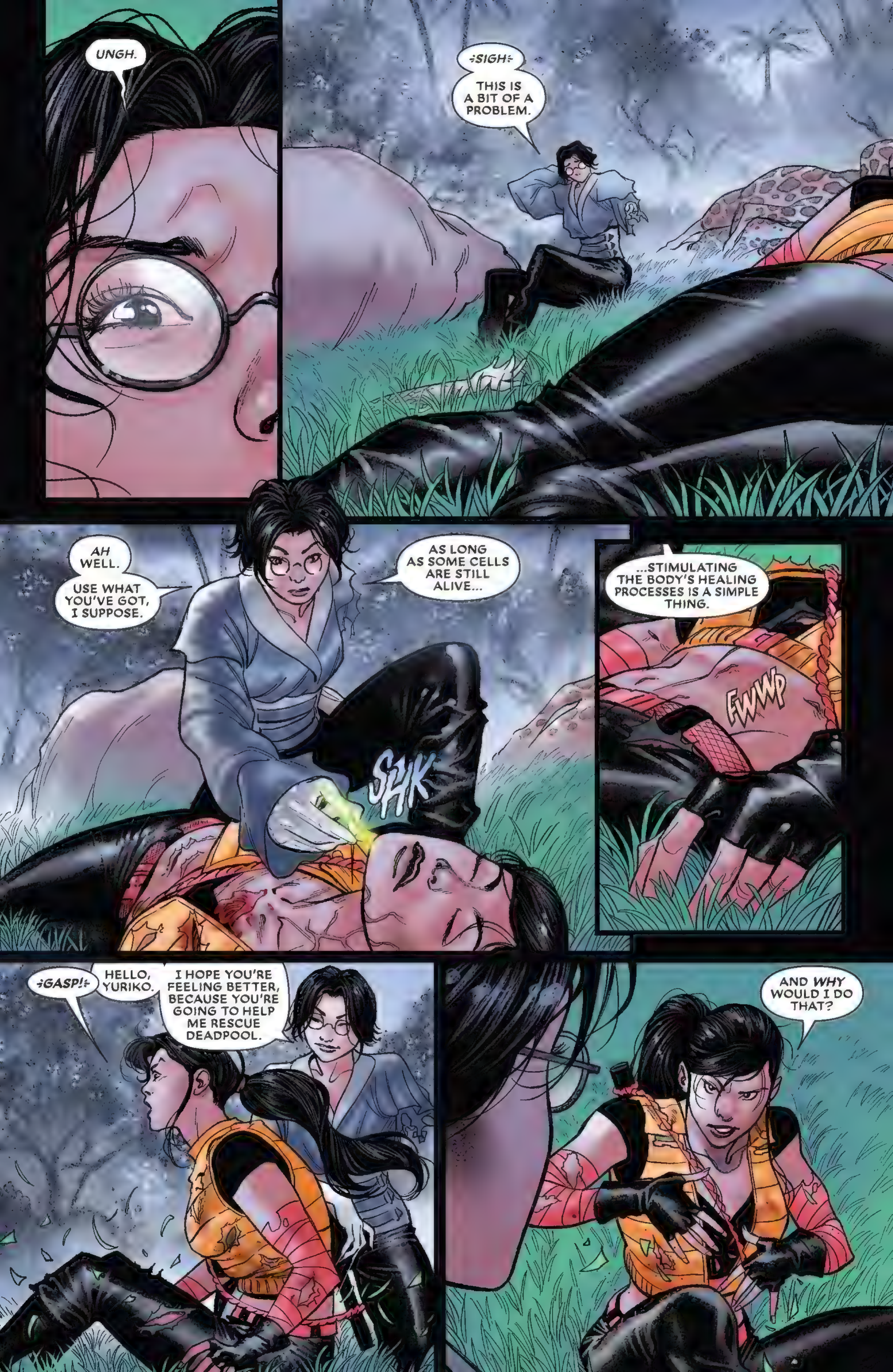

COMINGGG!
AAAHHH!
THAT... HURTS?!
BUT MY BACKPACK FULL OF DADDY'S SPECIAL JUICE IS SUPPOSED TO--
MY BACKPACK. OH NO.
OHHH YESSSS.

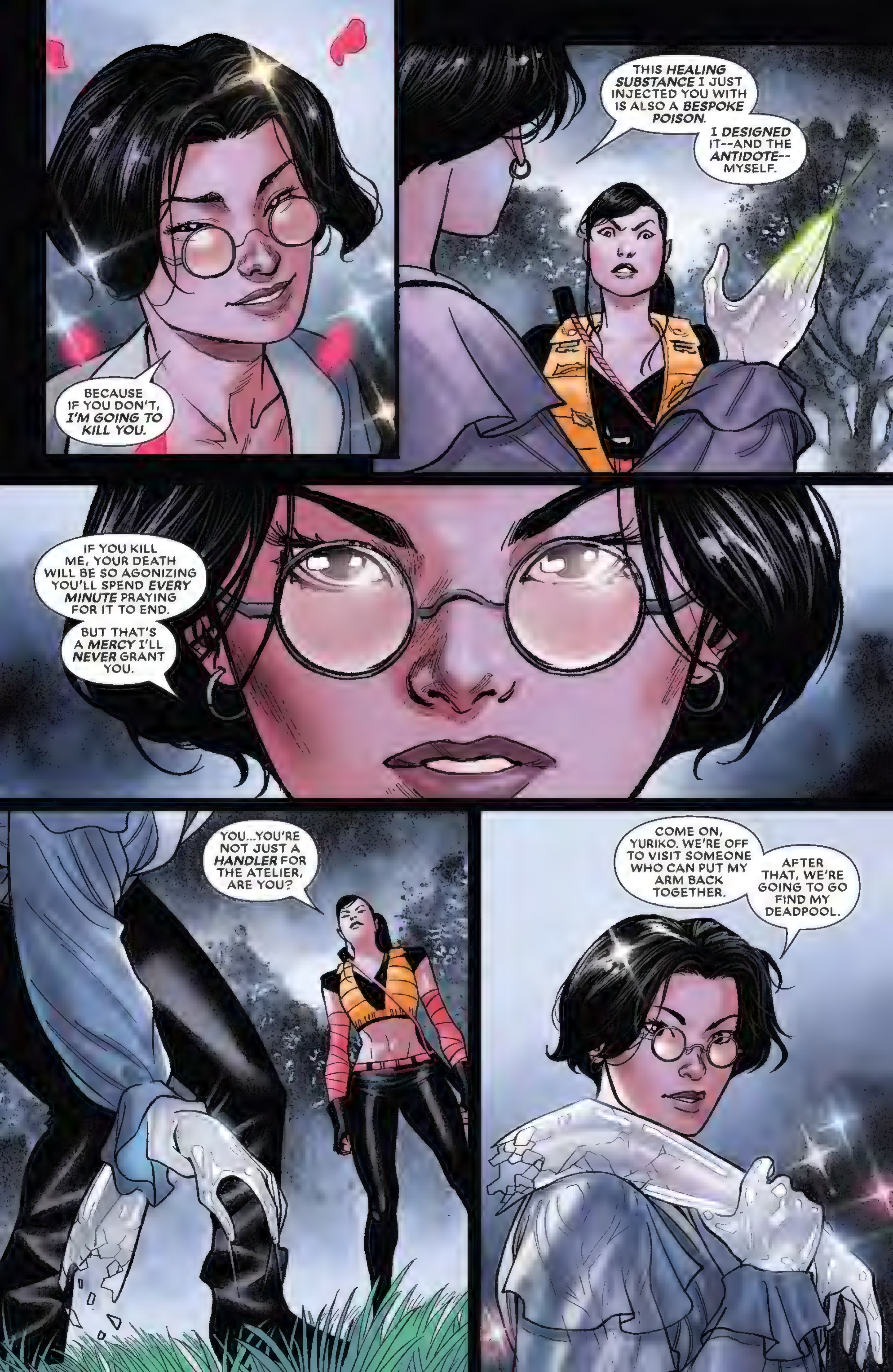

HELLO, MOMMY.
I SEE. THIS WAS FULL OF A NEAT LITTLE COCKTAIL OF SEDATIVES. *CLEVER.*
WE DON'T NEED THAT, NOW DO WE?
COME TO MOMMY.
MOMMY, MOMMY, MOMMY, MOMMY!

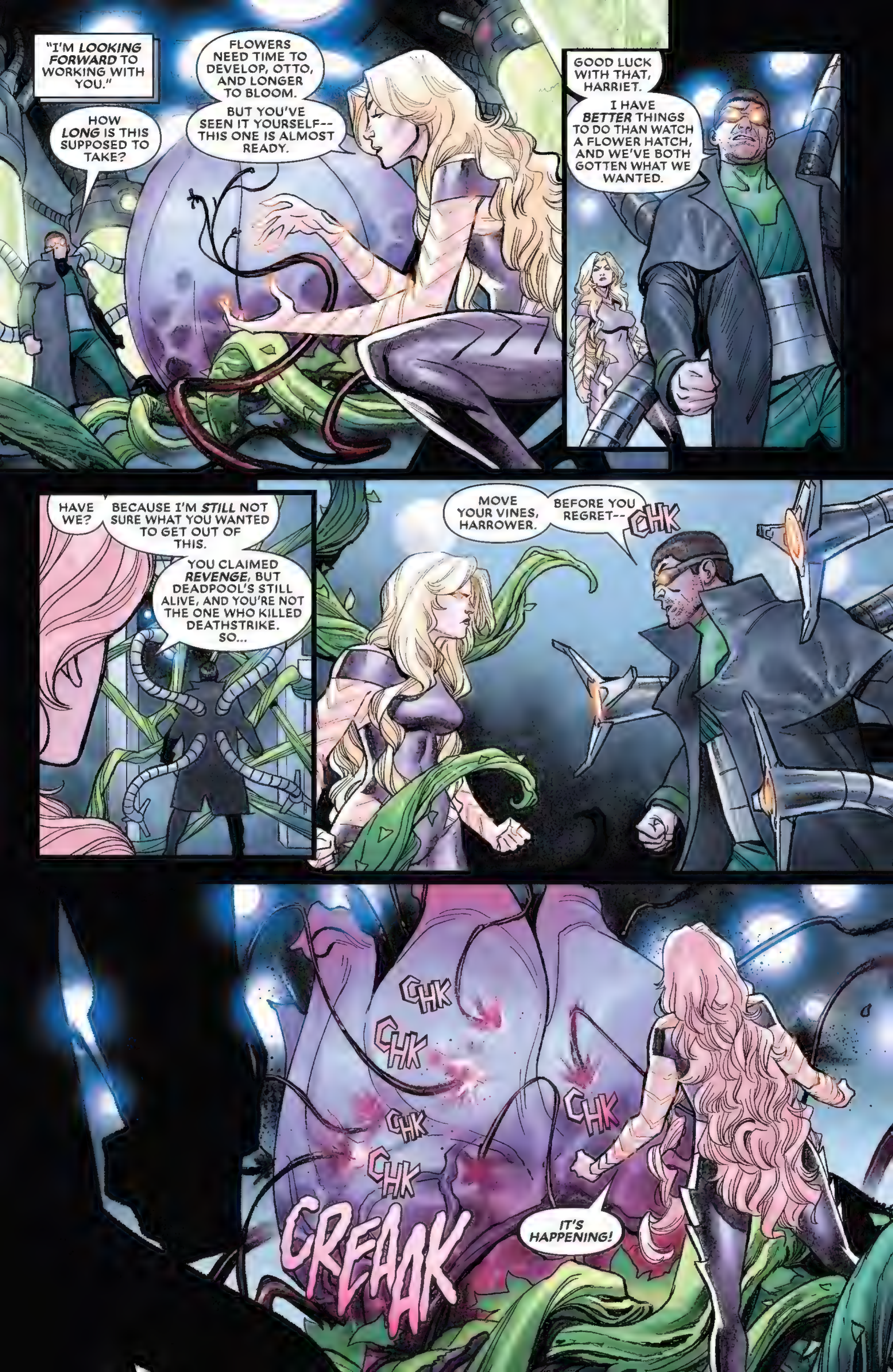

VWP
OH NO, NO, NO--
SWOOSH
HGK!
EXCUSE ME? MOMMY?
AAAGH!
SHKKK
SORRY
MOMMY?
SORRY
MOMMY?
MY GOD.

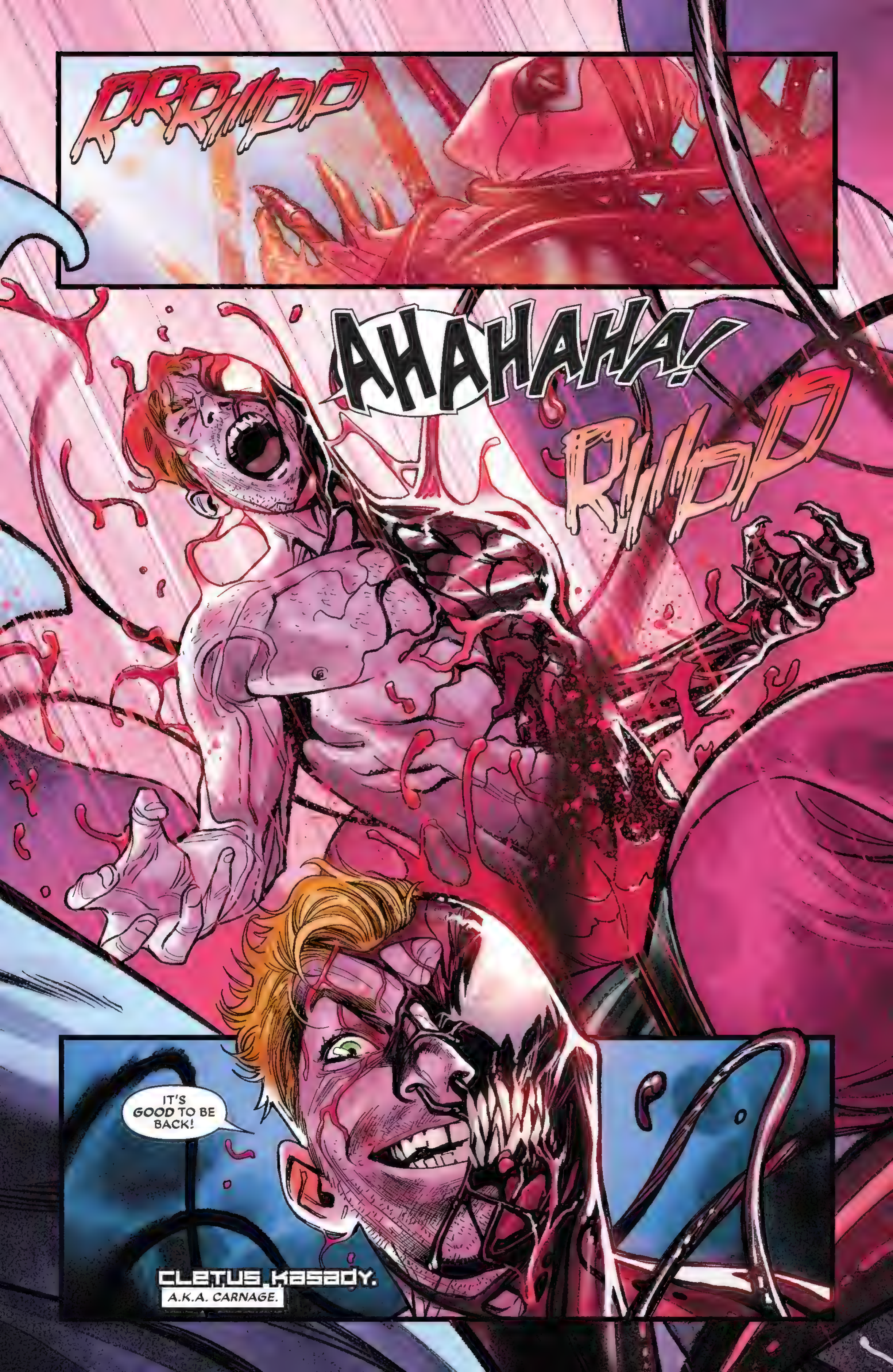

LET ME HAVE A BITE OF YOU, MOMMY.
SHHH. NONE OF THAT NOW.
PURRRR
THAT'S IT. JUST RELAX.
PRRRR
TIME TO *SLEEP.*
THAT'S A NEAT TRICK.
GLORP
YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT.
SHLUP
MMMPH!


COME ON, OTTO.
WE HAVE WHAT WE CAME FOR.


UNGH.
�| SIGH ⁄
THIS IS A BIT OF A PROBLEM.
AH WELL.
USE WHAT YOU'VE GOT, I SUPPOSE.
AS LONG AS SOME CELLS ARE STILL ALIVE...
SHK
...STIMULATING THE BODY'S HEALING PROCESSES IS A SIMPLE THING.
FWWP
GASP!
HELLO, YURIKO.
I HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER, BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME RESCUE DEADPOOL.
AND WHY WOULD I DO THAT?


BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T, *I'M GOING TO KILL YOU.*
THIS *HEALING SUBSTANCE* I JUST INJECTED YOU WITH IS ALSO A *BESPOKE POISON.*
I *DESIGNED* IT--AND THE *ANTIDOTE*--MYSELF.
IF YOU KILL ME, YOUR DEATH WILL BE SO AGONIZING YOU'LL SPEND *EVERY MINUTE* PRAYING FOR IT TO END.
BUT THAT'S A *MERCY* I'LL *NEVER* GRANT YOU.
YOU...YOU'RE NOT JUST A *HANDLER* FOR THE ATELIER, ARE YOU?
COME ON, YURIKO. WE'RE OFF TO VISIT SOMEONE WHO CAN PUT MY ARM BACK TOGETHER.
AFTER THAT, WE'RE GOING TO GO FIND MY DEADPOOL.


"I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO WORKING WITH YOU."
HOW LONG IS THIS SUPPOSED TO TAKE?
FLOWERS NEED TIME TO DEVELOP, OTTO, AND LONGER TO BLOOM.
BUT YOU'VE SEEN IT YOURSELF-- THIS ONE IS ALMOST READY.
GOOD LUCK WITH THAT, HARRIET.
I HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN WATCH A FLOWER HATCH, AND WE'VE BOTH GOTTEN WHAT WE WANTED.
HAVE WE?
BECAUSE I'M STILL NOT SURE WHAT YOU WANTED TO GET OUT OF THIS.
YOU CLAIMED REVENGE, BUT DEADPOOL'S STILL ALIVE, AND YOU'RE NOT THE ONE WHO KILLED DEATHSTRIKE. SO...
MOVE YOUR VINES, HARROWER.
BEFORE YOU REGRET--
CHK
CHK
CHK
CHK
CHK
CHK
CREAAK
IT'S HAPPENING!


RRRIIIPP
AHAHAHA!
RIIIPP
IT'S *GOOD* TO BE BACK!
CLETUS KASADY.
A.K.A. CARNAGE.

NAME: VALENTINE VUONG
ALIAS: [redacted]
AGE: [redacted]
NATIONALITY: AMERICAN
AFFILIATION: THE ATELIER
MUTANT STATUS: Y

I don't understand how we know so little about this person. I've found a dozen different stories, but none of them add up. A dozen names, but "Valentine Vuong" is the most common among them.

Born in Oakland. Boston. Tucson. Minneapolis. Atlanta.

College educated. Holds a PhD. No college education on record.

Youngest of eight siblings. Only child. Middle of four adopted children.

Our only verifiable information is their affiliation with the Atelier and their confirmed mutant status. As far as I can tell, they've never been to Krakoa (or perhaps just *"Valentine Vuong"* has never been to Krakoa). There's so much info available, and it tells us **nothing**. It's driving me mad.

I'll keep looking into this person. The gates to Krakoa are open to all mutants, but I have a bad feeling about this one.

-- Sage

[Item.. .. ..[X]
[Form. .. . . . .[List]

POTENTIAL SYMBIOTE NAMES:

~~RENESMEE~~ — I DON'T WANNA GET SUED BY THE TWILIGHT LADY

BABY WADE — IT'S GOT POTENTIAL

~~WADE JR.~~ — NAH, I SHOULD PROBABLY SAVE THAT FOR AN ACTUAL KID (UNLESS THAT'S TACKY?)

~~WAFFLES~~ — ~~CUTE~~ — TOO CUTE?

~~OPHELIA~~ — GOOD, BUT FEELS LIKE BAD LUCK TO NAME SOMETHING AFTER A DROWNED GIRL

HAMLET — NO

RIDLEY — NOT BAD

RENESMEE — IT'S GROWING ON ME

~~CARNEY???~~ — ABSOLUTELY NOT

~~COCO~~ — EVERYONE'S DOG IS NAMED COCO, SO NONO

~~RAMEN~~ — I MIGHT JUST BE HUNGRY

PRINCESS — ???

~~DIAMOND~~ — NOT FEELING IT

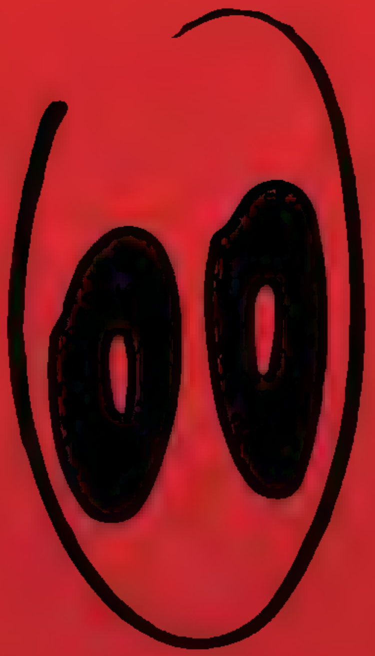
~~CHERRY~~ — ~~KINDA CUTE?~~ — NO, THIS ONE IS BAD TOO

[subj . .symbiote_names]
[author . ... .Deadpool]

Martin Coccolo

[X-DP05]

Chapter 05



Render Reveal Party

5

HEY, DEADPOOL.
VALENTINE! YOU'RE NOT DEAD! I MEAN, I'M GLAD YOU'RE NOT DEAD!
I MEAN, YOU LOOK GREAT!
SICKENINGLY SWEET.
FWP
AW, HARROWER, YOU JUST WISH YOU HAD WHAT WE HAVE.
DEADPOOL, CATCH!
PAP
OOH, I LOVE PRESENTS!
WHAT ARE THESE? HOME-MADE CHEMICAL GRENADES?
KIND OF?
FIRE'S NOT REALLY A CHEMICAL, PER SE, BUT... YEAH?
SHK
HSSSSS
REEEIIIH!

YOU ALWAYS KNOW WHAT TO GET ME. GO LONG, JERKS!
RRUF!
RENESMEE! NO! I CAN'T LEAVE MY DOG BEHIND!
KKRSH
NO!
"I'M SORRY, DEADPOOL!
FWWSHH
"IT'S TOO LATE."

KABOOOM
MAN, THIS FEELS LIKE A CLASSIC GENDER REVEAL PARTY.
FLAMES, WANTON DESTRUCTION, THE *WHOLE SHEBANG.*
IN THIS CASE, I FEEL LIKE THE SMOKE SHOULD BE *RED.*
I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR DOG.
ME TOO.
I ONLY HAD IT FOR, LIKE, FIFTEEN MINUTES, BUT I LOVED IT.
MRRROO?

DOG!
YOU'RE ALIVE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD, PRETTY GIRL!
I'M GOING TO NAME YOU PRINCESS.
WHAT HAPPENED TO RENESMEE?
EH, IT DIDN'T REALLY FIT. AND I DON'T WANT TO GET SUED.
TELL YOUR PRINCESS TO PUT ME DOWN.
AND YOU OWE ME A SHOT OF ANTIDOTE SO YOUR POISON DOESN'T KILL ME.
OH, ABOUT THAT.
I LIED. THERE WAS NEVER ANY POISON IN THAT SHOT.
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!
YOU THREATENED TO POISON SOMEONE FOR ME? THAT'S SO SWEET!
I DIDN'T ACTUALLY POISON HER THOUGH.
MOSTLY.

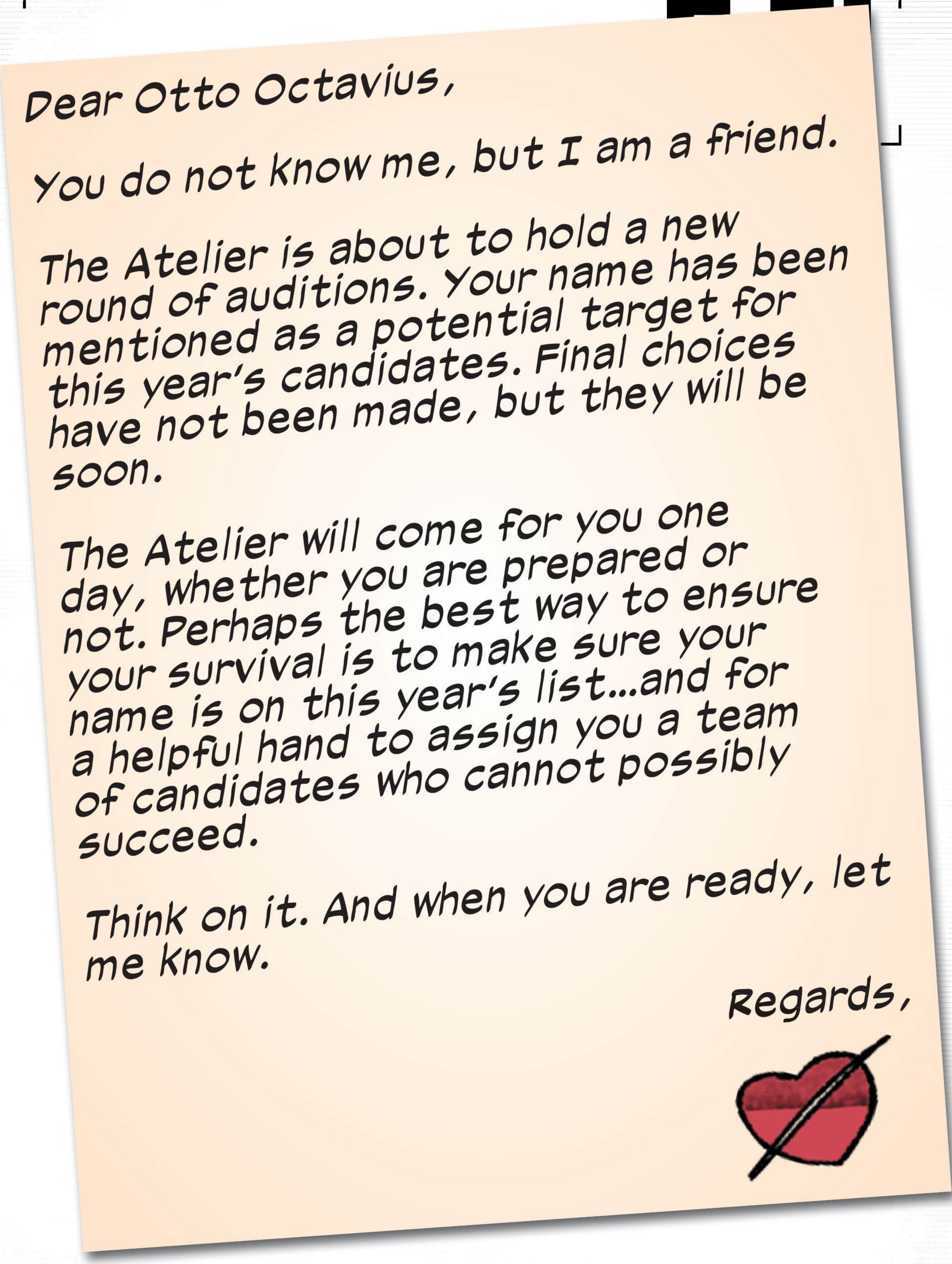
IT'S THE **THOUGHT** THAT COUNTS.
UGH.
I'VE BEEN **PLAYED** BY SEVERAL PEOPLE SEVERAL TIMES IN THE PAST FEW DAYS.
STABBED BY A **SYMBIOTE**, **ALMOST BLOWN UP** IN A LAB AND **SLOBBERED ON** BY A **DIFFERENT SYMBIOTE**.
AND NOW I HAVE TO WATCH **DEADPOOL** SLOBBER ON SOMEONE?
JUST END ME NOW.
SLUUURP!
GGEH!
SO, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO NOW?
I'M THINKING SOME BREAKFAST. **EGGS AND BACON**, MAYBE.
UGH.
AND THEN A BOTTLE OF **MIGRAINE-STRENGTH PAINKILLERS** AND SOME **MEDICAL SUTURES** FOR DESSERT.
I CAN MAKE THAT HAPPEN.

HHSSS
WELL.
THAT COULD HAVE GONE BETTER.
BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE.
BEEP
BEGIN NEW RECORDING. HARRIET BROMES, *PROJECT DEADPOOL.*
PROOF OF CONCEPT ACHIEVED. UNFORTUNATELY, TWO SPECIMENS WERE LOST TODAY, INCLUDING THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE.
HOWEVER.
I STILL HAVE SEVERAL SPECIMENS AT MY DISPOSAL...
...INCLUDING SOME *STILL CURRENTLY IMPLANTED* IN DEADPOOL.
IN TIME, WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY'LL BECOME?

DOC OCK'S LAB.
A SHORT WHILE LATER.
SZZZT
DING-DONG!
PACKAGE DELIVERED.
A PACKAGE?
AH, THERE YOU ARE.
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.
Dear Otto Octavius,
Thank you for holding up your end of the bargain.
ALWAYS NICE TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU...
"...VALENTINE."

WE HAVE A *PROBLEM.*
I'VE HAD MY SUSPICIONS FOR SOME TIME, BUT RECENT EVENTS HAVE CONFIRMED THEM.
YOUR FELLOW AGENT VALENTINE HAS BEEN ***COMPROMISED.*** AND FOR ***DEADPOOL,*** OF ALL PEOPLE.
ALL OF YOU MAY NOW MAKE YOUR PLAY.
WHAT? YOU PROMISED IT WOULD BE ***MY*** TURN NEXT, EMPEROR.
YOU'RE GOING TO LET ***THEM*** MUSCLE IN ON MY ACTION?
CRY ME A RIVER, ***DROP.***
I WILL ***PULL YOU OUT OF THE AIR*** AND ***GRIND*** YOU INTO FAIRY DUST, ***ASTER.***
I'LL ***RIP OUT YOUR TONGUE*** AND MAKE YOU ***EAT*** IT, PRETTY BOY.
ENOUGH, CHILDREN. YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS.
FIND DEADPOOL. FIND VALENTINE.
AND WHEN YOU DO...

"...KILL THEM BOTH."
MARTÍN CÓCCOLO '23



Dear Otto Octavius,

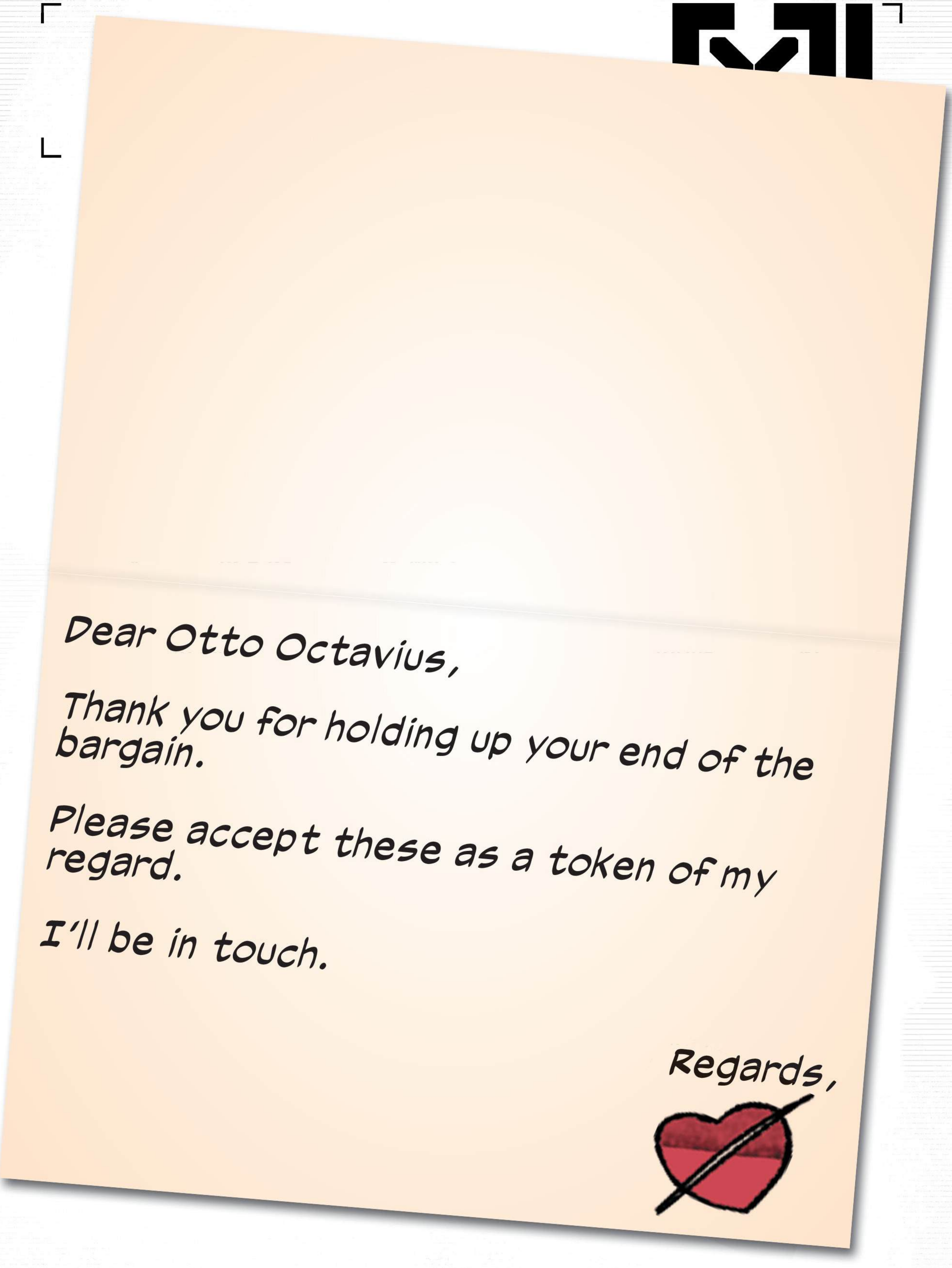
You do not know me, but I am a friend.

The Atelier is about to hold a new round of auditions. Your name has been mentioned as a potential target for this year's candidates. Final choices have not been made, but they will be soon.

The Atelier will come for you one day, whether you are prepared or not. Perhaps the best way to ensure your survival is to make sure your name is on this year's list...and for a helpful hand to assign you a team of candidates who cannot possibly succeed.

Think on it. And when you are ready, let me know.

Regards,



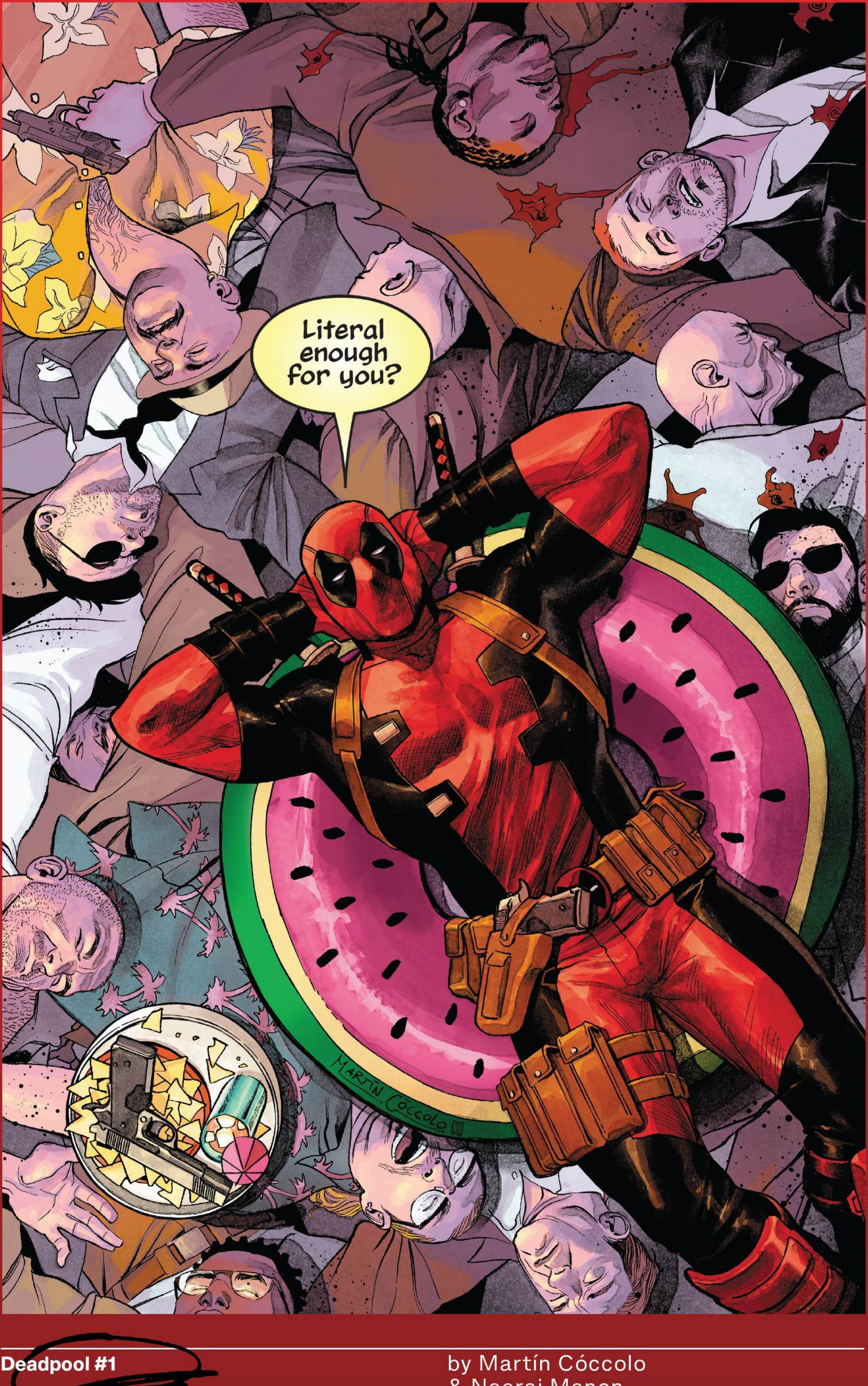
Dear Otto Octavius,

Thank you for holding up your end of the bargain.

Please accept these as a token of my regard.

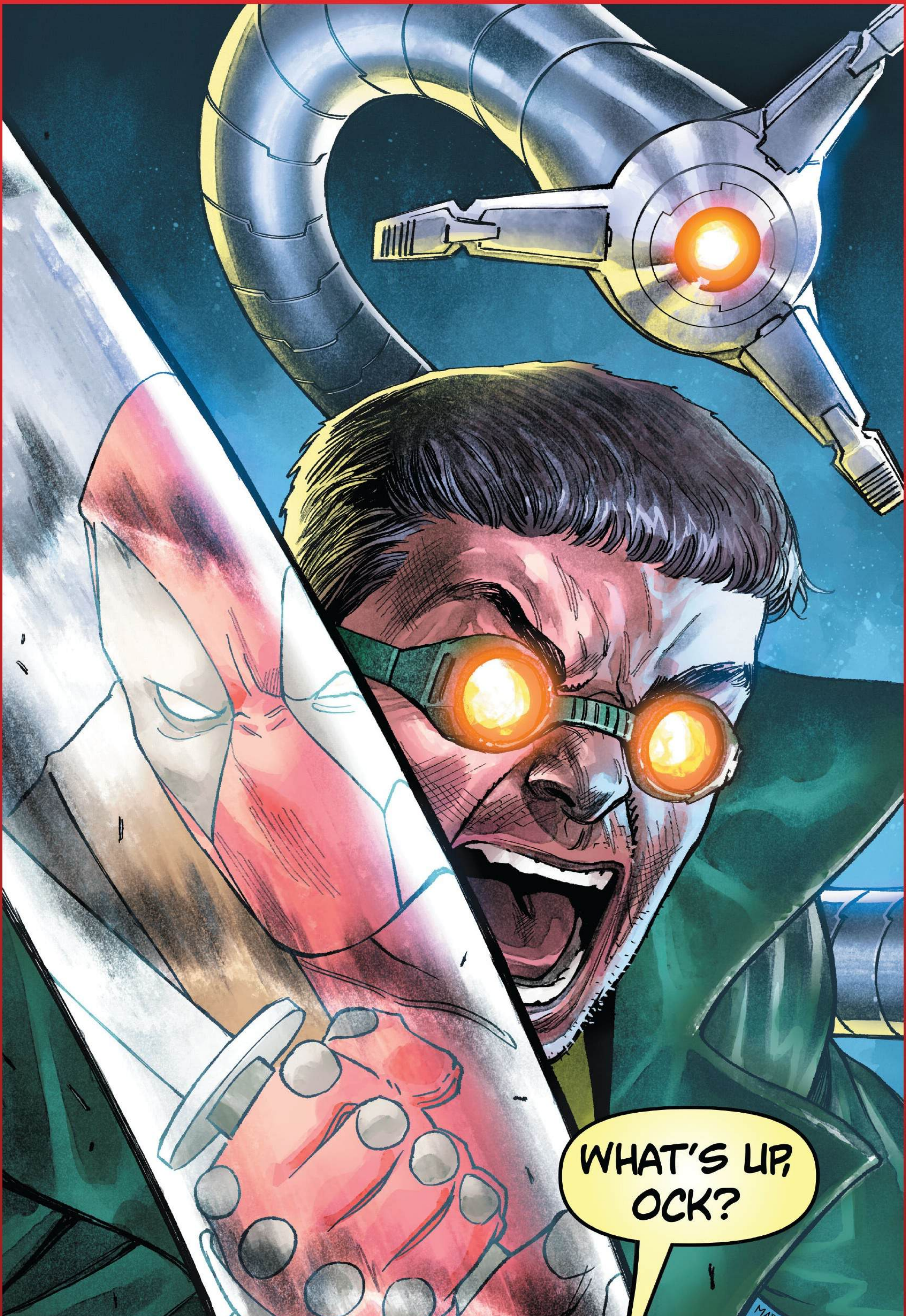
I'll be in touch.

Regards,


Literal enough for you?
MARTÍN CÓCCOLO

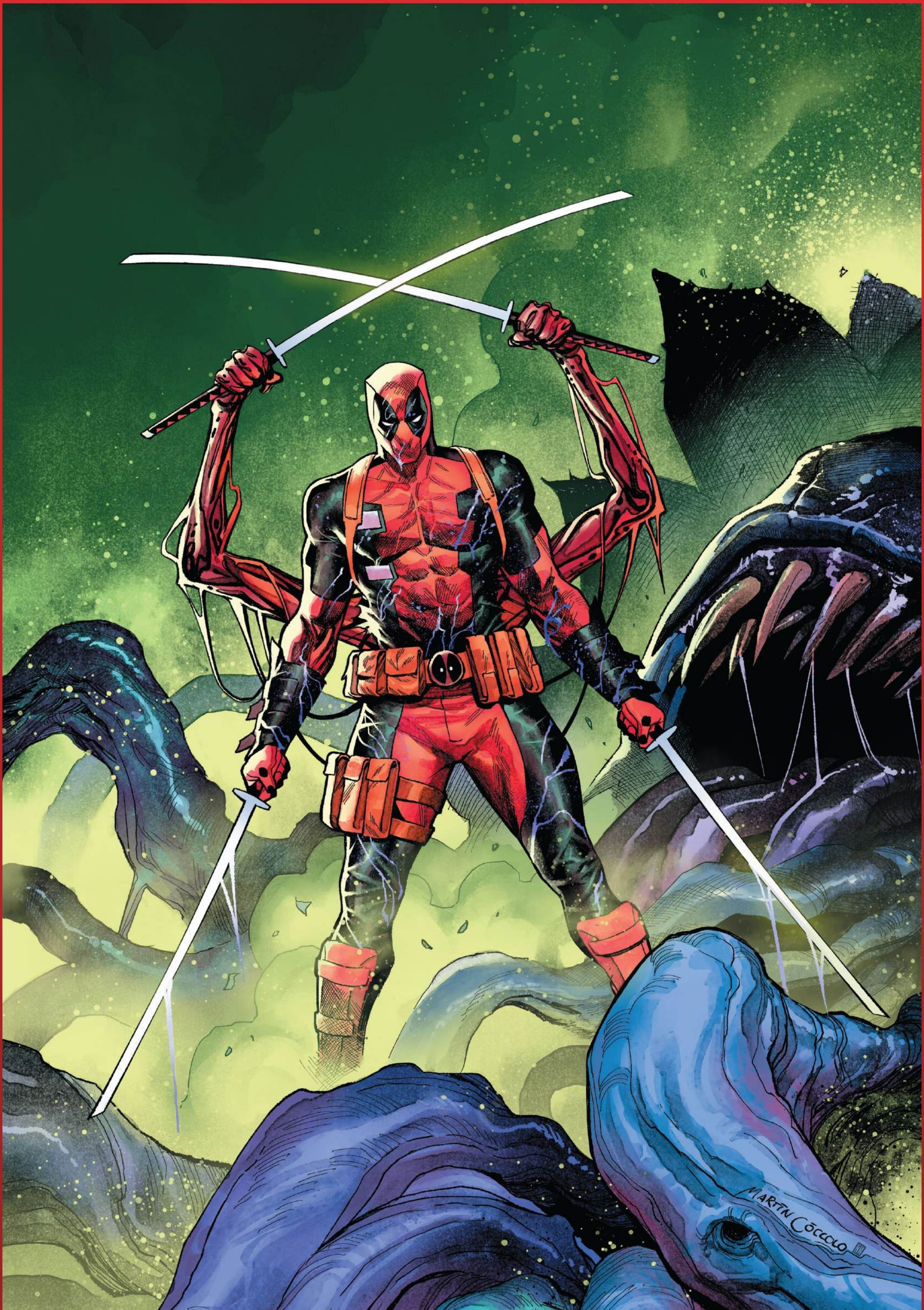
Deadpool #1

by Martín Cóccolo
& Neeraj Menon


WHAT'S UP, OCK?
MARTÍN CÓCCOLO

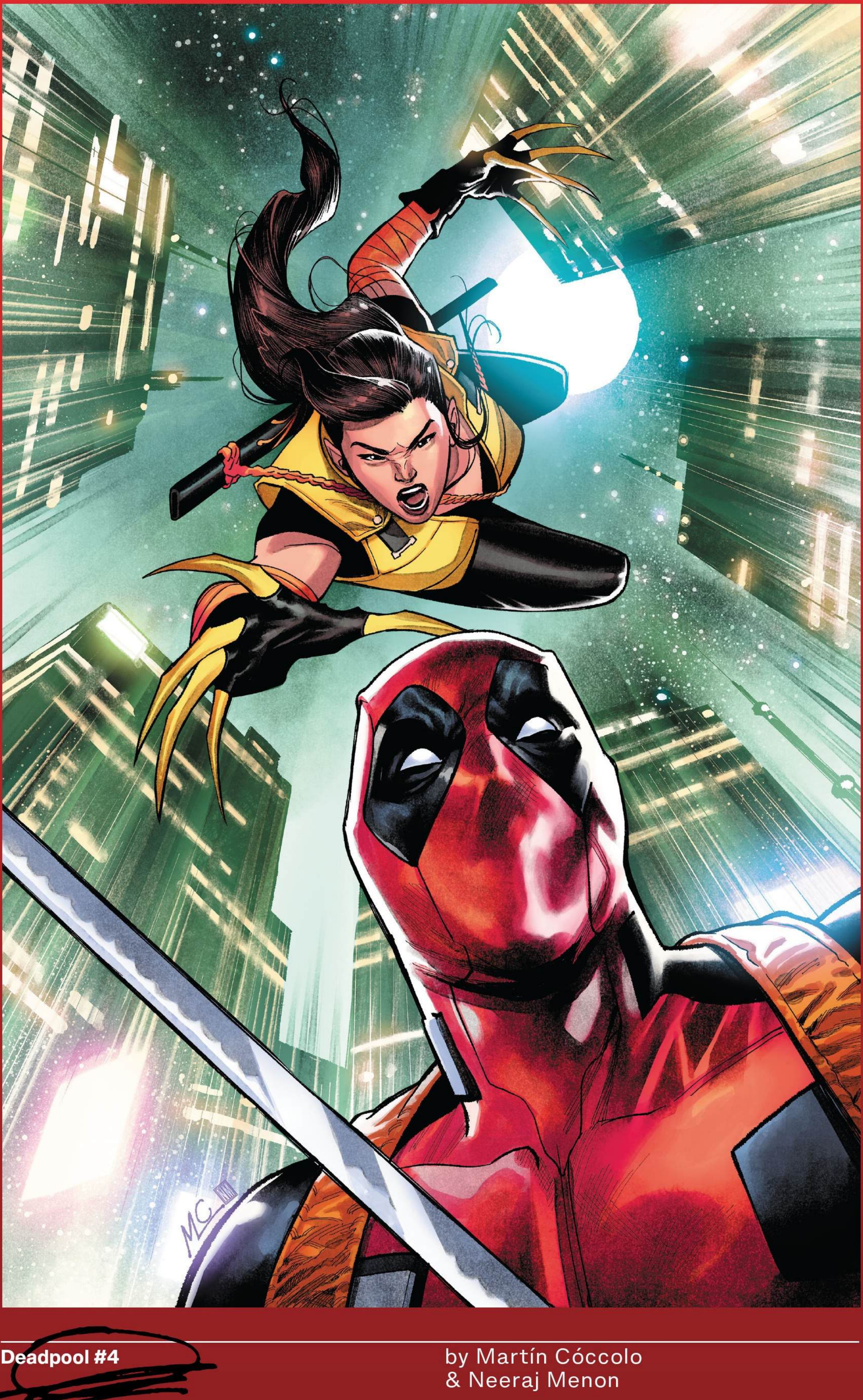
Deadpool #2

by Martín Cóccolo
& Neeraj Menon



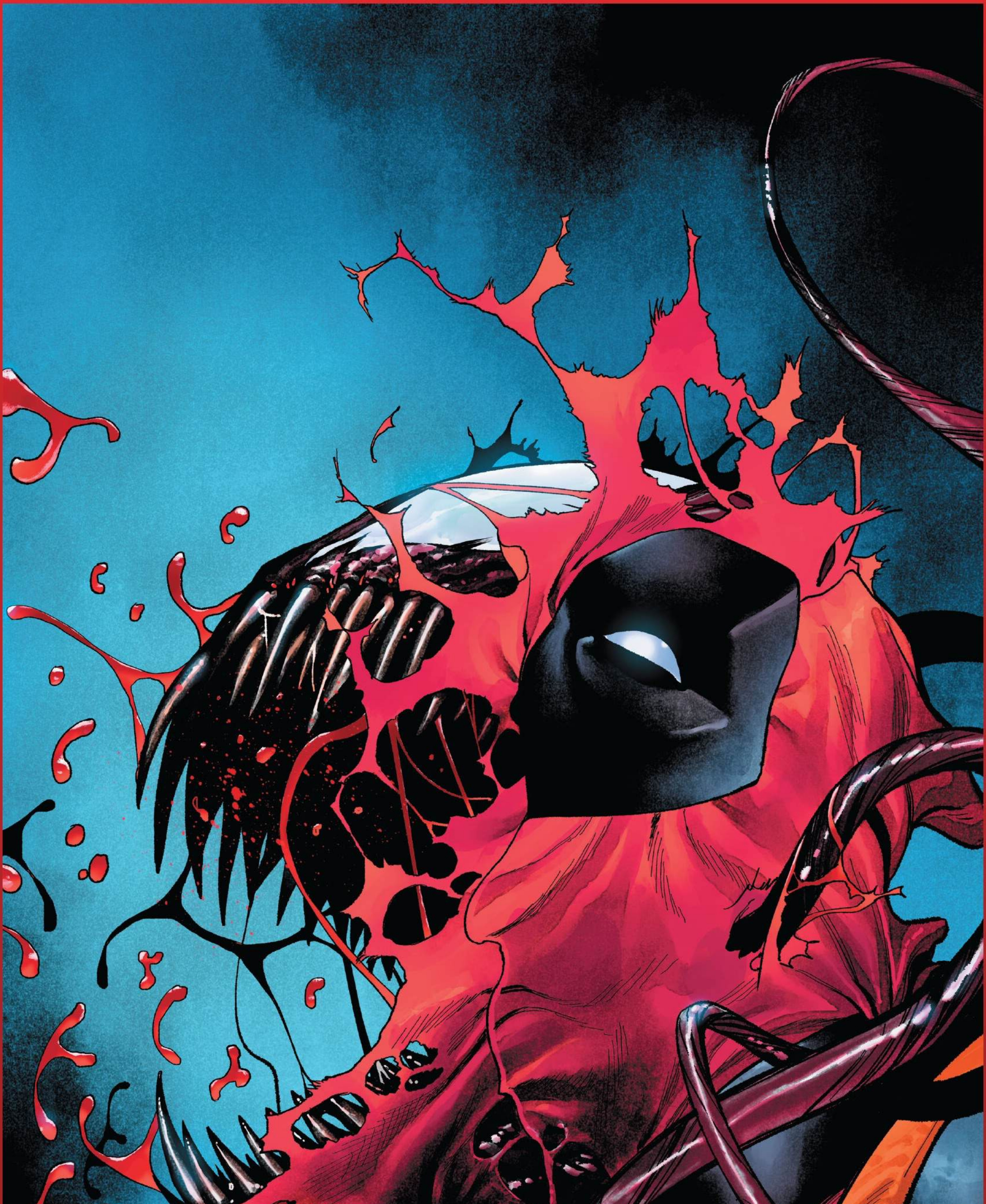
Deadpool #3

by Martín Cóccolo
& Neeraj Menon



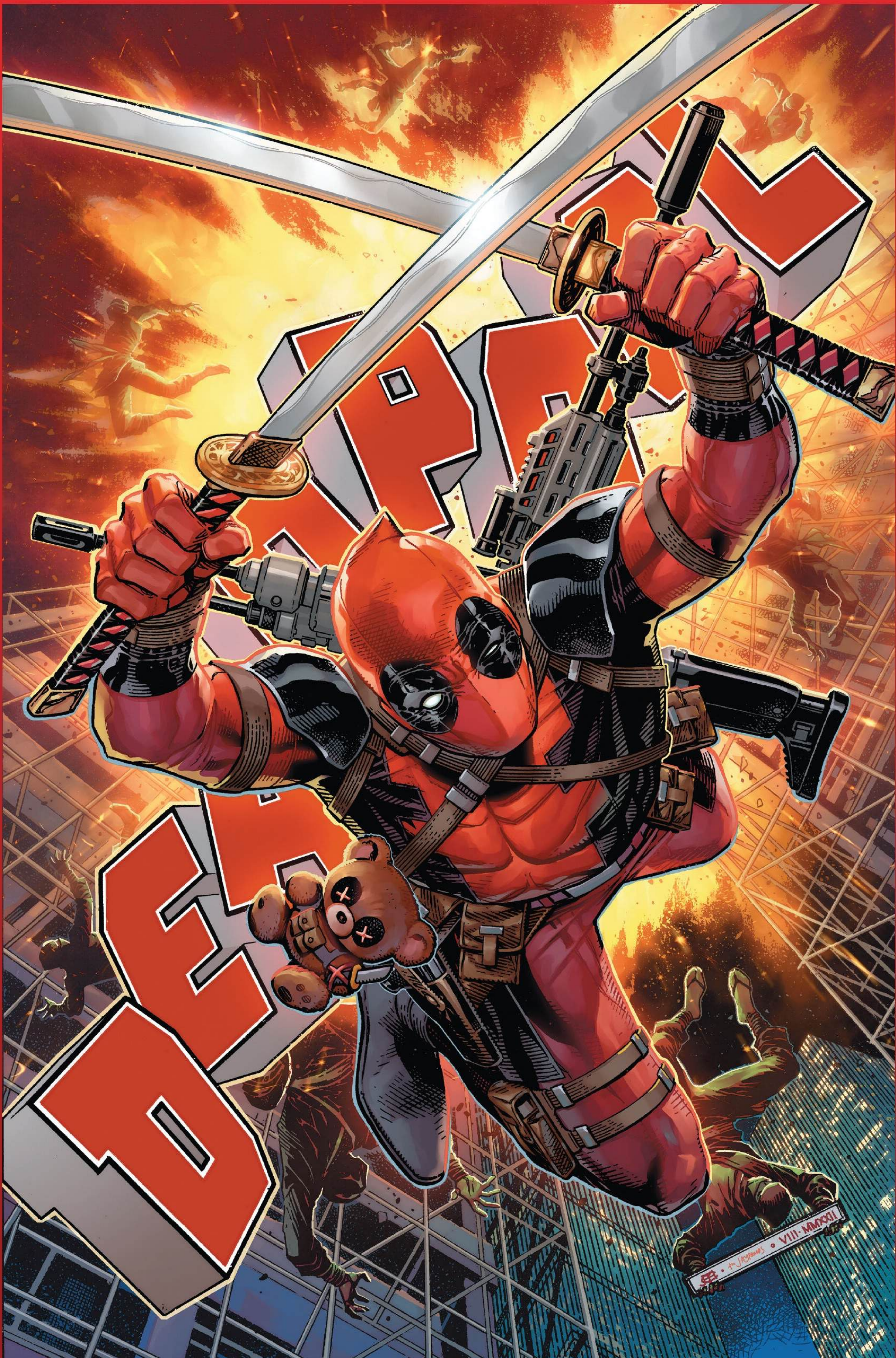
Deadpool #4

by Martín Cóccolo
& Neeraj Menon


MARTÍN CÓCCOLO
NM

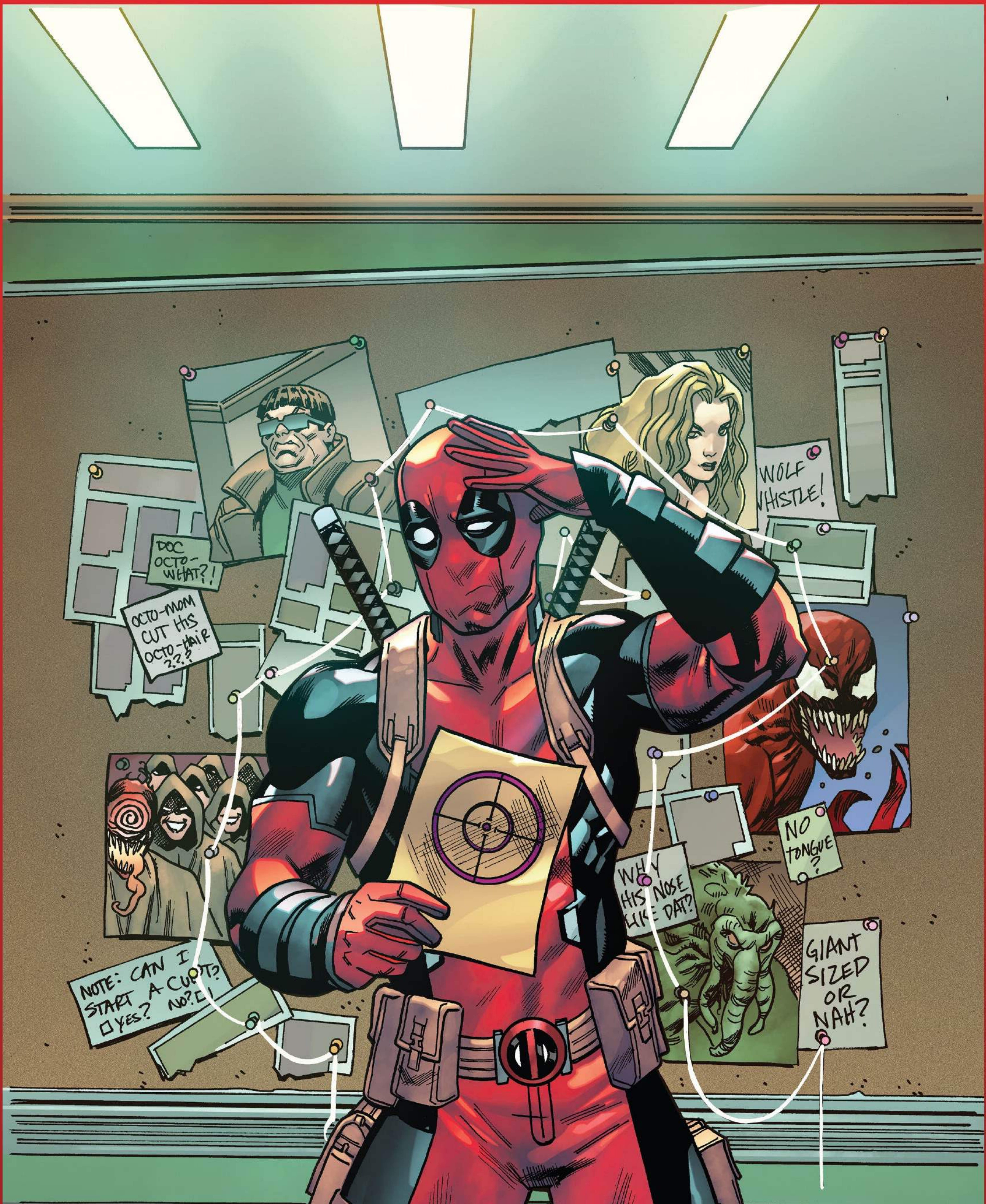
Deadpool #5

by Martín Cóccolo
& Neeraj Menon


w/ JAYRAMOS · VIII·MMXXII

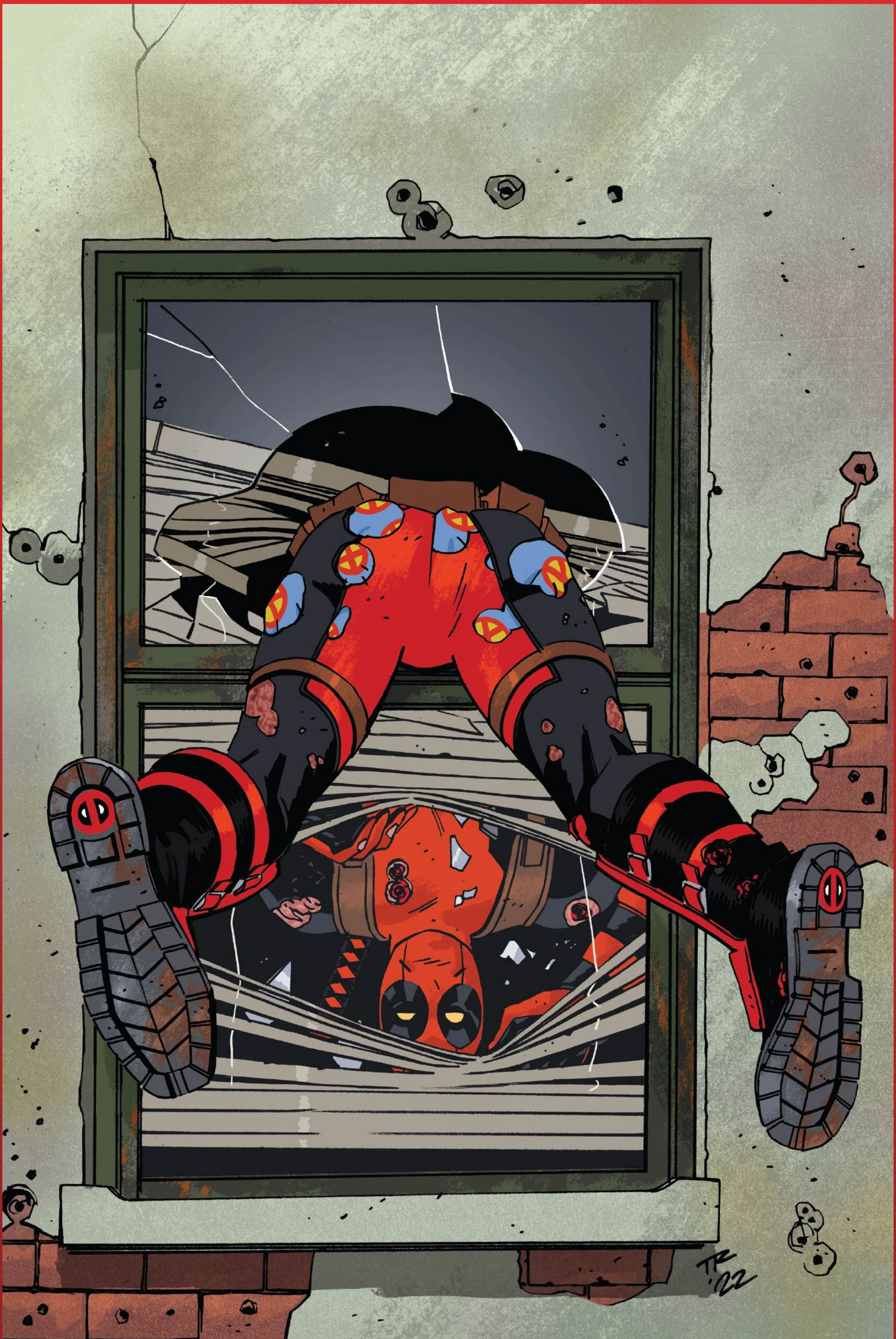
Deadpool #1 Variant

by Jim Cheung
& Jay David Ramos

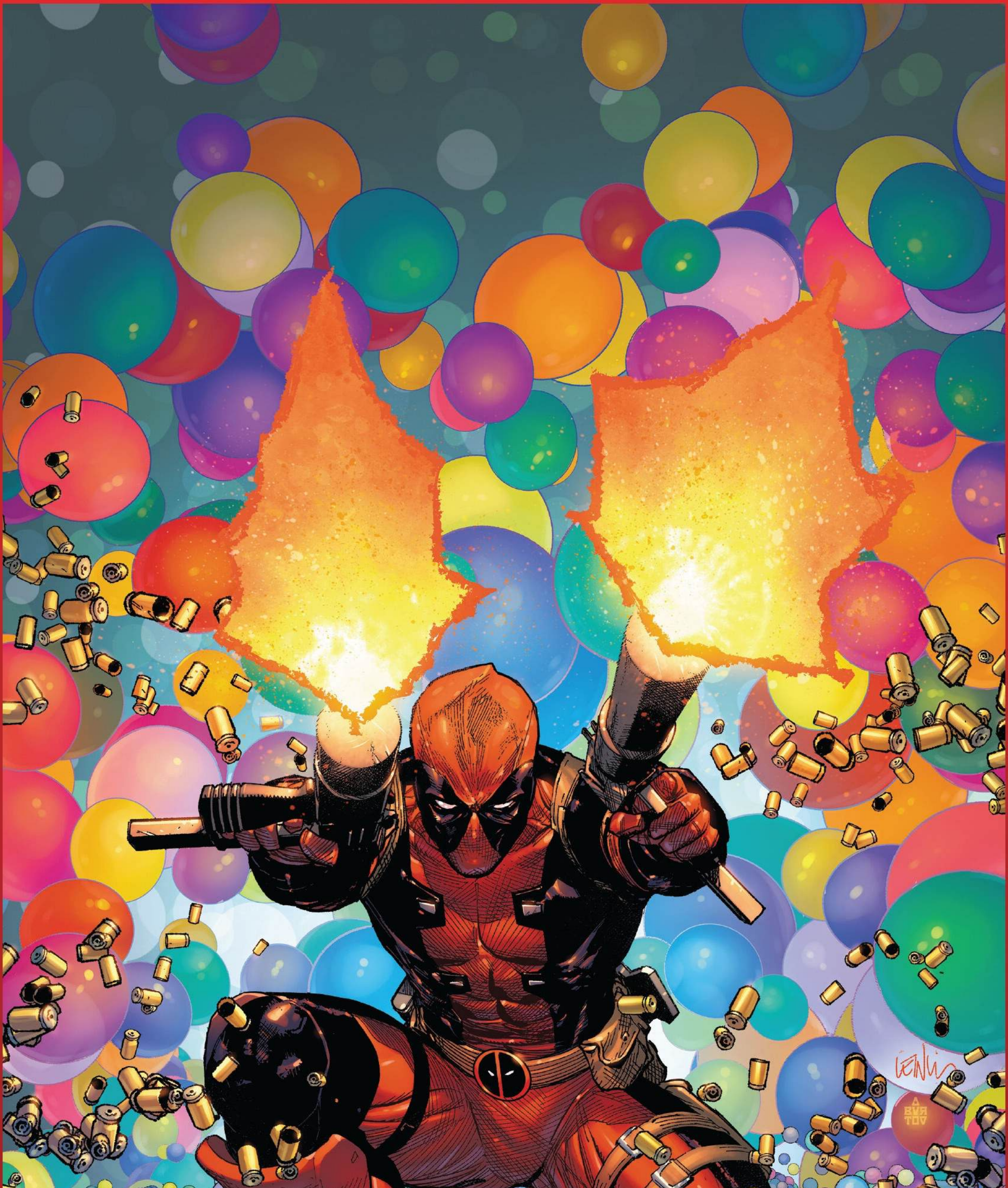

DOC OCTO-WHAT?!
OCTO-MOM CUT HIS OCTO-HAIR ???
WOLF WHISTLE!
NO TONGUE ?
WHY HIS NOSE LIKE DAT?
GIANT SIZED OR NAH?
NOTE: CAN I START A CULT? ☐YES? NO?☐

Deadpool #1 Variant

by Mike Hawthorne
& Erick Arciniega

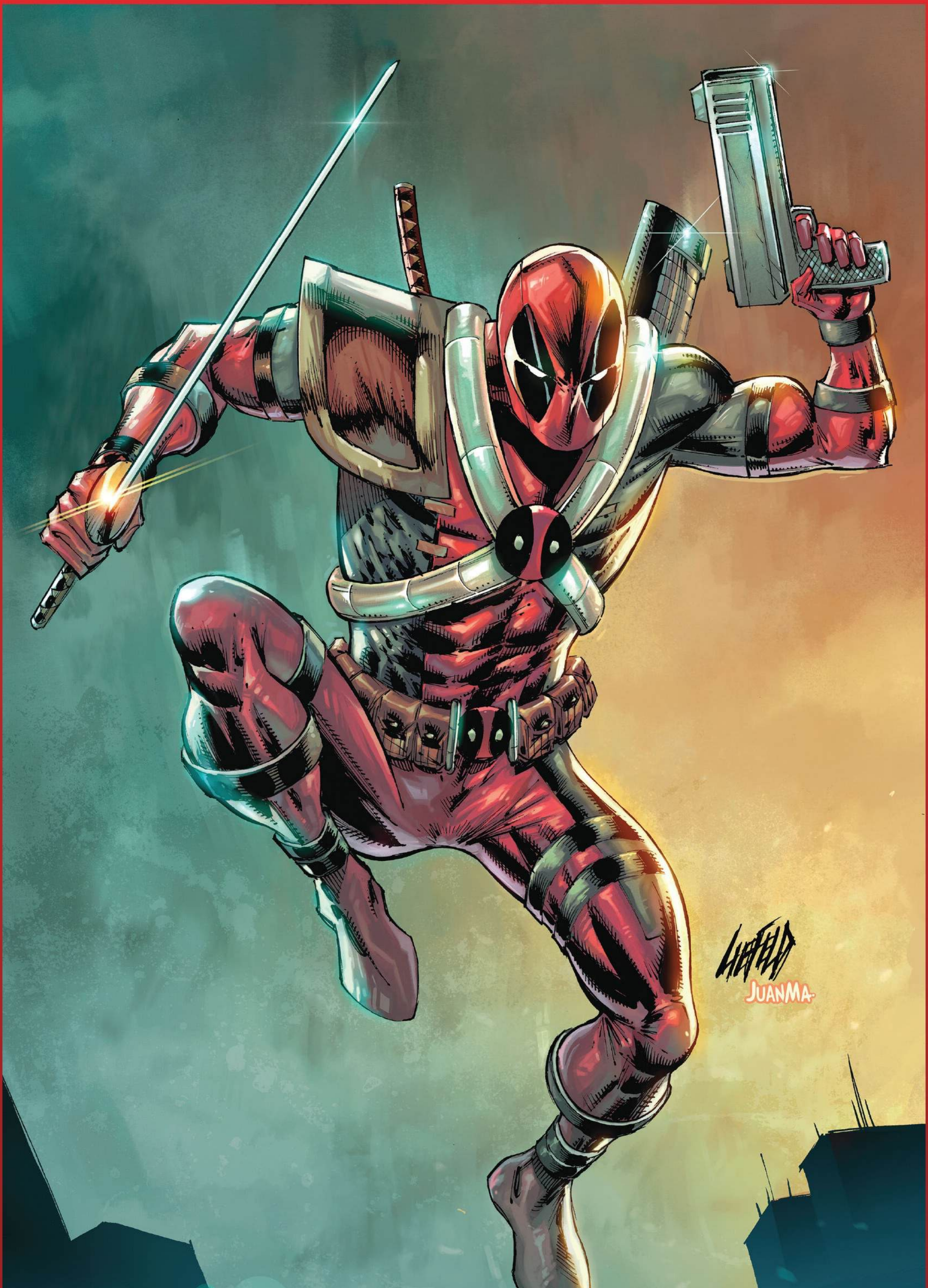


Deadpool #1 Variant by Tom Reilly

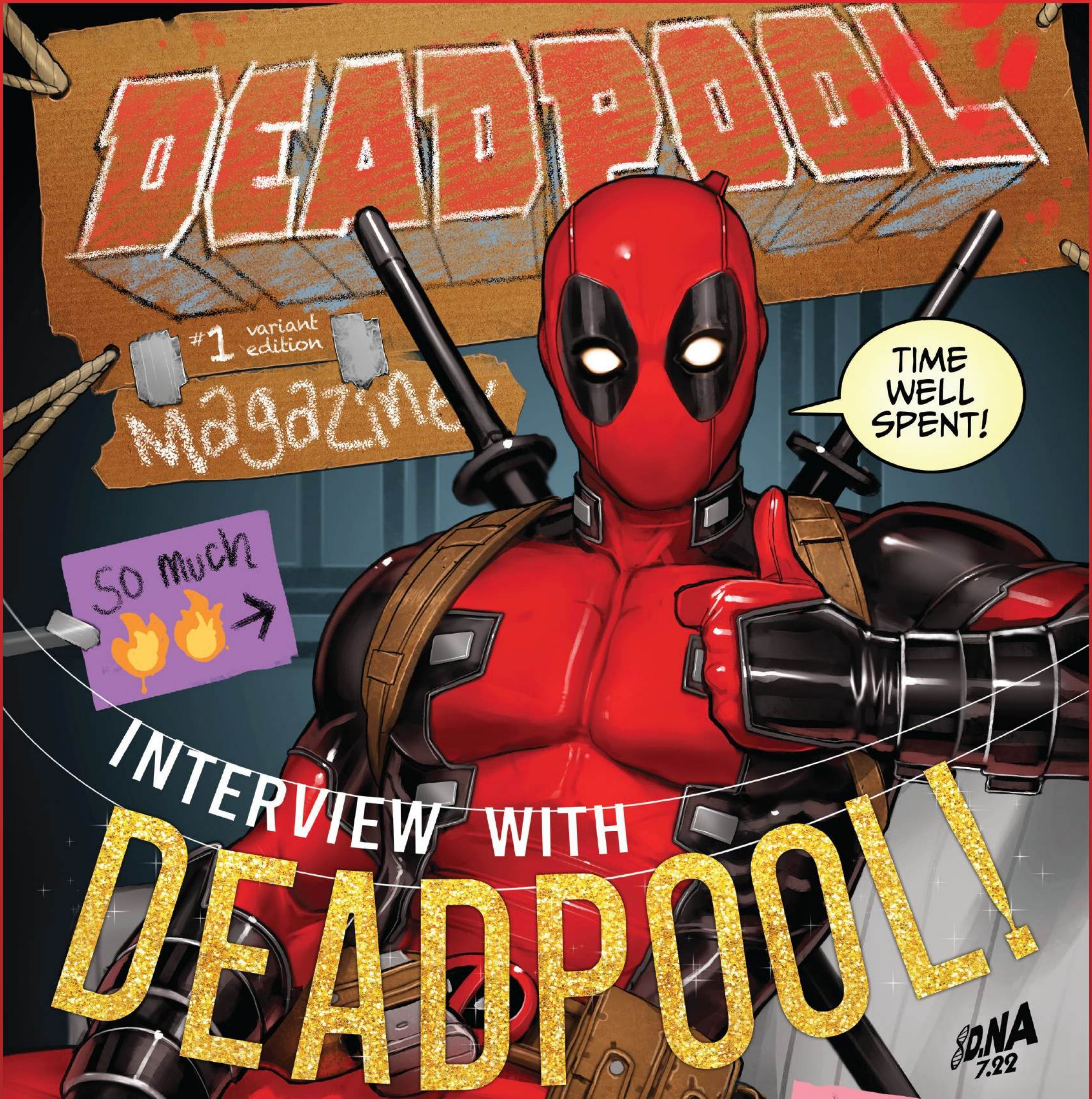


Deadpool #1 Variant

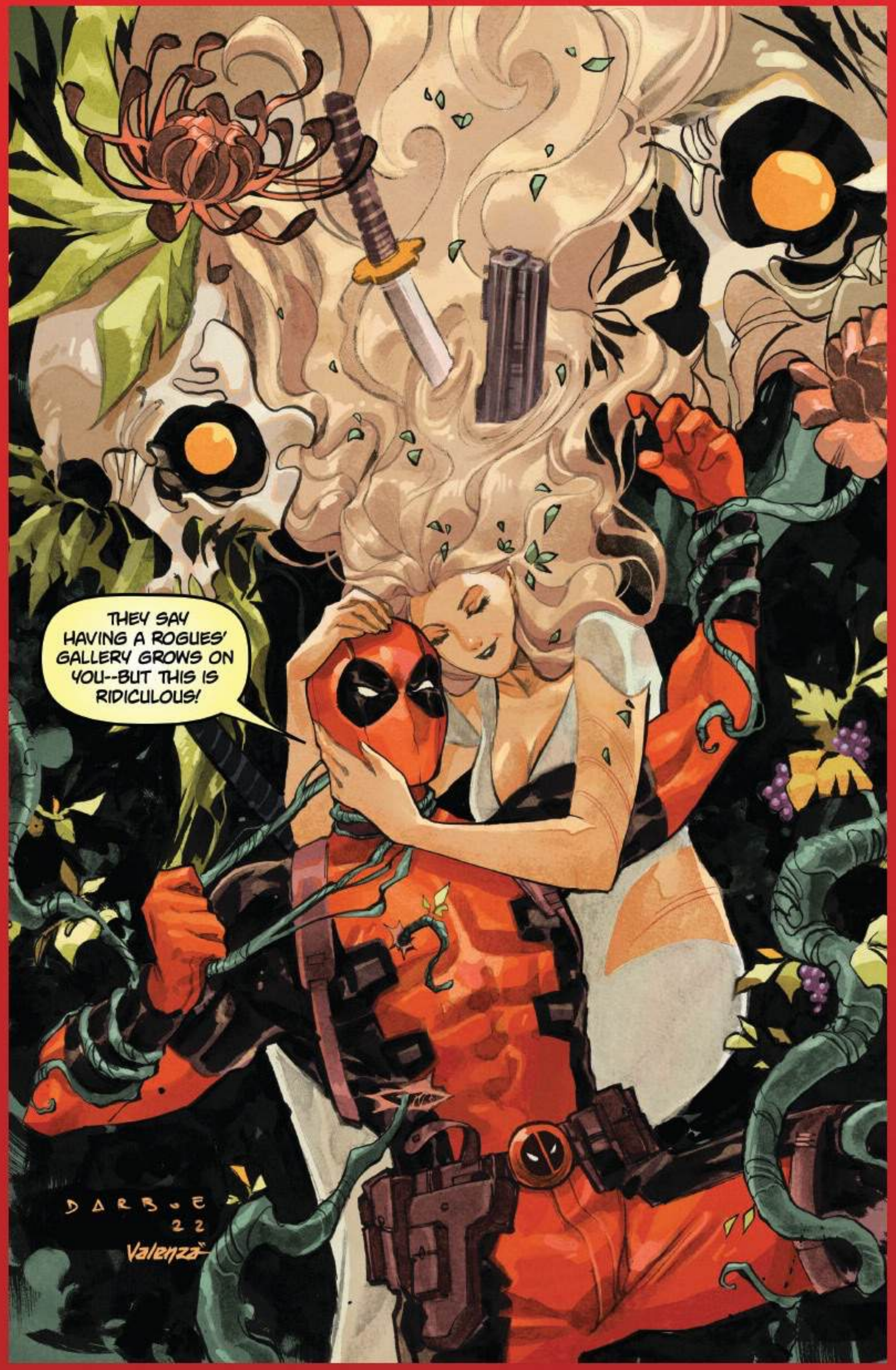
by Leinil Francis Yu
& Jesus Aburtov


LIEFELD
JUANMA

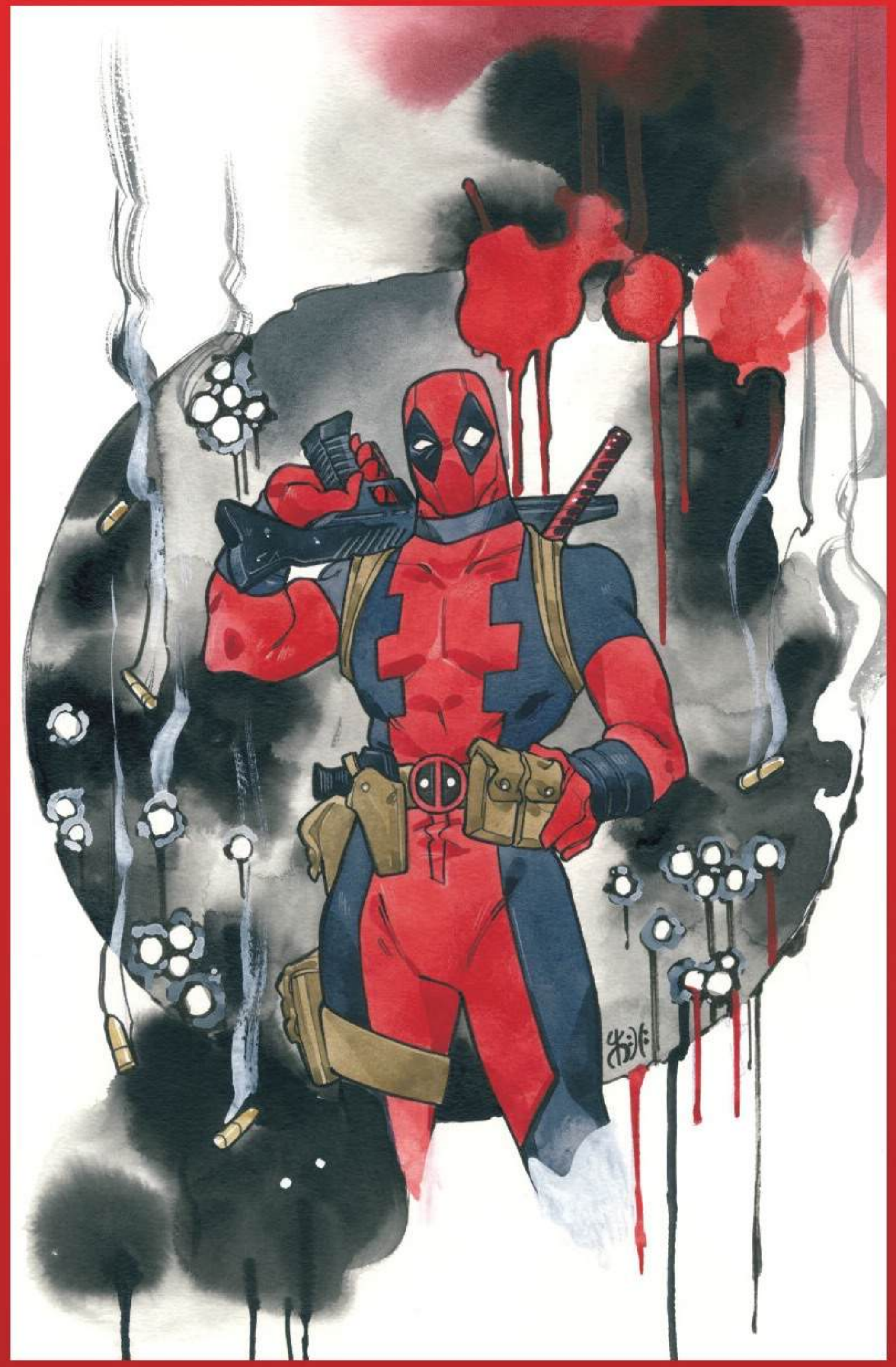
Deadpool #1 X-Treme Marvel Variant by Rob Liefeld


DEADPOOL
#1 variant edition
magazine
TIME WELL SPENT!
so much 🔥🔥 →
INTERVIEW WITH
DEADPOOL!
D.NA 7.22
why is Wade so SEXY?
Deadpool keeps posting those W's
Why can't my kids be more like you?!

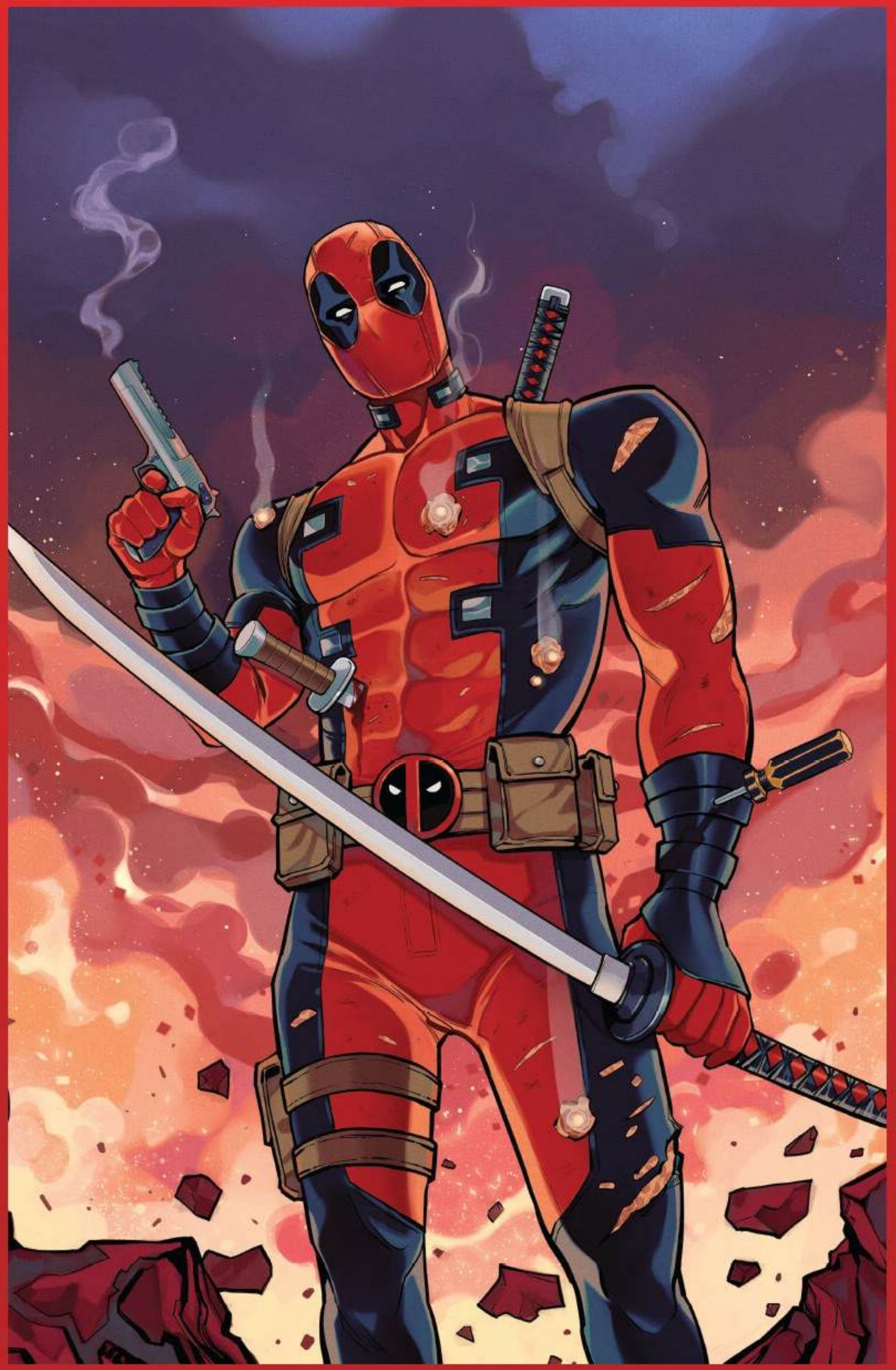
Deadpool #1 Variant by David Nakayama


THEY SAY HAVING A ROGUES' GALLERY GROWS ON YOU--BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

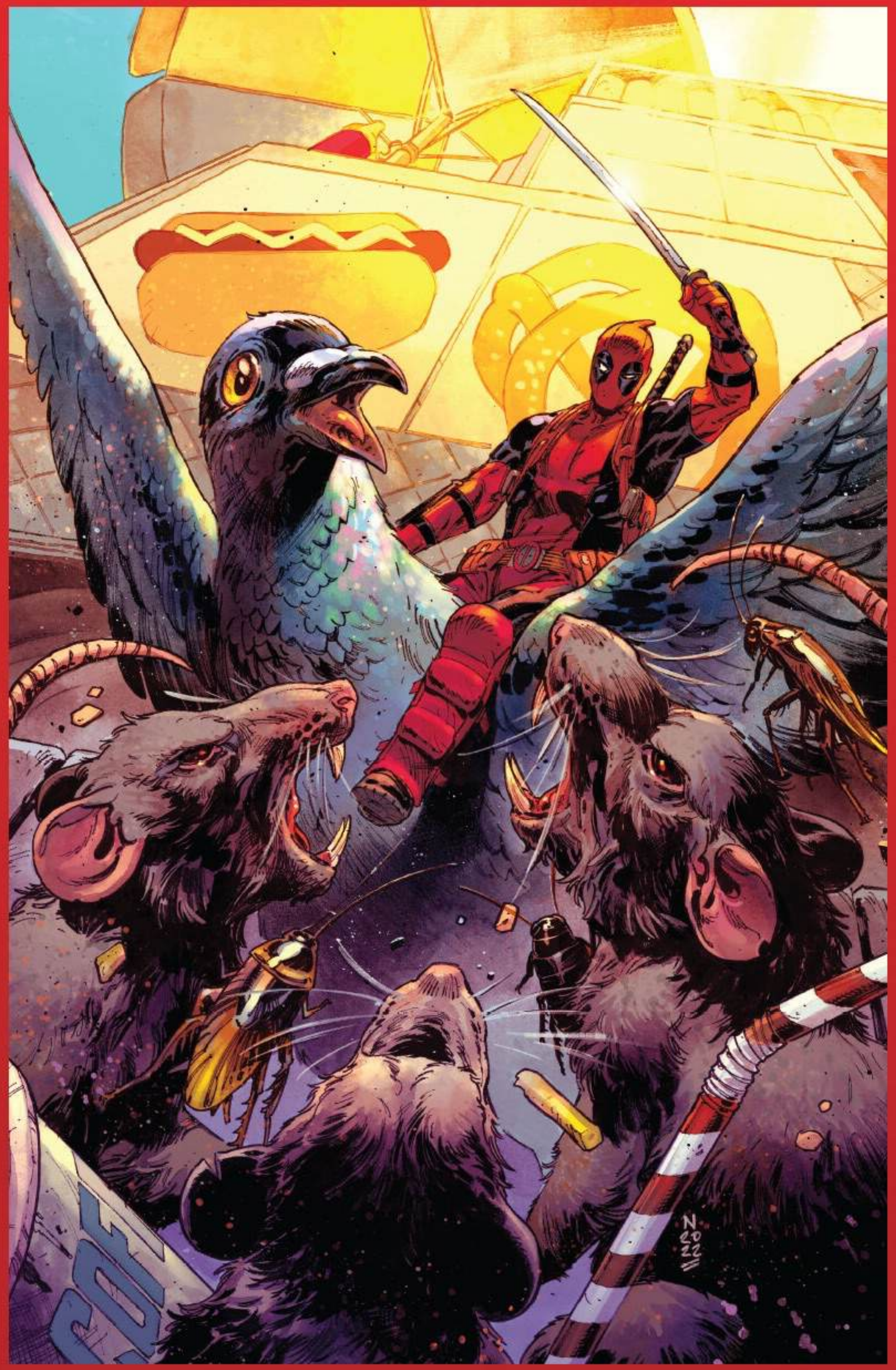
Deadpool #2 Variant
by Karen S. Darboe & Bryan Valenza



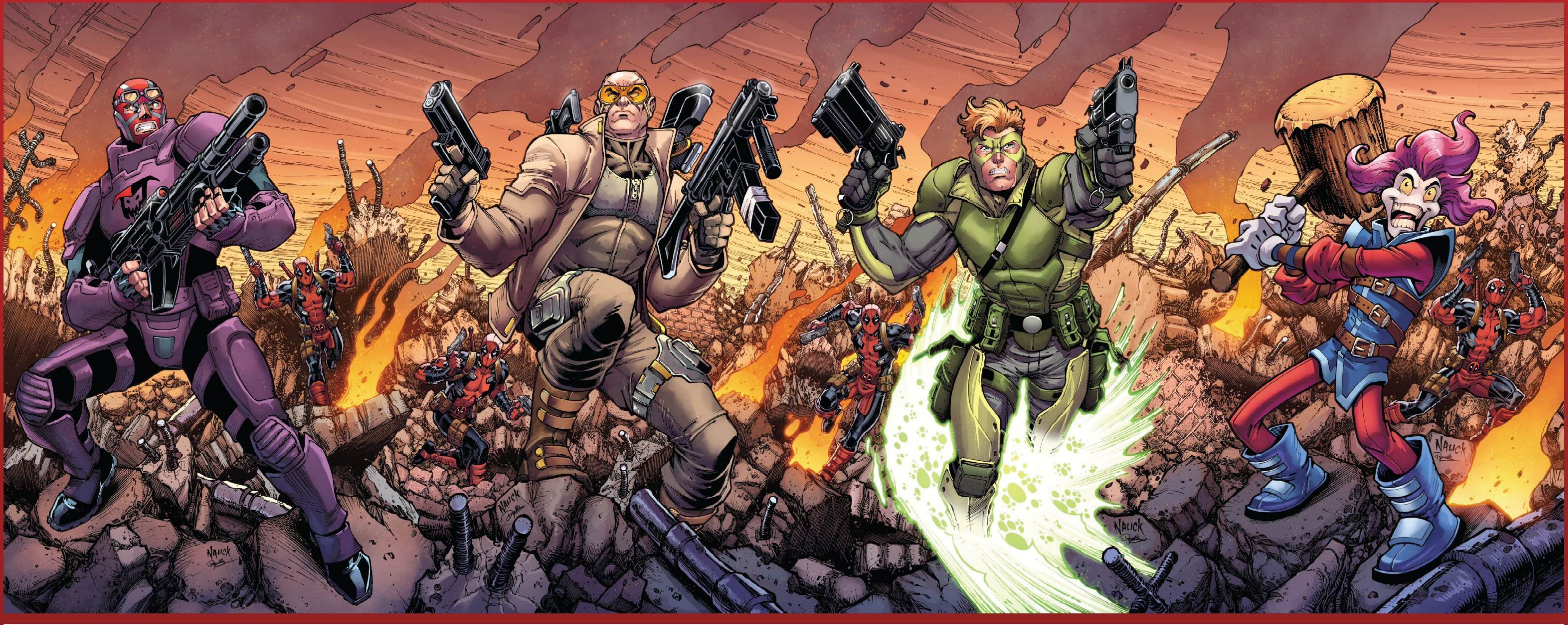
Deadpool #2 Marvel Universe Variant
by Peach Momoko



Deadpool #3 Variant
by Romy Jones



Deadpool #4 Stormbreakers Variant
by Nic Klein



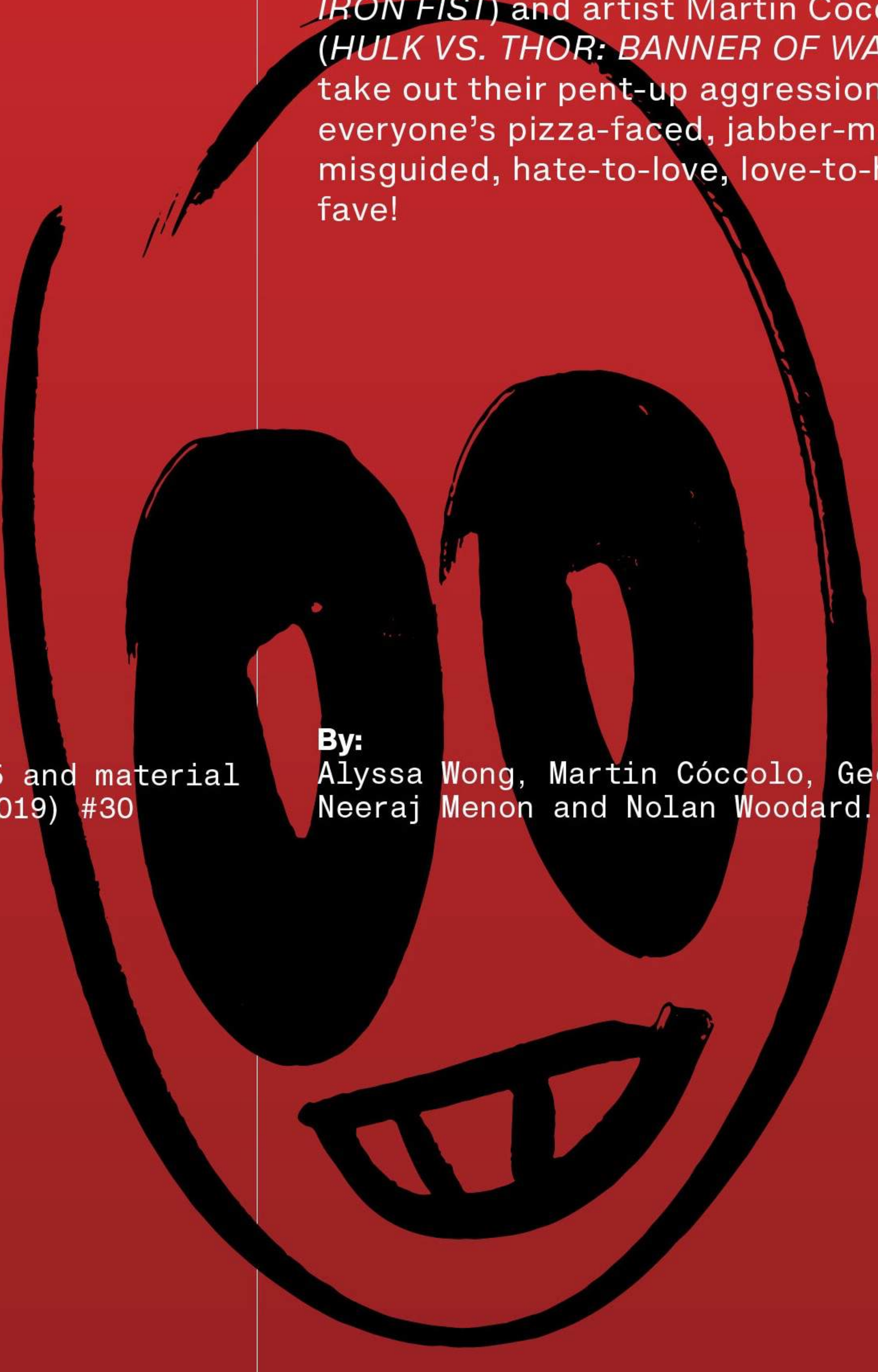
Deadpool #2-5 Connecting Variants
(Foolkiller, Agent X, Solo & Slapstick)

by Todd Nauck
& Rachelle Rosenberg

Deadpool #5 Variant by David Talaski

Marvel's top merc is back in business and better than ever!

We all know Wade Wilson is one of the leading guns for hire in the Marvel Universe (even if he is simultaneously the most annoying one), but now he's pushing to make that recognition official. Deadpool is auditioning for the elite group of assassins known as the Atelier, and he has 48 hours to kill one of the world's most famous super villains: Doctor Octopus! Only problem? He's been kidnapped, and something... strange...is growing inside him! Things are going to get gross as writer Alyssa Wong (*STAR WARS: DOCTOR APHRA, IRON FIST*) and artist Martin Cóccolo (*HULK VS. THOR: BANNER OF WAR*) take out their pent-up aggression on everyone's pizza-faced, jabber-mouthed, misguided, hate-to-love, love-to-hate fave!



Collecting:
Deadpool (2022) #1-5 and material from New Mutants (2019) #30

By:
Alyssa Wong, Martin Cóccolo, Geoff Shaw, Neeraj Menon and Nolan Woodard.

MARVEL

PARENTAL ADVISORY